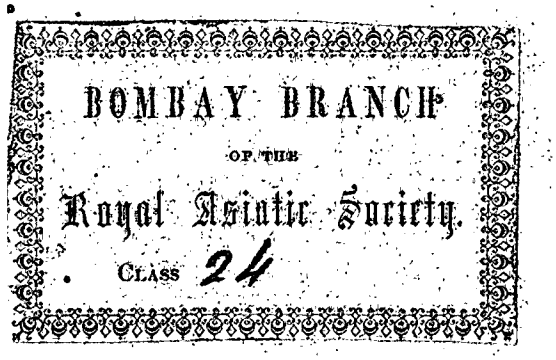
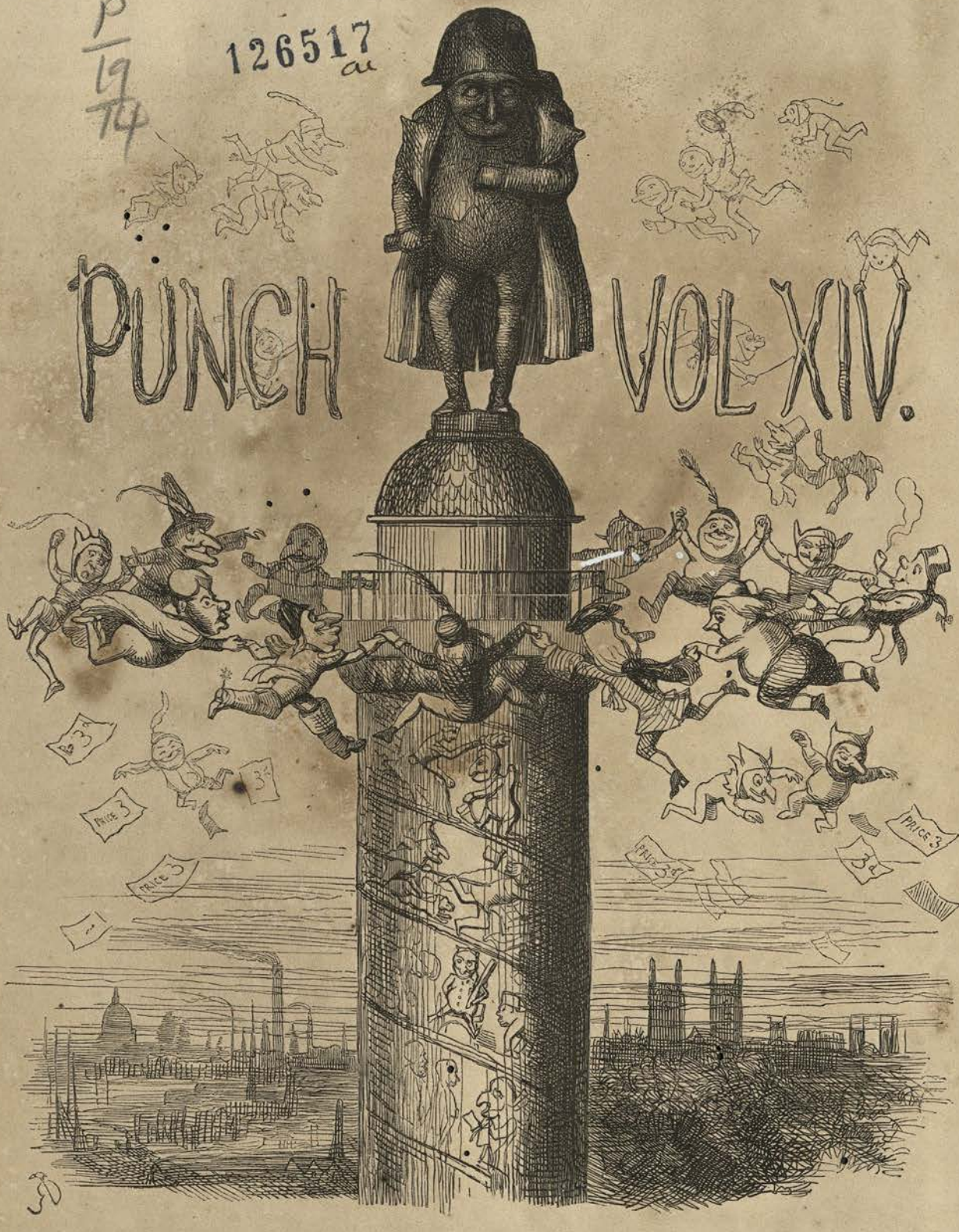
00126517

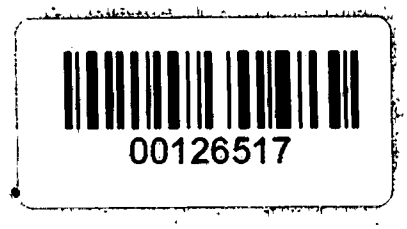


Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

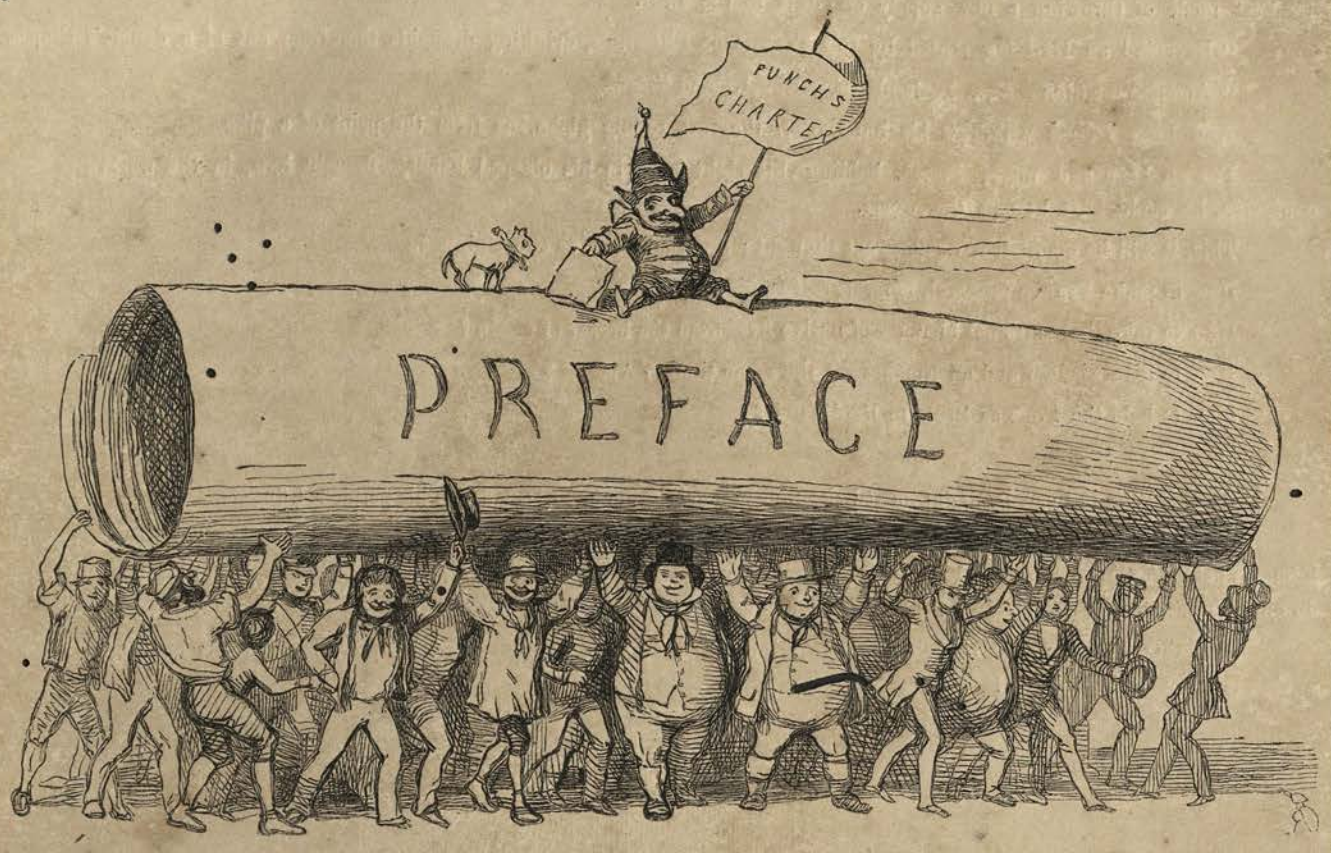
P
19
74
126517 a



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1848.



LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



IT is always a matter of sweet anxiety to *Punch* to confer, with a new volume, a new delight upon his readers. But new pleasures are difficult to find; as, indeed, they ought to be, seeing how often we ill-use or neglect the old.

Nevertheless, *Punch*, about to complete his fourteenth tome, retired to his Brown Study, and dropt himself—lightly as a snow-flake—in what upholsterers delight to call an easy chair. (We have at this moment in the press an essay—"Uneasy Thoughts in an Uneasy Seat.")

Punch clasped his brow with his fingers, giving it a squeeze—(as POUSSIN's *Bacchante* squeezeth the big bunch of grapes to express therefrom its heart-reviving juice)—to delight the heart and stomach of mankind. And then, subtly to aid the operation, *Punch* laid his other hand upon a (32-inch) globe. In idleness of fancy, he thought some source of inspiration would break from that many-coloured ball.

And then, still coaxing the idle thought—fondling the leisure moment, (and it is a pleasant sort of nurse-work this pleasant sort of weather,) *Punch* turned and turned the globe about, now his fingers trending towards the North Pole, and now towards the South.

The heart of *Punch* was big with "virtuous great intent." The difficulty was to successfully produce the blessing. "What further can I do for the world?" still mused *Punch*,—and still he turned and turned the sphere about.

"Humph! Here's France! Poor France! And LOUIS-NAPOLEON—hatched from goose-egg in eagle's nest—at this moment sitting to imaginary tailor for measure of imperial robe of moonshine!

"Here comes up Spain. And now ISTURITZ enters the Palace, and shows to the Minister the Prodigious Flea which PALMERSTON placed in his Ambassadorial Ear, with orders to make up his carpet-bag from London.

"And here, Austria. Vienna, with royal lodgings to let; and the Tyrol big as bagpipe, with windy Majesty!

"Ha! Italy! And see POPE PIUS, with courteous invitation desires the Imperial TEDESCO to withdraw his leg from the Boot.

"Russia—Hum! NICHOLAS with an eye on Poland, and in his paternal brain cogitations upon the best and readiest mode of throwing a new supply of vitals to the Bear.

"Bavaria! an Ex-King seated by the Waters of Bitterness, drinking draughts therefrom out of a dancer's slipper.

"America—China—New Zealand—Greece—Ireland"——

And here *Punch* withdrew his hand from the fast rolling globe, as from the point of a pike.

For an hour and more, *Punch*, holding his right knee in his clasped hands,—thought how, in the world's present confusion, he could best benefit the world.

This, it will be confessed, was a great thought; a thought vast as the Universe.

How to make France peaceful, modest, self-sacrificing?

How to take the continual blister—of native fly—from the breast of Spain?

How to give wisdom and an Emperor at the same time to Austria?

How to help the Pope as Boots to Ferdinand?

How—how?—

And *Punch*, in despair, again turned the globe—again drummed upon it with his perplexed fingers.

At length he jumped up, with a new resolution beating in him. "I will"—cried *Punch*—"put forth a Charter for all human kind. A Charter of One Point, and it is—Let every man, rich and poor, strong and feeble, high and low, let every man do one thing, and that one shall be sufficient to all things—LET HIM DO HIS BEST."

And that *Punch* might carry out his own injunction, he immediately nibbed his pen to commence his Eighth Year's work—his Fifteenth Volume!

PUNCH ATTIRED BY THE GRACES. (*After* GUIDO).

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH

PUNCH'S TESTIMONIAL TO HIMSELF.

HITHERTO modesty has, perhaps, been the prevailing feature—or at least one of the prevailing features—of *Mr. Punch's* character. He has seen testimonials offered to, and accepted by, all kinds of people, without the same compliment being extended to himself, but he has never complained. He witnessed the getting-up of a testimonial to MR. HUDSON for making his own fortune; and though *Punch* had long ago achieved this title to public gratitude—for such it seems to be considered—no one came forward to propose a testimonial to him. He has therefore determined, rather reluctantly, to lay aside his modesty, and present himself with a testimonial to himself, got up by himself in honour of himself, for the gratification of himself, and as a slight mark to himself of what is thought by himself of himself, for qualities which none but himself, if he may be allowed to judge for himself, appears to have displayed. He has accordingly caused a shield to be prepared, in

commemoration of some of his numerous labours, and he selects seven, taken quite at random from his catalogue of achievements, which he confidently places against the seven of his predecessor, HERCULES, which the whole world has, for the last few centuries, been making such a fuss about. When it is remembered that *Punch* performs no less than forty or fifty Herculean labours in a week—for he defies HERCULES, assisted by his entire club, to make one such joke in a month as he makes in half a minute—he thinks it will be allowed that he is entitled to the testimonial which he has this day the pleasure to accept at his own and his artists' hands.

"SILENCE IN THE GALLERY!"

WE hear with great satisfaction that, in the construction of the new House of Commons, the architect has endeavoured to preserve a main pillar of our Constitution. We allude to the exclusion of strangers from the galleries during the mystic rites of a division. This privilege of the House, so important, so intact, is doubtless cherished by all true Britons. By means of it, the numbers on a division are kept perfectly secret—quite so; the names of the voters on either side are no more divulged than their speeches; and thus is secured the independence of the members and honour of the House.

We rejoice, therefore, to announce that this prerogative will be rendered more convenient in its continuance, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance. In the reporters' gallery there will be suspended by pullies over each "gentleman of the press" a large cover in the form of an extinguisher, which will descend on the signal being given by a wink from the Speaker. When members suddenly alive to the actual presence of whom they have nevertheless been enjoin and when the ancient that strangers be excluded, the effectually "put out" by the descent of the extinguishers. As for the other gallery, there will be underneath each stranger a trap-door, through which he will be made to disappear; whilst those having Speaker's orders will be whisked up through the roof by concealed wires.

THICK AND THIN ADVOCACY WITH A VENGEANCE!

OUR readers are aware that the trial of REID and M'CABE for the Mirfield murders issued in the conviction of both the prisoners; and that subsequently a confession was made by REID, exonerating M'CABE from all share in the transaction. Thus much, it was stated, had been confessed, previously to the trial, to MR. SEYMOUR, REID's Counsel, who nevertheless endeavoured, in his capacity of advocate, to throw the guilt of the murder on M'CABE, the innocent man. The accusation of this atrocious conduct is denied by MR. SEYMOUR, who, however, in a letter to the *Times*, propounds the following precious piece of morality:—

"And now, Sir, assuming that which I deny, and admitting for a moment that a 'full confession' was made to me previous to the trial, which wholly exculpated M'CABE, I am yet to learn that I would be deserving of blame for endeavouring to throw the whole guilt upon M'CABE, if the evidence by which the jury were bound to decide, warranted such a course. I am yet to learn that this would be either morally or professionally wrong."

MR. SEYMOUR'S moral, if not his professional education, is very incomplete. A barrister may perhaps be warranted in going through thick and thin to save his client, though that client may be a known cut-throat; but surely he is not justified in going through anything so thin as MR. SEYMOUR'S idea of the forensic conscience, or through anything so thick as innocent blood.

Mr. Polk's Olive-Branch.

IN PRESIDENT POLK'S Message to Congress—a document which in small type is at least three times as long as our arm—there occurs the passage following:—

"Whilst our armies have advanced from victory to victory, from the commencement of the war, *it has always been with the olive-branch of peace in their hands*; and it has been in the power of Mexico, at any step, to arrest hostilities by accepting it."

We take it, however, that the tender of this olive-branch to the Mexicans was accompanied by a certain condition. BROTHER JONATHAN extends his olive-branch as MR. TURPIN used to present his pistol—with the demand of "Your money or your life."

Song of our New Volume.

As greens that in the garden grow
Are cut, and come again;
So *Punch* a volume yields, and so
Keeps growing on amain.
But *Punch*, he is an evergreen,
That beats your best Savoys,
In season both in Winter keen
And Summer's heat, my boys!
Chorus.—But *Punch*, &c.

What if Taxation's weight should press—
And 'tis a grievous yoke—
At least, the national distress
Punch lightens with a joke.
But still, by all 'twill be confess'd—
That is, at least it should—
That his philosophy in jest
Turns oft to earnest good.
Chorus.—Oh! *Punch*, &c.

And *Punch* will still his colours wave,
And nail them to the mast,
And battle do with fool and knave,
Whilst knaves and fools shall last.
And *Punch* will still his trumpet blow,
In guise of a buffoon;
But hopes his hearers, high and low,
Will own they like the tune.
Chorus.—Oh! *Punch*, &c.

THE CROMWELL LETTERS.

...neness of certain letters attributed by THOMAS CARLYLE to ...WELL is becoming a matter of dispute, and *Punch* there- ...going on, joins the group of disputants with the OLIVER ... then! what's all this about? what's fore, seeing a squ... letters not being genuine off-hand exclamation of ... new cravat," which the row?" One of the reasons given ... had mentioned a is, that CROMWELL asks a friend to buy ...ONI Wrap- is thought to be as absurd as though the Protector ...dern "BYRON Tie," a "Strong Youth's Oxonian," a "TAGLI...'s rascal," a "Registered Regulation Dickey," or any other mo... monstrosity that misdirected ingenuity has devised. CROMWEL... declaration in one of his alleged epistles, that he will "stand no non... sense," is strongly, and we think justly, objected to as a bit of an anachronism, for we suspect that the Stoke-Pogis revolution, of which poor HOOD was the historian, gave us the earliest official intimation on record of a desire to "stand no nonsense;" a resolution at which, if we remember rightly, the beadle of the bewildered borough had arrived. Taking the CROMWELL Letters altogether, and then taking them one by one, we think the CRAM—WELL Letters would be the most appropriate title by which they could be called.

Punch's New Battery.

THERE is no sacrifice which *Punch* is not ready to make for his country's good. He therefore generously offers the Government a suggestion *gratis*, which he knows they would give him several thousand pounds for. It is a simple expedient, not for strengthening, but for rendering absolutely impregnable, our national defences. Let every accessible point along the coast be fortified with a large fire-engine, to be supplied from a reservoir of the new anæsthetical agent. It will be only necessary to play liberally on an invading army with chloroform, to reduce the whole host to a state of utter insensibility. Our military as well as our surgical operations will thus be performed without pain; our triumph will be bloodless; and a small addition to the fire-brigade will enable us wholly to dispense with a standing army.

A Clerical Comedy.

WE cannot compare the active BISHOP OF OXFORD to a snail, or we should say that he had decidedly drawn in his horns, by withdrawing his opposition to DR. HAMPDEN. The Regius Professor, it seems, is orthodox, after all. We do not often hear of amateur performances among the clergy; but, considering what has been the termination of the HAMPDEN controversy, we may say, that the prelates and others engaged in it have been enacting the comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing*.

PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN.

It would be nice employment for an arithmetician to ascertain the exact number of butchers in and near the metropolis who are, or who call themselves, "By Special Appointment, Purveyors to the Queen." Presuming that Her Majesty most graciously keeps her appointments, the consumption of meat in the Royal household must be something truly terrific in order to give every Purveyor even an occasional turn. We have no doubt that the sale of a kidney for Prince Albert's breakfast, or a quarter of a pound of the thick end of a neck of mutton to supply one of the Royal infants with a teacupful of broth, would be instantly taken advantage of by the fortunate butcher as a pretext for mounting the Royal Arms, collaring the British Lion with the golden collar, and writing up "Purveyor to the Queen;" but even the most homœopathic amount of custom in each case could hardly allow of such an extensive distribution as to account for the number of tradesmen who claim the honour of ministering to the wants of the Royal household. Such a multiplicity of Purveyors as we must assume to exist if the boasts of the butchers are true, would necessitate a constant relay of horses and butchers' boys, continually traversing the road to Windsor Castle with baskets on their arms.

How the cooking of the meat supplied for the Queen's Family is accomplished, we are quite unable to imagine; for, supposing every Purveyor to send in only an ounce per day on an average, the five thousand *soi-disant* Purveyors would give five thousand ounces, which, as any one well knows who is learned in Troy weight, or avoirdupois—we are not, by the by—amounts to ever so many pounds, or stones, or hundred-weight, as the case may be. The perquisite of the royal dripping must be a fortune in itself to the culinary *chef*, and we are sure there ought to be no discontent among politicians of either party; for with such resources as the kitchen at Windsor Castle contains, there need be no difficulty in supplying everybody with a "sop in the pan."

Expected Downfall of the Stage.

Considerable consternation has been caused at the Dramatic Authors' Society by the announcement of a decision just come to by the criminal tribunal of the first resort in Berlin, that translations are a violation of copyright. If this should become a recognised rule of law in England, a poor-rate will have to be collected for the British dramatists, nineteen-twentieths of whom will be thrown instantly out of employ, and must starve unless other occupations of handicraft can be found for them. If the translation branch of our dramatic literature is to be lopped off, it is calculated that at least three-fourths of the London theatres must close for want of sustenance. The dealers in French dictionaries, who have hitherto derived a large annual income from the acted and unacted British dramatists, will, we understand, petition against the recognition of the principle laid down by the Prussian tribunal. The panic in the green-rooms and garrets of the metropolis is almost indescribable, and the inquiries at the office of the Dramatic Authors' Society have been very numerous.

Signs of the Times.

The Monster season is setting in, if not with quite as much severity as during the great Dwarf year, when we had a continual Tom Thumb for several months, yet with considerable indications of a hard winter. The Spanish Goliah has already made his appearance at the Cosmorama Rooms, in Regent Street. The "Oldest Inhabitant" does not remember anything of the kind half so big, or a quarter so ugly.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

Though it is an old saying, that "dead men tell no tales," it does not by any means follow that dead men write no letters to newspapers. The Editor of the *Times* has been lately favoured with the following polite communication, from a gentleman who ought, according to his own showing, to be a regular "tenant of the tomb," instead of an occupant of No. 25, Ludgate Street. We will, however, allow the lively defunct to speak for himself:—

"Sir,—I presume in the hurry of business your correspondent has made a mistake—viz., that of returning the name of 'Mr. Collingwood' as one of the Common Councilmen for the Ward of Castle Baynard, who died last June. According to the advertisement in your paper of to-day, you will perceive it to be your obedient servant,

"25, *Ludgate Street, Dec.* 22. "William Henry Carlin."

It will be seen that Mr. Henry Carlin objects to the publication of another gentleman's name "as one of the Common Councilmen, who died last June," and adds, "you will perceive it to be your obedient servant, William Henry Carlin," who, if there is any virtue in grammar, "died last June," and ought to have been returned accordingly. We cannot suppose that a being so sagacious as a Common Councilman can have been so absurd as to write to a newspaper to announce his own death, and we therefore find it difficult to look upon the note in question as anything more than a ghostly production; and if we trust to the letter, we must give credit to the spirit.

The King who is never Drunk.

There formerly prevailed an opinion that it was conducive to a man's health to be drunk once a month. This is now considered to be a popular fallacy. It derives, however, some confirmation from the indisposition under which Louis-Philippe was observed to labour at the late opening of the French Chambers. It is many months since the King of the French has been drunk—at his subjects' tables.

CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

Christmas-day was kept a complete holiday throughout all Ireland. No business whatever was transacted. Not even a single landlord was shot.

PUNCH AT WESTMINSTER.

The Westminster boys last week performed the *Adelphi* of Terence in the presence of the Queen and Prince Albert, and a more than usually distinguished *Adelphi* audience. In the epilogue we observe that *Syrus* calls *Geta* "*viridis*" or "green," a piece of Latinity which we believe is borrowed from a canine passage in our own pages. We recognise also several creditable attempts at joking on the subject of the late General Election, and some respectable quizzing both of Free Trade and Protection, as also of *Pelides*, and of the Country Party, and all parties politically concerned. In particular we have to notice the joke of *non Muntzior*, intended in the sense of *non mentior*, which—pardon the expression, ladies—is "I lie not."

Now, whilst we acknowledge the force of the pun, we cannot admit the justice of the innuendo, and we must say that there is no such word as *Muntzior* in our book, any more than there is in *Ainsworth's Dictionary*. This observation we feel called upon to make, because, from the general character of the Epilogue, we perceive that one of the books read at Westminster is *Punch*. We hope the Westminster scholars will persevere in the study of our classic periodical, by their familiarity with which they were mainly enabled to afford such high gratification to their illustrious auditors, and will, we trust, give continually increasing satisfaction to their parents and friends.

Canine or Canonical?

The *Fermanagh Reporter* advertises a sale of the effects of the late reverend and celebrated Father Tom Maguire; among them being his "universally valued and justly-prized kennel of pure-bred greyhounds." No doubt the worthy priest was a good pastor to his flock; but, in the bullism of his country, we may take the liberty of observing, that he was equally a good shepherd to his kennel.

PLAYWRIGHTS AND PLAGIARISTS.

The criminal tribunal of Berlin has decided that translations are a violation of copyright. At this rate there is a copyright in ideas. Should our own Law Courts also affirm that principle, it will be a bad job for some of our dramatic authors.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

INTRODUCTION.

GREAT interest is taken by the public in legal biographies, a fact evidenced by the favour bestowed on the admirable works of LORD CAMPBELL and MR. HORACE TWISS, whose productions, it is true, relate to those who have actually occupied the woolsack, while it is only a Lord Chancellor *in posse* who now offers his memoirs to the world. It usually happens that the early struggles of genius form the most attractive pages in the record of its career, and it is humbly suggested that the reader of these papers may give them all the charm of an autobiography of a THURLOW, an ERSKINE, or an ELDON, by simply investing MR. BRIEFLESS with an imaginary Great Seal, and fancying that he is already lolling on that woolsack upon which it is his honest ambition—some day or other—to recline.

Most great men put off the writing of their memoirs until their high position is gained, and their impressions of the various incidents they met with on the journey have become almost effaced by time and distance; but how much better would it have been if they had chronicled the circumstances of their professional progress on the instant, and supplied their memoirs fresh and fresh, like new milk, or hot and hot, like mutton chops, to an appreciating world?

MR. BRIEFLESS considers himself in the light of a traveller on a long and arduous journey. His sensations are those of a determined voyager, who, though bound for the Pyramids, has got no further than Whitechapel on his *route;* but the difficulties that beset him in getting as far as Whitechapel must not be omitted from his note-book. The costliness of the *premier pas* will always give it a value in the eyes of the sympathising reader; and it is hoped, therefore, that the autobiography of MR. BRIEFLESS, the Lord Chancellor that is to be—if merit meets with its reward—may form a companion to the excellent *Life of Lord Eldon*, by MR. HORACE TWISS, and a necessary sequel to those tomes that LORD CAMPBELL has lately given—price £4 10s., in large octavo—to a grateful community.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MY BIRTH AND EARLY EDUCATION, ACCORDING TO THE BEST OF MY RECOLLECTION.

I SHALL begin with my cradle, which may be considered the first "rocky pass"—as the playbills have it—that infancy has to go through; and, by the way, the undulating motion of the first bed of babyhood is exceedingly characteristic of that sea of trouble by which human life is often typified. To be tossed about from one side to the other is the fate of man, from his first oscillation like a pendulum in the crib or cradle, to the period when he gets into the full swing of his existence, until the time when—to resume the simile of the pendulum—his works are worn out, he is incapable of being wound up, and he stops because he can go no longer. To some, every tic has been as painful as the *tic douloreux;* but if the regulator has been well employed, and the hands have properly performed their duty, the human *horloge* need not be ashamed to show its face, however humble the case to which fortune may have consigned it.

I shall not imitate the practice of those persons who, having raised themselves from nothing by their own merit, attempt to sacrifice that merit by making out that their families were somebodies before they came to be nobodies, and that therefore there is nothing extraordinary in their coming to be somebodies again. I shall not try to do for myself what MR. HORACE TWISS has amiably undertaken to do for LORD ELDON, and make myself out a descendant of some illustrious ambassador who came over and "flourished" somewhere about the second century, for all this flourishing goes for little or nothing at the present day.

The antiquity of the BRIEFLESS Family could no doubt be traced in a manner quite as satisfactory as usual, if I were inclined to draw out my pedigree; but I shall content myself with going as far back as the *Catalogus Brevium Irregularium* in the Westminster Grammar, from one of which *brevia* or Briefs, the name of BRIEFLESS may perhaps be derived. Declining to form a sort of acrobatic exhibition of my ancestors for the sake of building up a family pyramid and elevating myself to the very top, I shall reverse the process of ÆNEAS, and instead of hoisting my father on to my shoulders, I shall spring upon his, without seeking to assume any greater ancestral elevation than the old boy's back can afford. My paternal parent, or rather the immediate block of which I am a direct chip, was the youngest son of the eldest grandson of one of the standard-bearers in the civil wars, who died with his country in his mouth, victory in his ear, a flash of triumph in each eye, and his sword in his hand.

The military spirit which once breathed in our family had blown itself completely out before my birth, and my earliest infancy glided by in the pursuit of the peaceful arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, with, occasionally, the use of the globes. Such was my precocity in these studies, that before my years had numbered three, my lips could count ten. It would be tedious to trace myself from the arms of the nurse to the hands of the schoolmaster, but I think I am justified in saying that I showed no peculiar aptitude for any high legal dignity, except, perhaps, that of Solicitor-General, for which I evinced a sort of qualification, by asking for everything that came in my way. I do not lay much stress upon this incident, but "I merely mention it," as the saying goes, that the reader may take it for what it happens to be worth. I will not say that the fact had any influence on my choice of a profession; but this is so large a subject, that it must be reserved for another Chapter.

Philosophical Stanzas.

SINCE mortals are all, both great and small,
Created by their dresses,
And folks will scan the worth of a man
By that which he possesses;—
If they wish to draw respect and awe
From ignorant beholders,
The rich must wear their virtues rare
Upon their backs and shoulders.

Yet the eye that probes thro' stars and robes,
Wigs, velvet, silk, and ermine,
May feel a doubt, whether inside or out
Our homage should determine;
For the judge's nob may its wisdom rob
From the tail of a four-legged mother,
And the grandeur's germ of the human worm
May spring from his silken brother.

Plumes! pearls that gem beauty's diadem,
Unguents! that perfume give it,
Your pomp and grace is the refuse base
Of the ostrich, oyster, and civet.
Even mighty kings—those helpless things,
Whose badge is the royal ermine—
Their glory's pride, they must steal from the hide
Of the meanest spotted vermin.

Since the lords of the earth, to borrow the worth
And splendour their vanity wishes,
Must their littleness deck in the gaudy wreck
Of birds, and beasts, and fishes.
Since kings confide in a reptile's hide
To make their greatness greater,
Why, *Punch* he cries, when the pageant he eyes,
"Oh! alack for poor human Nature!"

Christmas Bills for Parliament.

WE understand that it is contemplated by tradesmen to petition the legislature for a partial return to the old Saxon style in the nomenclature of the months. It is designed by them to request that the month last past should be called Bill-Monath, and the present Pay-Monath; moreover, with respect to Pay-Monath, or the Month of Pay, to pray for some measure for its better observance.

SPEED THE PLOUGH IN IRELAND.

WE learn, with great pleasure, that LORD CLARENDON has established some Practical Instructors in Husbandry for Ireland, who, in the words of the *Times*, "go about from place to place, and point out to the farmers the great advantage to be derived from digging and turning their land." We hope that the Irish will save *Punch* further trouble by having, once for all, an effectual dig at their own country.

A THING TO MAKE LIGHT OF.

WHAT I AM AND WHAT I SHALL BE.

If Prize Oxen could speak, and if one of them bore the name of Horatio, another might quote to him the line from *Hamlet*, and exclaim—

"To such base uses must we come, Horatio,"

as, in the pride of pampered pinguidity, they pass together the shop of some tallow-chandler, and eyeing the piles of candles, reflect on the sixes—and sevens—to which they must be brought by the cattle-stuffing mania. Suetonius—a great authority on Suet, and who, by the way, disdained to butter the Cæsars—would, had he lived to the present day, have exposed the extravagances of our time, as he did those of his own; for he would certainly have revolted against the extravagance of fattening up for the melting tub, and converting into food for reflection, those animals that were intended for food of a more substantial kind.

When we see the mountainous flanks of the monster oxen in Baker Street Bazaar, we cannot help thinking of the ignominious end that is in store for the wretched brutes whose ultimate "blaze of triumph" will only be such as the ignition of some scores of pounds of kitchen candles will afford. The last remains of the gigantic creature that stood panting for admiration at the Cattle Show, may be traced at last to the socket of some wretched rushlight shade, in which the last relic of the once proud animal is doomed to expire. Alas! that brutal, like human greatness, should come to such an insignificant end!

TALES OF THE HATCHWAY.

There is an old but, we begin to think, an objectionable proverb, which forbids us to perform the process of enumeration upon our chickens until they are hatched. An ingenious tradesman, who hangs out at the four-and-a-half milestone on the Hammersmith Road, has discovered a process by which, he says, he can hatch a thousand chickens per hour, from ten till dusk. Now it is very clear, that unless these rapid results of incubation are counted in their eggy state, the necessary calculation afterwards would prove an incubus that no industry could overcome; and we have therefore an instance of a necessity for sometimes counting chickens before they are hatched. The inventor of the ingenious process is a Mr. Cantelo, whose name reminds us that we can't-tell-'ow he does it. We have heard that he will undertake to hatch everything, even a mare's nest, if it is brought to him in a fit condition for the experiment to be tried.

THE FAMILY IN ARCHES COURT.

It has lately been observed that nearly all the officials of the Arches Court are related to Sir Herbert Jenner Fust. We presume that the patronage of the Court of Arches is dispensed on the principle of "Fust come Fust served."

CHRISTMAS-BOXES FOR GOVERNMENT.

It is rather a shabby arrangement on the part of the State to pay its officers so badly that the public must make up the deficiency with Christmas-Boxes, or leave some very useful and hard-working functionaries extremely short of cash at this festive season of the year. The Postmen are, as everybody knows, remunerated on such a shabby scale, that the honest part of them are half-starved, while the few who cannot resist the temptation to eke out their income by unwarrantable means, are in the habit of pocketing an odd money-letter or so, to make both ends meet. It is true that, though these supplementary payments do not come out of the public chest, they nevertheless come out of the public pocket, though it is a mere lottery whose pocket shall individually suffer, and the tax may in some instances fall upon those who cannot afford to bear it. We think it would be better to abolish the pilfering and the Christmas-Boxes at once, by paying the Postmen more suitable salaries in the first instance, than those which they at present receive.

The principle of paying public servants as mendicants depending on the generosity of the Nation is not one that we can approve, at all events in reference to such humble functionaries as letter-carriers, whose duties are not of a kind to enable us to measure their comparative merits, and reward them accordingly. We think the practice of giving Christmas-Boxes might be found to possess some advantages if it were acted upon towards official persons, for their conduct is of importance to the community; and it would be as well if the community had every year an opportunity of expressing an opinion in the manner that is usually the most effective.

If the Ministers, for example, depended for a part of their pay—like the Postmen—upon Christmas-Boxes, there would be an easy method by which the Government would get at the sense of the Nation upon the conduct of the Cabinet, individually and collectively. If we heard, for instance, that the Premier had called for his Christmas-Box, our generous contribution of half-a-crown would tell him that we approved his recent conduct on the whole; while our stintingly-doled-out shilling, sent by the hands of our servant to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, would intimate to him our impatience of the Income-Tax and a few other burdens from which we think we ought to be relieved. Our half-crown to Sir George Grey would encourage him to proceed in the work of his department with the same spirit he has hitherto shown, and would hint to him our approval of the sanitary measures he is actively engaged in furthering.

Lord Palmerston, also, should not be without a token of our approbation, which he has at least done nothing to forfeit lately, for he has not yet plunged us into an European war, notwithstanding his somewhat inflammable tendency. The Opposition could not, of course, take the same means of getting at the sense of the Nation upon their policy; but we think some of the heads of the party might resort to the old custom of sending in a Christmas piece; and we are sure that our friend Lord Brougham could easily make up a document of this description that would entitle him to consideration at the hands of the public. Some of the expectants of office would be quite in character, were they to apply as the "waits;" and we fancy we can see Peel, in the capacity of turncock, coming to our gate professing to be "the man wot keeps everything right in the main."

The Gin-and-Water Cure for Low Spirits.

The proprietors of a certain establishment have announced, as a temptation to purchasers, that in consequence of the fall in British spirits, they have reduced the price of their gin. We wonder if the fall in British spirits alluded to is that which has been occasioned by our commercial difficulties. If so, it is something like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, to rush from mere financial difficulties into absolute and utter "blue ruin."

EPIGRAM ON LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S BRIEF EPISTLE TO THE DEAN OF HEREFORD.

If brevity 's indeed the soul of wit,
Lord John has made a most tremendous hit.

MORE FALLACIES OF THE IRISH.

It is not necessary to discharge a gun in order to discharge a debt.
You needn't shoot your landlord to prove you can pay your shot.
You are wrong to imagine that England is for the Irish.
There are better plans of making an agent alive to your wants, and sensitive of your wrongs, than by firing his bosom.

When one may reasonably quarrel with one's Bread and Butter.—In endeavouring, when one's fingers are benumbed on a cold morning, to spread frozen butter on new bread with a limp knife.

LETTER ON OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

FROM THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.

It is with much pleasure that we lay before our readers a communication on the important subject of our National Defences, from our old friend the Brook-Green Volunteer. A topic which has engaged the pen of the Great Captain of the Age may well occupy the attention of the little Militia Man of the suburbs, who, though he cannot call himself a "Soldier that has seen Service," like a very sensible correspondent of the *Times*, may fairly be considered a soldier who would have seen service if there had been any service to be seen. We will, however, allow him to speak for himself on this topic, and we are sure that his views will be received with all the deference they deserve.

"TO *MR. PUNCH.*

"Sir,—Though my military fame is limited to your columns, in which I have had the honour to serve, I feel that the position I there occupied gives me a claim on the attention of the public at a moment like the present, when an attempt is being made to

throw the nation into a sort of *delirium tremens* at the prospect of the possible arrival of an invading foe. It will be a matter of the utmost satisfaction to me if my country should owe to the reasoning of the Brook-Green Volunteer that feeling of safety which she has a right to expect would be converted into actual security at his hands if danger should really arrive.

"I perceive, Sir, that a certain Lord Ellesmere has been sounding an alarum in the *Times*, and not only suggesting the facility with which a French army might march into London, but alleging that the wisest movement of our military in such an event would be to march out of it. No sooner, Sir, did I read this sentence, than I instinctively resumed my regimentals, and, emptying out of my cartridge-box the rushlights which for the last few months it had contained, I darted into my little back parlour, from which I issued in a few moments, as somebody else did from the brain of Jupiter, armed from head to foot. This spontaneous act on my part may serve to show the spirit which would animate thousands in the same position as myself, if an invasion were to be talked about. The British soldiery walk out of the capital, as the foe walked in! Perish the humiliating thought! Why, Sir, there is not a tradesman, who, if a party of Frenchmen appeared in his front shop, would not gather his assistants round him in the back-yard; and they would all resolve to sell their lives as dearly as their groceries, their meat, their bread, or any other articles in which they might happen to deal.

"If British Commerce is suspected of such poltroonery as Lord Ellesmere insinuates against it, let the sons of mercantile industry make at once a manifestation of their warlike spirit. Let the yard measure be exchanged for, or rather combined with, the sword—which could easily be done by making them both the same length; and let every linendrapery establishment show in its "young men" a phalanx that, while observing an armed neutrality towards the customers—excepting always as far as the pockets are concerned,—shall afford a guarantee against the possibility of a successful invasion. I should recommend that in all the principal houses there should be a drill every morning before the commencement of business, with all the formality of marches and countermarches round the shop. For my own part, I am resolved to resume that brief but brilliant military career which won for me unfading laurels—I have them now in pots, at my garden gate—on the field of Brook Green; and I hope every tradesman will consider his shop an encampment, and never look at his ledger without being surrounded by those accoutrements which will keep him prepared to attend to the military as well as the civil 'orders of the day.'

"I have long, as you know, accustomed myself to the hardships of a military life, and I have again put myself on fatigue duty at the call of my country; and I went so far on boxing-night, in the enthusiasm of the season, as to effect a bivouac, which I own was half involuntary, and only commenced at four o'clock in the morning, on the confines of Brook Green.

"A reliance on the spirit of the British Soldier has been very properly expressed; but, Sir, are the British Butcher, the British Baker, the British Tinker, the British Tailor, the British Ploughboy, and the British Apothecary—for I will not include the British Thief on this occasion—to be despised? I am certain that the Butchers would do their duty, not only in a military

A SILLY TRICK.

John Bull. "COME, COME, YOU FOOLISH FELLOW; YOU DON'T SUPPOSE I'M TO BE FRIGHTENED BY SUCH A TURNIP AS THAT!"

capacity, but as contributors to the Commissariat department; for the times must be indeed out of joint when this class of tradesmen shall refuse to put a shoulder—aye, or a leg—to the common veal, and allow the defenders of their country to sing out for the roast beef of Old England in vain. As the "Soldier of Service" properly asks in the columns of the *Times*, where are the stores to be collected for an invading army? and is it not preposterous to suppose that the population of London would be content to provide food for an enemy? No, Sir, the Baker might give the invaders something in their bread-baskets;

and, however willingly the purveyors of the staff of life might place it at the disposal of their own countrymen, if the French got even a French roll, it would be only a roll in the dust.

"I confess that I agree with my LORD ELLESMERE as to the defenceless nature of our turnpike roads, nor do I think that the toll-collectors would be able to make a very formidable stand against an enemy, considering that the British pikemen are being very properly got rid of, and will soon be quite extinct. The Kensington outposts are, perhaps, the strongest, but I should be unwilling to put much confidence in even all the bars on that trust. I had much rather rely on the arming of our butchers' boys, and others, who would keep the roads in a state of

constant patrolling, and furnish a much stronger defensive force than even the most gallant of our stationary pikemen could afford.

"I have now, Sir, said all that occurs to me on this momentous subject; and I can only say, in conclusion, that when the enemy is at the gate—or even has got over the railings, wherever may be the area of contention, or should the foe beard him even in his back-yard, every inch of it will be stoutly contested by

"Yours and his country's obedient servant,
"THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER."

The Song of the Turkey.

THE season of Christmas is over,
The time of our danger is past;
'Tis the turn of the wild duck and plover,—
But the Turkey is safe, boys, at last.
Then hobble and gobble, we 'll sing, boys,
No longer we've reason to fear;
Who knows what a twelvemonth may bring, boys!
Let's trust to the chance of the year.

The oyster, in vain, now may mock us,
Its sauce we can proudly disdain;
No sausages vulgar shall shock us:
We are free! we are free from their chain!
Then hobble and gobble, we 'll sing, boys, &c.

What matters to you and to me, boys,
That one whom we treasured when young,
With a ticket "Look here, six-and-three," boys,
In a poulterer's window was hung.
Then hobble and gobble, we 'll sing, boys, &c.

Then mourn not for friends that are eaten,
A drumstick for care and regret;
Enough that, the future to sweeten,
Our lives are not forfeited yet.
Then hobble and gobble, we 'll sing, boys, &c.

GERMAN IMPRESSIONS.

WE are glad to be able to present to our readers the following extract, on the opening of Parliament, literally translated from the forthcoming work of His Excellence, Privy Councillor, and Chief Puddle and Pumpwork Director (*Geheim Rath und oben Pfützem und Pumpenworken-Director*), VON PLAPPERTASCHE, at present on a secret mission to this country from the grand-ducal Court of Pumpernickle-kleiningen.

After describing his struggles in getting into the House, and a species of mobbing he seems to have encountered, from having gone in a Court Suit, (at the cruel suggestion of a person connected, we regret to say, with this journal), HERR VON PLAPPERTASCHE proceeds—

"That was glorious! Now was I in the actual, sensible presence of world-famous, and to-me-already-by-frequent-perusal-of-the-*Augsburgh-Gazette*-politically-familiar men, comfortably, though not without serious injury to one of my richly-with-flowers-in-silk-embroidered coatlaps, at length seated. The in-*Punch*-weekly-delineated, and therefore at once-by-one-recognised PEEL was with LORD PALMERSTON, in earnest, mind-stretching conversation deeply sunk (*vertieft*). Without doubt, they were arranging a method by which the For-foreign-affairs-through-so-many-changes-of-administration-Principal-Secretary might defend himself against the shattering (*Erschüttendes*) and over-numerous-years-and-unconnected-affairs-with-voluminous-papers-complicated impeachment of the impetuous Youghal-member, HERR CHISHOLM ANSTEY, successfully defend. A by-my-side-sitting and, from his remarks, deeply-in-political-intrigues-involved gentleman, in the purest German, with the heartiest politeness, explained much to me, as a stranger, holding in my native Court high position, in the deepest degree interesting.

"'That is LORD GEORGE BENTINCK!' said he, to me with his finger indicating a with-long-beard-and-heavy-tread-crossing-the-floor, like-a-trooper-of-the-Wallenstein-Walloon-corps-man. 'With that thick stick he, by striking, in a line retains the impetuous race-horses at Derby and St. Leger, until the signal for the race lets them in fiery gallop break-out.' These, and such traits of a nationally-personally-characteristic kind, were on me with the utmost readiness by my courteous (*höflich*) and earnestly-grave neighbour bestowed.

"'See you SIBTHORPE?' he continued, pointing out to me a with-bald-head-placidly-protruding-stomach-and-face-of-utmost-benevolence-with-traces-of-ample-feeding-expanded man, in all respects resembling a wealthy-of-the-well-endowed-English-Church-rector."

The extract goes on for five pages of similar description. We cannot help thinking that this respectable foreigner has been made the victim of a heartless misrepresentation, and has had SIR ROBERT INGLIS pointed out to him for COLONEL SIBTHORPE, and MR. MUNTZ for LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

LONDON TAKEN BY THE FRENCH.

We give a copy of the bulletin, that it may be expected Marshal Bugeaud will forward to his Government on the invasion of England and possession of London by 50,000 French. *Punch* hesitated to insert the document until it had been submitted to the Earl of Ellesmere. The noble Earl, however, having carefully perused the bulletin, assures *Punch* that it truly foreshadows, in every particular, the coming event:—

"*Head Quarters, Buckingham Palace, London* [*date not fixed*].

"Monsieur,—I have the honour to communicate the intelligence of the landing of the army under my command on the coast of Dover, with the submission of the capital of England. I write this in the palace of the Guelphs, where the tricolor waves triumphantly above the standard of our natural enemy.

"Our troops embarking at Boulogne, at Calais, and at Dunkirk, met mid-way in the Channel. The wind failing, the transports were towed by the *Comte de Paris*, the *Château d'Eu*, *La Charte*, and other steamers. At day-break we came to anchor; and at 7 P.M. landed the troops—with horses and artillery—from the jolly-boats. The guns from Dover Castle kept an unsteady, dropping fire during the disembarkation: at length a handful of the Algerine Immortals—irritated by the pertinacity of the enemy—scaled the chalk-cliffs, and in five minutes—by the watch—spiked the cannon. Immediately the tricolor floated from the Castle of César.

"On the capture of the Castle, the Mayor and Corporation of Dover brought the key of the town to the beach, and supplicated for honourable terms of capitulation. These I have thought fit to grant; thus leaving the friendliest disposition in our rear.

"At nine o'clock the Directors of the Railway appeared with first-class tickets for the whole of the army; having, moreover, under the direction of our Commissariat, provided the necessary means of transit for baggage and artillery.

"Our army arrived at eleven o'clock in London, very fresh and in the highest spirits. We formed at the station, and marched over London Bridge. Here we saw the Pool of the Thames—all the shipping had already hoisted the tricolor—which, remembering the glory of our national marine, I have henceforth ordered to be called the *Belle Poule*.

"At the end of the *Rue du Roi de Guillaume*—in English, King William Street—the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London presented themselves. His Lordship begged that the capital might be spared on the payment of fifty millions sterling. To this—the money being ready—I thought fit to accede. (A ball is to be given to the conquering army at the Mansion House, by the wives and daughters of the merchants and bankers.) His Lordship then unrolled a panorama of London, and distributed billets to the army according to the choice of the officers.

"As we approached Lombard Street, we learned that the Guards, commanded by the Earl of Elsewhere, had left London by the Windsor road.

"The army halted to take a good look at the Bank of England; then, much refreshed, pushed on through Cheapside.

"The tricolor was hung out from all the churches, and women, with tricolor cap-ribbons, were seen at every window. The whole march, from the station to head-quarters, was an ovation.

"Arriving in Fleet Street, the whole army drew up before No. 85, known to Europe as the Office of *Punch*. Wishing to save an unnecessary effusion of blood, we summoned *Punch* to capitulate. Whilst, however, we held him in parley at the first floor, the pioneers entered the building by a back entrance. The army called for the head of *Punch*; but I have thought it necessary to delay the gift. Our great enemy—the enemy of France—is now in chains in the Tower. It is my intention—abolishing for ever the gallows as unworthy of the civilisation of the age—to guillotine *Punch* on Tower Hill.

"The army proceeded down the Strand, and I have fixed my head-quarters at Buckingham Palace, whereupon may now be read, in letters of gold, '*Ici on parle Français.*'

"I trust that Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Royal Family of England will ever retain the liveliest recollections of the generosity, the chivalry, and *bienséance* of the invading army of ——.

"The troops have been received with proper respect by the enemy, who is at last brought to the conviction of the immeasurable superiority of our arms.

"It was my intention to quarter the 95th Ethiopian Chasseurs in the National Gallery; but—it is a touching proof of the taste of the French horse—the animal could not be induced to enter the building.

"The statue of the charlatan Nelson has been displaced from a column, which will be surmounted by the effigy of our own real hero, Jean du Bart.

"I have further caused the marble statue of Napoleon—for many years shamefully concealed in the wine-cellar of the Duke of Wellington—to be elevated to the arch opposite Apsley House, which is to be henceforward known as Austerlitz Lodge. The statue of the Duke of Wellington is already in the melting-pot, and will serve to reinforce our artillery.

"Twenty thousand Frenchmen domiciled in London—namely, valets, drawing-masters, cooks, and fiddlers—appeared in the streets in the uniform of National Guards.

"I have thought it necessary to send Mons. Jullien—a French subject—to the Tower, until I shall receive further orders from the Government.

"Madame Celeste (another French subject) I have permitted to act at the Adelphi on *parole*.

"In a few days, I shall be enabled to send you an inventory of the wealth of London; which, until the conclusion of the Opera season, I propose to make our head-quarters.

"Deign, Monsieur, to receive the assurance of my highest consideration.

"*To the Minister of Foreign Affairs.*" "Bugeaud."

THE MONETARY COUNTRY-DANCES.

The "Money Pressure," the tightness in the Market, and all that sort of thing, occasionally intrude their disagreeable influence upon our Christmas festivities. As we are not of the grumbling party that would make the worst of everything, already rather bad, we are disposed to turn our gravities into gaieties, as far as may be done without impairing the energies required to be earnestly employed in a period of difficulty. We think, however, there can be no great harm in proposing a set of Monetary Country-Dances, to be danced during the holidays.

"*The Accommodation.*"

Partners advance, cross cheques, and retire. First gentleman presents bill to second gentleman, hands across, *balancez*, and pair off in opposite directions.

"*The Temporary Suspension.*"

First gentleman stops, second gentleman advances, turns first gentleman round, and both resume their places.

The same thing is done on all sides, and every one sets to his partner.

"*The Renewal of Confidence.*"

All come forward together towards lady (of Threadneedle Street), who takes each gentleman by the hand in turn, and leads him to his own position. Having advanced to each, they all join hands, with *grande ronde* and *finale*.

War's Injudicious Alarms.

Lord Egerton Ellesmere has been raising a great outcry respecting our deficiency in point of national defences. He has made such a display of our weakness as really to encourage aggression. He has, in effect, told the French that we should be thoroughly done in case of an invasion from them; so that our neighbours may regard him as one of those little pigs that run about the country ready-roasted, crying "Come and eat us." We hope we are not yet absolutely dished up to their hands, and we believe that it is not in the power even of French cookery to give Englishmen a dressing.

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

HAVING made a solemn engagement during the last Midsummer holidays with my young friend AUGUSTUS JONES, that we should go to a Christmas Pantomime together, and being accommodated by the obliging proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre with a private box for last Tuesday, I invited not only him but some other young friends to be present at the entertainment. The two MISS TWIGGS, the charming daughters of the REV. MR. TWIGG, our neighbour; MISS MINNY TWIGG, their youngest sister, eight years of age; and their maternal aunt, MRS. CAPTAIN FLATHER, as the Chaperon of the young ladies, were the four other partakers of this amusement with myself and MR. JONES.

It was agreed that the ladies, who live in Montpellier Square, Brompton, should take up myself and MASTER AUGUSTUS at the Sarcophagus Club, which is on the way to the theatre, and where we two gentlemen dined on the day appointed. Cox's most roomy fly, the mouldy green one, in which he insists on putting the roaring-grey horse, was engaged for the happy evening. Only an intoxicated driver (as Cox's man always is) could ever, I am sure, get that animal into a trot. But the utmost fury of the whip will not drive him into a dangerous pace; and besides, the ladies were protected by THOMAS, MRS. FLATHER'S page, a young man with a gold band to his hat, and a large gilt knob on the top, who ensured the safety of the cargo, and really gave the vehicle the dignity of one's own carriage.

The dinner hour at the Sarcophagus being appointed for five o'clock, and a table secured in the strangers' room, MASTER JONES was good enough to arrive (under the guardianship of the Colonel's footman) about half-an-hour before the appointed time, and the interval was by him partly passed in conversation, but chiefly in looking at a large silver watch which he possesses, and in hoping that we shouldn't be late.

I made every attempt to pacify and amuse my young guest, whose anxiety was not about the dinner, but about the play. I tried him with a few questions about Greek and Mathematics—a sort of talk, however, which I was obliged speedily to abandon, for I found he knew a great deal more upon these subjects than I did—(it is disgusting how preternaturally learned the boys of our day are, by the way). I engaged him to relate anecdotes about his schoolfellows and ushers, which he did, but still in a hurried, agitated, nervous manner—evidently thinking about that sole absorbing subject, the pantomime.

A neat little dinner, served in BATIFOL'S best manner (our *chef* at the Sarcophagus knows when he has to deal with a connoisseur, and would as soon serve me up his own ears as a *réchauffé* dish), made scarcely any impression on young JONES. After a couple of spoonfuls, he pushed away the Palestine soup, and took out his large silver watch—he applied two or three times to the chronometer during the fish period—and it was not until I had him employed upon an omelette, full of apricot jam, that the young gentleman was decently tranquil.

With the last mouthful of the omelette he began to fidget again; and it still wanted a quarter of an hour of six. Nuts, almonds and raisins, figs (the almost never-failing soother of youth), I hoped might keep him quiet, and laid before him all those delicacies. But he beat the devil's tattoo with the nutcrackers, had out the watch time after time, declared that it stopped, and made such a ceaseless kicking on the legs of his chair, that there were moments when I wished he was back in the parlour of MRS. JONES, his Mamma.

I know oldsters who have a savage pleasure in making boys drunk—a horrid thought of this kind may perhaps have crossed my mind. "If I could get him to drink half-a-dozen glasses of that heavy Port, it might soothe him and make him sleep," I may have thought. But he would only take a couple of glasses of wine. He said he didn't like more; that his father did not wish him to take more: and, abashed by his frank and honest demeanour, I would not press him, of course, a single moment further, and so was forced to take the bottle to myself, to soothe me instead of my young guest.

He was almost frantic at a quarter to seven, by which time the ladies had agreed to call for us, and for about five minutes was perfectly dangerous. "We shall be late, I know we shall; I said we should! I am sure it's seven, past, and that the box will be taken!" and countless other exclamations of fear and impatience passed through his mind. At length we heard a carriage stop, and a club-servant entering and directing himself towards our table. Young JONES did not want to hear him speak, but cried out—"Hooray, here they are!" flung his napkin over his head, dashed off his chair, sprang at his hat like a kitten at a ball, and bounced out of the door, crying out, "Come along, MR. SPECK!" whilst the individual addressed much more deliberately followed. "Happy AUGUSTUS!" I mentally exclaimed. "O thou brisk and bounding votary of pleasure! When the virile toga has given place to the jacket and turned-down collar, that *Columbine*, who will float before you a goddess to-night,

will only be a third-rate dancing female, with rouge, and large feet. You will see the ropes by which the genii come down, and the dirty, crumpled knees of the fairies—and you won't be in such a hurry to leave a good bottle of port, as now at the pleasant age of thirteen."—[By the way, boys are made so abominably comfortable and odiously happy, now-a-days, that when I look back to 1802, and my own youth, I get in a rage with the whole race of boys, and feel inclined to flog them all round.]—Paying the bill, I say, and making these leisurely observations, I passed under the hall of the Sarcophagus, where THOMAS, the page, touched the gold-knobbed hat respectfully to me, in a manner which I think must have rather surprised old GENERAL GROWLER, who was unrolling himself of his muffetees and wrappers, and issued into the street, where Cox's fly was in waiting: the windows up, and whitened with a slight frost: the silhouettes of the dear beings within dimly visible against the chemist's light opposite the Club; and MASTER AUGUSTUS already kicking his heels on the box, by the side of the inebriated driver.

I caused the youth to descend from that perch, and the door of the fly being opened, thrust him in. MRS. CAPTAIN FLATHER of course occupied the place of honour—an uncommonly capacious woman,—and one of the young ladies made a retreat from the front seat, in order to leave it vacant for myself; but I insisted on not incommoding MRS. CAPTAIN F., and that the two darling children should sit beside her, while I occupied the place of back bodkin between the two MISS TWIGGS.

They were attired in white, covered up with shawls, with bouquets in their laps, and their hair dressed evidently for the occasion: MRS. FLATHER in her red velvet, of course, with her large gilt state turban.

She saw that we were squeezed on our side of the carriage, and made an offer to receive me on hers.

Squeezed? I should think we *were;* but, O EMILY, O LOUISA, you mischievous little black-eyed creatures, who would dislike being squeezed by you? I wished it was to York we were going, and not to Covent Garden. How swiftly the moments passed. We were at the play-house in no time: and AUGUSTUS plunged instantly out of the fly over the shins of everybody.

SPEC.

A PLEASANT COUNTRY.

In the absence of any more efficient measure for the protection of life, the guardians of the poor of Ireland, who have been special marks for the assassin on their way to the performance of their duties have resorted to their kitchen implements to provide the means of defence for their hazardous journey. Being deprived of all ordinary arms, they are compelled to encase themselves as they best can in their *batterie de cuisine*, to protect themselves against the murderous assault and battery to which they are forced to expose themselves. The various items in a cooking apparatus are thus turned to excellent account; for the gridiron makes an admirable visor, the saucepan a most effective helmet, the dripping-pan an admirable shield, and the spit a spear in which lightness and power are blended very happily.

We do not know that stalwart knights ever basted each other with basting-spoons at joust or tournament, but we are sure that in the olden time they have frequently entered the list in caparisons, which we might fairly liken to kitchen furniture, if it were not for the recollection that such caparisons are odious. The philanthropic attempt to enlighten the Irish on agriculture will probably be carried out with more success than has hitherto attended it, if the lecturers are armed *cap-à-pied*, in the style which the annexed engraving illustrates.

The acquisition of knowledge under difficulties has been frequently recognised as a very laudable achievement, but its diffusion under difficulties is being just now exemplified in Ireland in a most remarkable manner. To convey scientific information with bullets whizzing in one's ear requires a degree of courage which is not often exhibited in England; our lecturers seldom have anything more formidable to withstand than a little ridicule or a few cabbage-leaves; but against even these the British diffusers of knowledge will be protected by the authorities. In Ireland, the well-meaning communicants of agricultural information may almost as well walk into a shooting gallery, and seat themselves before the target during a busy day's practice, as present themselves to the notice of the peasantry in the character of lecturers. We throw out the hint, that they should at all events take the precaution of being armed from top to toe in case of accidents, which it seems will happen in Ireland even in the best regulated districts.

THE TEMPLE EARTHQUAKE.

If a French fleet is about to sail up to London, as some say it is, and if the Temple is to be taken, it will assuredly be well shaken first, unless something is done to stop the explosive experiments that are now proceeding on the river. We understand from Mr. Briefless, that he was sitting the other day in his chambers, when he was alarmed by an extraordinary motion—not by any means a motion of course—that almost knocked him off his legs, instead of bringing him on to them. The learned gentleman, who was trying to digest a *de injuriâ* that had just come in, expected to see the *injuria* demonstrated at once in the downfall of his entire domicile; and he was waiting for the general issue in the shape of a regular smash, when happily an abatement was perceptible. His clerk was instantly despatched to look into this alarming case of battery, but upon inquiring of the porters, who make their own rule absolute in the Temple, there was no cause shown.

It was subsequently ascertained that a trial was going on against a bank for the removal of some deposits, but as the damages will probably fall on the inhabitants of the Temple, Mr. Briefless has instructed himself to move on the first day of Term, that if this action is continued, the venue may be instantly changed. A gentleman writing to the *Times* kindly recommends the keeping of the doors and windows all open, for the purpose of weakening the effect of any further explosion. This advice would be reasonable enough in summer, but few barristers would be anxious for so many drafts to settle as will pour in upon them just now, if doors and windows are kept open until the experiments cease.

THE DEAN AND DR. HAMPDEN.

There was an old Dean in the West country,
A cause of offence his Rev'rence had found;
'Twas all about filling a vacant see
Upon what he consider'd was his own ground,
With his plural rural cure a-lural ural lural lay.

His Deanship resolved the Queen to sue,
For what he considered his rightful due;
Likewise to beg her favour and grace,
In hopes she would give him the vacant place,
With his plural rural cure a-lural ural lural lay.

The Queen his petition did refer
To Lord John Russell, her Pre-mi-er;
But Lord John Russell said, "I've in view
Another, my very good friend, than you—
With your plural rural cure a-lural ural lural lay."

"Is it that Doctor whom you mean
To make a Bishop of?" cries the Dean;
"There lives a person—I won't say where—
More fit for a Bishop than that chap there
With his plural rural cure a-lural ural lural lay."

Thereon the Dean whipp'd out his pen,
And sent the Queen a letter again,
Imputing error and heresy
To Lord John's Bishop that was to be,
With his plural rural cure a-lural ural lural lay.

Against that choice he did protest;
But Her Majesty thought that John knew best;
For his mitre and crosier she left him to whistle,
And gave him no answer to his epistle,
With his plural rural cure a-lural ural lural lay.

To Lord John Russell then he wrote,
And bade him to take heed and note
That he purposed, without hesitation or fear,
Opposing Her Majesty's *congé d'élire*,
With his plural rural cure a-lural ural lural lay.

To him replied the Minister—
"I have received your letter, Sir,
In which your intention you intimate
The law of the land to violate,
With your plural rural cure a-lural ural lural lay."

So now the Dean had pledged his word
To do a thing that was quite absurd;
And when the election-day came on,
He recorded his vote 'gainst the man of Lord John,
With his plural rural cure a-lural ural lural lay.

But there he stopp'd—the wisest way—
And Lord John's Bishop gain'd the day:
And though with the Chapter he disagreed,
The Dean set his hand and his seal to their deed,
With his plural rural cure a-lural ural lural lay.

And so the Dean has preserved his stall,
His goods and chattels, and livings, and all;
Of a *præmunire* he 's out of fear,
And we wish him sincerely a happy new year,
With his plural rural cure a-lural ural lural lay.

OUR PRIZE CONUNDRUM FOR CHRISTMAS.

Q. In what way does the appointment of Dr. Musgrave to the Archbishoprick of York bear a striking resemblance to most of our modern farces?

A. In the fact of its being a mere translation.

THE FRENCH AT BRIGHTON.

OLLY MR. PUNCH,

"As a lone woman, Sir, I write to you about our Natural Defences. I've been reading the *Sussex Advertiser*, and Brighton, it seems, is in a pretty state of *déshabille*, and may be surprised any morning—as one may say—with its hair in papers, afore the town knows where it is.

"The place is ruined, *Mr. Punch;* lodgers not coming here, as thinking themselves double hazardous. For is it to be believed, Sir, that married men with families will let their wives and children come down when—at no notice at all—the town may be boarded by the French fleet, and screaming women and children be carried off in gigs and jolly-boats; to say nothing of the property?

"And yet, *Mr. Punch*—as my poor dear GERKINS used to ask, and 'specially when he'd had a glass—and yet, we are called upon every day, I may say, to pay taxes. Yes, Sir, we are made to pay window-lights, when, at any minute, our sashes may be blown to mince-meat by the cannon-balls of the French! As GERKINS would have said, is this honest of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers?

"If ever there was a town that had its weakness—and that weakness known to the French—it is this precious Brighton. Of course. Why, I myself—never minding what I thought the nonsense of nat'ral enemies, so as they paid their way—I have let my first and second floor to French families, that now, I'm sure of it, only took 'em for spies. Yes, Sir; I've no doubt that Periwinkle Villa, Marine Parade—that's my house, Sir, and painted from top to toe only last May—is known to all the French. There isn't a French soldier (I'll be bound) that doesn't know where to put his hand upon the plate-basket—not a man among 'em but wouldn't, in the dark, find his way to the beer-cellar. (Not but what I shall take precious good care to disappoint 'em.)

"And this is the case with every other house in the place. We are known, inside and out. We haven't a garret hid from 'em. They may cut us up, and share us out like cakes.

"Thinking of this, I put on my bonnet and victorine, and went out to take a good look of the town. When I saw that we'd only a handful of guns at West Street, and not so much as a pocket pistol at Seaford Bay, I said to myself—What's to prevent the French coming here whenever they like? Why—I'm certain of it—when the moon didn't shine, they might come over, and let themselves into all the town with latch-keys; for it isn't likely—so many lodgers as there have been here—that they went away without taking false ones.

"I am not a timid woman, *Mr. Punch*—poor GERKINS would always allow that much of me; —but upon my word and honour I do assure you, when I saw myself standing on the Marine Parade with not a gun—no, not a single piece of cold iron, as the words go—between me and France, I *did* tremble for Brighton; I *did* tremble for my QUEEN (though HER MAJESTY *has* left us for the Isle of Wight); and I *did* tremble for PRINCE ALBERT and the rest of the Royal Family.

"I *do* hope, *Mr. Punch*, that you will write directly to Rear-Admiral LORD JOHN RUSSELL—(who, I have somewhere heard, once did such wonders when he commanded the Channel Fleet)—and beg of him to send two or three hundred ships always to lie between us and the French. The wooden walls, Sir—as poor GERKINS used to say—the true hearts of oak that grow the laurel! And moreover, I *do* think, if Government would only send down MR. T. P. COOKE to dance twice a-night the sailor's College Hornpipe, it would do a great deal of good to public spirit.

"However, at least I do trust that you will insist upon the heads and branches of families all going into the Militia. Not that I hope we shall have any use for them—'specially with the hearts of oak beating in the sea—but there is always this beauty about soldiers; when they're not useful, they're very nice to look at.

"Once I used to think there was a sort of protection about the Royal liveries, that now and then flamed in and out of the Pavilion. To be sure—poor things!—they rather looked like the ghosts of footmen on board wages, than the stout rosy fellows that, when GEORGE THE FOURTH used to bathe here, made the place so gay and handsome. Well, Sir, now *they* are gone. It was a sad sight, but only yesterday the last footman (with a carpet-bag marked in faded worsted, 'G. R.') took his long leave of Brighton by the second train.

"And there's the Pavilion, as empty and good-for-nothing as a shell that's held an addled egg! What should be done with that, Sir? Why, I'll tell you. It should be worked with loop-holes over and over, and be filled from top to bottom with brass cannons. If brass can't be got, let 'em, without owning it, try wood, as better matching the building.

"And moreover, Sir, as it's the dull season, I *do* think—especially as the Court's left us—that Government might take all the lodging-houses (the barracks not holding 'em) for the soldiers. First and second floor for officers—third, for men.

"Struck by this happy thought, I send you my card of terms. Ten guineas first floor, seven the second. Plate and linen found. (Boots not included.) Address post-paid, and believe me,

"Your obedient servant,

"MARY GERKINS."

"P. S. As at such a time England—as poor GERKINS used to say—expects every woman to do her duty, I shall have no objection (for an extra three pounds) to mount two cannons at my attic windows, if warranted not to be fired."

FINE ARTS.

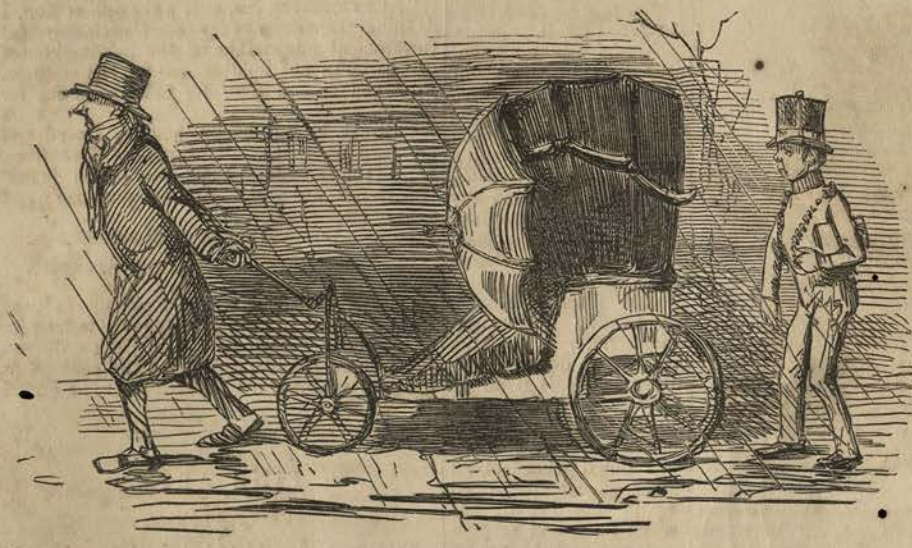
The Stag at Bay.

THIS is a fine historical picture, and will serve to embalm the recollection of a most eventful period of English history. We rarely criticise Art; but this is a work that compels us to be fervid—eloquent. The Stag is finely handled; his look reveals the history of his woes. He stands at the very edge of the London Wharf, and the Boulogne steamer—with CAPTAIN TUNE on the paddle-box—like a placid swan, is striking its first paddle-strokes. The Stag carries a carpet-bag in one hand, and in the other an uplifted stick, menacing his assailants, "the dogs of *Law*" let slip from Fetter Lane. Another moment, and the Stag would have leapt on the deck of the moving steamer; but the dogs are closing upon him, and it is plain that—albeit his carpet-bag is in his hand, his portmanteau with "its leathern coat swollen almost to bursting" at his foot—the Stag is "caught and bled."

This noble picture of *The Stag at Bay* is one of those rare and perfect pieces of Art whose triumph it is to set to work the imagination of the beholder. For instance, the painter only shows us the "immediate now,"—but our fancy follows the poor Stag to his doom—we see him enter the hackney-cab with MR. SHADRACH and friend—London becomes a moving panorama—Cheapside, Fleet Street, pass before us—and—and—and—the key is turned; the Stag sleeps beneath the roof of the town-house of SHADRACH.

The Classics and the Commons.

WE observe that Members of the House of Commons very frequently make use of Latin quotations, most of which are an evidence of an education at Eton, since they are to be found among the examples in the celebrated Grammar in use at that seminary. It is curious that none of those honourable gentlemen ever by any chance quote Greek; whence one might almost be inclined to suspect that they are more honourable than learned. We are sure that the mighty line of HOMER (beginning with τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος) sonorously enunciated, would be received with the greatest applause by the House. SIR ROBERT PEEL had really better try a little Greek, particularly as he seems to have worn out all his Latin. By the by, in testimony of the liberal views, if not of the liberal education, of the British Parliament, we expect very shortly to hear a little Hebrew, as well as Greek and Latin, occasionally quoted in that august assembly.



DREADFUL "STATE."

MARTYRDOM OF THE DEAN OF HEREFORD.

(BULLETIN.)

Jan. 6.—The very Reverend Doctor Merewether has passed a good night; and, considering the violence of his martyrdom, is quite as well as could be expected.

The Doctor took breakfast with almost his usual appetite; and having expressed some surprise that the sun still shone upon Hereford—and having been assured by his butler that the Cathedral had not yet disappeared down the jaws of an earthquake—consented to see a few friends to dinner.

The Doctor dined quite like a man who feels that, after all is said, dinners are not to be despised even by martyrs.

In the evening, the old English festivity of drawing for Twelfth-Cake was celebrated; at which the Doctor condescended with the most affable manner to assist. Unhappily, in drawing the characters, the Doctor drew a Bishop. This aggravated the symptoms of the patient for a time; but nevertheless, upon the whole, the Martyr may be pronounced nearly out of danger.

ABD-EL-KADER AT TOULON;

OR, THE CAGED HAWK.

No more, thou lithe and long-winged hawk, of desert-life for thee;
No more across the sultry sands shalt thou go swooping free:
Blunt idle talons, idle beak, with spurning of thy chain,
Shatter against thy cage the wing thou ne'er mayst spread again.

Long, sitting by their watchfires, shall the Kabyles tell the tale
Of thy dash from Ben Halifa on the fat Metidja vale;
How thou swept'st the desert over, bearing down the wild El Riff,
From eastern Beni Salah to western Ouad Shelif;

How thy white burnous went streaming, like the storm-rack o'er the sea,
When thou rodest in the vanward of the Moorish chivalry;
How thy razzia was a whirlwind, thy onset a simoom, [gloom!
How thy sword-sweep was the lightning, dealing death from out the

Nor less quick to slay in battle than in peace to spare and save,
Of brave men wisest councillor, of wise councillors most brave;
How the eye that flashed destruction could beam gentleness and love,
How lion in thee mated lamb, how eagle mated dove!

Availéd not or steel or shot 'gainst that charmed life secure,
Till cunning France, in last resource, tossed up the golden lure:
And the carrion buzzards round him stooped, faithless, to the cast,
And the wild hawk of the desert is caught and caged at last.

Weep, maidens of Zerifah, above the laden loom!
Scar, chieftains of Al Elmah, your cheeks in grief and gloom!
Sons of the Beni Snazam, throw down the useless lance,
And stoop your necks and bare your backs to yoke and scourge of France!

'Twas not in fight they bore him down; he never cried *amân;*
He never sunk his sword before the Prince of Franghistan;
But with traitors all around him, his star upon the wane,
He heard the voice of Allah, and he would not strive in vain.

They gave him what he asked them; from king to king he spake,
As one that plighted word and seal not knoweth how to break:
"Let me pass from out my deserts, be't mine own choice where to go,
I brook no fettered life to live, a captive and a show."

And they promised, and he trusted them, and proud and calm he came,
Upon his black mare riding, girt with his sword of fame.
Good steed, good sword, he rendered both unto the Frankish throng;
He knew them false and fickle—but a Prince's word is strong.

How have they kept their promise? Turned they the vessel's prow
Unto Acre, Alexandria, as they have sworn e'en now?
Not so: from Oran northwards the white sails gleam and glance—
And the wild hawk of the desert is borne away to France!

Where Toulon's white-walled lazaret looks southward o'er the wave,
Sits he that trusted in the word a son of Louis gave.
Oh, noble faith of noble heart! And was the warning vain,
The text writ by the Bourbon in the blurred black book of Spain?
They have need of thee to gaze on, they have need of thee to grace
The triumph of the Prince, to gild the pinchbeck of their race.
Words are but wind, conditions must be construed by Guizot;
Dash out thy heart, thou desert hawk, ere thou art made a show!

INVASION SMALL-TALK.

The Duke's gunpowder letter has had a remarkable effect upon certain public dinner parties. The orators have talked nothing but great guns. Some of the Conservatives at Ashton-under-Lyne—like Catherine-wheels—were all whiz, fire, and smoke. A Mr. Wilde, in the very handsomest manner, invented a campaign, a battle, and a victory, for our gentle Queen Victoria, who would read the French a lesson

"*similar to that* read by Queen Elizabeth; and he doubted not that the Queen would, if needs be, place herself, *like* her illustrious ancestor, at the head of her armies, and *lead them not only to battle but to victory.*" (*Cheers.*)

It being an historical fact, that Queen Elizabeth, in prophetic cocked-hat and epaulets, fought as post-captain on board the *Royal Harry*, and took a Spanish three-decker. The circumstance has been most negligently omitted from every Naval History; but Mr. Wilde has, we are assured, the identical Elizabethan cocked-hat and epaulets wrapt up in a *Morning Herald* of the day. And should the French threaten us, there can be no doubt that our Queen, "like her illustrious ancestor," will lead the crew of the *Victoria and Albert* "not only to battle but to victory."

We moreover receive much comfort from Oldham; for there Mr. James Lees, proposing "Lord Stanley and the House of Peers, the great bulwark of British Liberty," denominated his Lordship "as a national breakwater to enable us to ride through the storm in safety." What a fine Harlequinade touch, and how it smacks of the season, when a live *peer* can be turned into a breakwater! This is really to put the House of Lords to an unexpected use. In case of a threatened invasion, we should not wonder to see Lord Brougham supersede the Buoy at the Nore.

Firelocks and Free-Trade.

We have now before the Public two great schemes, proposed by two great men, for the defence of our country. The Duke of Wellington recommends us to call out the Militia, and increase the standing army; Mr. Cobden would have us put our trust in the extension of Free Trade. According to the Duke's plan, the French will find us ugly customers; according to that of Mr. Cobden, profitable ones: in either of which cases it will not pay them to quarrel with us. For our protection, the Field-Marshal says, there is nothing like bayonets; the Free Trader, nothing like business; whilst both seem to be of opinion that there is nothing like leather. To disarm the French is cheaper, and looks less suspicious, than to arm ourselves: we hope, therefore, a fair trial will be given to the more pacific suggestion.

ART AS APPLIED TO TWELFTH-CAKES.

While High Art is being lavished on almost every object, however insignificant, we regret to find that the Twelfth-Cake is still left to the rude barbarism of former ages for its decorations. Some of the specimens in Plaster of Paris that we have observed during the present season, are in the same primitive School of Art that we noticed in our days of juvenility; according to the artists employed in this branch of decoration, three of whose drawings in chalk are now before us. We are struck by the pertinacity with which they adhere to the old notion that the human foot is sometimes capable of carrying about with it a small patch of turf as a pedestal, and that a Shepherd, or Mr. Pickwick, can stand in what may be called a slantendicular position without falling to the ground. The Twelfth-Cakeian notions of Royalty are always rather eccentric, and the general impression among the chalk and sugar artists is, that Majesty is huddled together all of a lump in a manner far more clumsy than dignified. We beg leave to call the attention of Royal Academicians to this subject; and indeed, if the Fine Arts Commissioners will only offer a reward for the best set of Twelfth Cake ornaments, we are sure that a wonderful effect would be produced.

Punch's Court Circular.

Yesterday, (the 6th inst.), His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, wearing his General's uniform, the Garter, Blue Ribbon, &c., &c., inspected the Royal Twelfth-Cake, and was pleased to express himself highly delighted with its taste and greatness. A Chinese family, made in the very best sugar, and comprising the father, a Mandarin of the first class, his wife and six children, was honoured with special marks of His Royal Highness's attention. Chinese golden pheasants—bodies and tails in the brightest sugar-candy—afforded great delight to the distinguished amateur; and gold and silver fish, introduced in a crystal vase into the body of the cake, and swimming in Champagne, were honoured with the most condescending approbation. A barrel-organ, concealed under sugar rockwork raised about the cake, at an auspicious moment struck up—"Hail, Star of Brunswick!" His Royal Highness expressed himself highly flattered by the delicacy of the compliment. On the whole, the noble Duke observed, that although he had presided at many annual distributions of prizes of the Art Union; nothing in the shape of Art had ever so inwardly touched him as the Twelfth-Cake. The Royal Duke afterwards inspected the Royal mince-pies and snap-dragon bowl, and pronounced them perfect.

The Boy's Own Book.—Amongst the new books for the holydays has been advertised a tale by Hans Christian Andersen, called "A Dream of Little Tuk." The title of this work sounds infelicitously. A "Dream of Much Tuck" would be infinitely more calculated to interest young gentlemen who are home for the holydays.

MR. DUNUP'S FAILURE.

The last scene of this melancholy drama is about to be acted, and a piece of ragged stair-carpet depending from Mr. Dunup's chambers, announces the distressing fact that the *dénouement* is close at hand. We must, however, give Mr. Dunup credit—not in a pecuniary sense, for that would be madness indeed—but we must give him credit for ingenuity in the drawing up of a bill (he was always famous in this line) with a view to the sale by auction of his effects. The following is a copy of this interesting composition—the only composition, by the way, that Mr. Dunup has offered to his creditors:—

IMPORTANT SALE.

The recent monetary derangement having involved in its ruinous effects several firms and infirms of the highest character, it has been found necessary, in pursuance of the

ORDER OF THE COURT

of Requests, to make arrangements with some other eminent Auctioneer and Estate Agent, in consequence of the refusal of

MR. FREDERICK CHINNOCK

to Sell by Auction the whole of the Costly Effects of Blank Dunup, Esquire. It cannot be said that the

Property will include Bijouterie and Marqueterie,

but it will comprise a choice selection of Boot-jackerie and Gim-crackery of the rarest kind, which has been got together

REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE

to his numerous creditors. One of the most interesting features of the Sale will be Mr. Dunup's

UNIQUE STUD,

worn in the centre of his shirt; and there will also be submitted to public competition his unrivalled Towel and

OTHER HORSES,

including his well-known light, graceful, and serviceable

AIRING-HORSE,

which must be seen to be appreciated. The Auctioneer is happy to be enabled also to announce, that to him has been confided the task of disposing of the

Splendid Service, Comprising 300 Ounces,

OF PLATES,

Chiefly of the favourite Willow pattern, together with

A SMALL BUT SELECT CELLAR,

Containing nearly 500

of Coals. The articles of the toilet will be included in the Sale, and the Auctioneer calls the attention of the Public with much confidence to (among other Lots) a

Grand Square of Windsor

Soap; while the personal Jewellery of Mr. Dunup, consisting chiefly of

CURIOUS SPECIMENS OF MOSAIC,

will be brought under the hammer without the smallest reserve. It would be impossible within the limits of a posting-bill to describe the various other interesting lots, but it will be sufficient to intimate that a dinner

WAGON

will be among the articles to be disposed of; as well as an excellent pair of

Railway

Trowsers; besides a warm second-hand pea-jacket, and three waistcoats, which will immediately confer on the purchaser a

VESTED INTEREST.

Further Particulars and Catalogues to be had of the Auctioneer; or at Mr. Dunup's *Chambers, where the effects may be viewed.*

Please Observe the Address!

Amongst the many addresses which were presented to Louis-Philippe on New Year's Day, the most welcome one to him was the following:—

"Abd-el-Kader, *Toulon.*"

The Emir had just been landed at Toulon, on his way to Alexandria. We suppose this new address, which has taken the French army so many years to ascertain, will be published in red letters, in the next edition of the *Almanack des* 25 *Mille Adresses.*

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Small Briton. "THE FRENCH INVADE US, INDEED! AND WHAT SHOULD WE BE ABOUT ALL THE TIME?—WHY, WE SHOULD RISE LIKE ONE MAN!"

THE BAR—ITS RAGGED SCHOOL.

IT gives us great pleasure to inform our readers that the frightful moral destitution of the Bar has at length awakened the attention of philanthropists, who, it may be almost objected against them, have suffered their sympathies to run somewhat to waste amongst forlorn shirt-makers, at sevenpence a day; and ragged scholars, the human refuse of lanes and courts; when a body of individuals of the very first importance—as they themselves are not backward to declare, to our social condition—are in the most benighted state of ignorance and darkness. We allude to the Bar of England. It is not necessary for us here to recapitulate the harrowing instances of moral destitution that, within a very short period, have forced themselves upon the condemnation of the simple world at large. They have, however, at length awakened the philanthropic mind of the country; and a nobleman, distinguished for his benevolence, has called about him a band of sympathetic brethren determined upon carrying reformation among a body of individuals, many of whom are at times jocosely called "gentlemen" of the long robe.

His Lordship's address on the first meeting of the Society was listened to with mingled astonishment and grief. He dwelt eloquently and at great length on the moral darkness and obliquity of even distinguished wearers of silk and horse-hair. His Lordship asked the meeting what they would say of a man, not protected by gown and wig, who, knowing that blood was on the hands of the assassin, should, for so much money (and, if any money could be called "blood-money," surely it was pelf so acquired), endeavour to save the guilty by sacrificing the innocent? He further asked, what could be thought of the sense of honour of an advocate, who, having for years pocketed the fees for a plaintiff, afterwards used the information so acquired as a double-loaded gun, wherewith, on the side of the defendant, to kill the cause of his first employer? (*Cries of "Shame."*) His Lordship then dwelt upon a degrading superstition that had long obtained among gentlemen of the bar; namely, a belief that, having once secured a fee, they were not called upon to return it, should they have no time to work for it.

Several resolutions were agreed to, and premises have, we hear, been taken in the neighbourhood of Westminster Hall, for the instruction of the destitute. The institution may be aptly called, "The Ragged Moral School of the Bar." It is not unlikely that we shall attend, and report the examination of some of the pupils.

"Taken in, and Done for."

THE fortifications are sprouting everywhere around Paris. There will be a splendid harvest of guns and cannons before the whole crop is razed. The Park of St. Cloud is budding with forts. We can only imagine one use for them. It has taken LOUIS-PHILIPPE ten years and a hundred million francs to catch ABD-EL-KADER, and now that he has caught him, he is determined not to lose him. The poor Emir is to be taken to Paris, and the fortifications are to be pushed forward as rapidly as possible to prevent his escape. We are afraid there is no hope for ABD-EL-KADER, especially as LOUIS-PHILIPPE is trying everything he can to make him sign a treaty of *entente cordiale*.

"WONDERFUL, IF TRUE."—A gentleman was met with, the other day, who positively asserted that he had not had an attack of Influenza this winter!

THE SPANISH GIANT.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

WELLINGTON STIRRING UP THE BRITISH LION.

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

We took possession of the private box assigned to us: and Mrs. Flather seated herself in the place of honour—each of the young ladies taking it by turns to occupy the other corner. Miss Minny and Master Jones occupied the middle places; and it was pleasant to watch the young gentleman throughout the performance of the comedy—during which he was never quiet for two minutes—now shifting his chair, now swinging to and fro upon it, now digging his elbows into the capacious sides of Mrs. Captain Flather, now beating with his boots against the front of the box, or trampling upon the skirts of Mrs. Flather's satin garment.

He occupied himself unceasingly, too, in working up and down Mrs. F.'s double-barrelled French opera-glass—not a little to the detriment of that instrument and the wrath of the owner; indeed, I have no doubt, that had not Mrs. Flather reflected that Mrs. Colonel Jones gave some of the most elegant parties in London, to which she was very anxious to be invited, she would have boxed Master Augustus's ears in the presence of the whole audience of Covent Garden.

One of the young ladies was, of course, obliged to remain in the back row with Mr. Spec. We could not see much of the play over Mrs. F.'s turban; but I trust that we were not unhappy in our retired position. O Miss Emily! O Miss Louisa! there is one who would be happy to sit for a week close by either of you, though it were on one of those abominable little private-box chairs. I know, for my part, that every time the box-keeperess popped in her head, and asked if we would take any refreshment, I thought the interruption odious.

Our young ladies, and their stout chaperon and aunt, had come provided with neat little bouquets of flowers, in which they evidently took a considerable pride, and which were laid, on their first entrance, on the ledge in front of our box.

But, presently, on the opposite side of the house, Mrs. Cutbush, of Pocklington Gardens, appeared with her daughters, and bowed in a patronising manner to the ladies of our party, with whom the Cutbush family has a slight acquaintance.

Before ten minutes, the bouquets of our party were whisked away from the ledge of the box. Mrs. Flather dropped hers to the ground, where Master Jones's feet speedily finished it; Miss Louisa Twigg let hers fall into her lap and covered it with her pocket-handkerchief. Uneasy signals passed between her and her sister. I could not, at first, understand what event had occurred to make these ladies so unhappy.

At last the secret came out. The Misses Cutbush had bouquets like little haystacks before them. Our small nosegays, which had quite satisfied the girls until now, had become odious in their little jealous eyes; and the Cutbushes triumphed over them.

I have joked the ladies subsequently on this adventure; but not one of them will acknowledge the charge against them. It was mere accident that made them drop the flowers—pure accident. *They* jealous of the Cutbushes—not they indeed! and, of course, each person on this head is welcome to his own opinion.

How different, meanwhile, was the behaviour of my young friend Master Jones, who is not as yet sophisticated by the world. He not only nodded to his father's servant, who had taken a place in the pit, and was to escort his young master home, but he discovered a schoolfellow in the pit likewise. "By Jove, there's Smith!" he cried out, as if the sight of Smith was the most extraordinary event in the world. He pointed out Smith to all of us. He never ceased nodding, winking, grinning, telegraphing, until he had succeeded in attracting the attention not only of Master Smith, but of the greater part of the house; and whenever anything in the play struck him as worthy of applause, he instantly made signals to Smith below, and shook his fist at him, as much as to say, "By Jove, old fellow, ain't it good? I say, Smith, isn't it *prime*, old boy?" He actually made remarks on his fingers to Master Smith during the performance.

I confess he was one of the best parts of the night's entertainment to me. How Jones and Smith will talk about that play when they meet after holidays! And not only then will they remember it, but all their lives long. Why do you remember that play you saw thirty years ago, and forget the one over which you yawned last week? Ah, my brave little boy, thought I, in my heart; twenty years hence you will recollect this, and have forgotten many a better thing. You will have been in love twice or thrice by that time, and forgotten it; you will have buried your wife and forgotten her: you will have had ever so many friendships and forgotten them. You and Smith won't care for each other, very probably; but you 'll remember all the actors, and the plot of this piece we are seeing.

I protest I have forgotten it myself. In our back row we could not see or hear much of the performance (and no great loss)—fitful bursts of elocution only occasionally reaching us, in which we could recognise the well-known nasal twang of the excellent Mr. Stupor, who performed the part of the young hero; or the ringing laughter of Mrs. Belmore, who had to giggle through the whole piece.

It was one of Mr. Boyster's Comedies of English life. Frank Nightrake (*Stupor*), and his friend, Bob Fitzoffley, appeared in the first scene, having a conversation with that impossible Valet of English Comedy, whom any gentleman would turn out of doors before he could get through half a length of the dialogue assigned. I caught only a glimpse of this Act. Bob, like a fashionable young dog of the aristocracy (the character was played by Bulger, a meritorious man, but very stout, and nearly fifty years of age), was dressed in a rhubarb-coloured body-coat with brass buttons, a couple of under waistcoats, a blue satin stock with a paste brooch in it, and an eighteenpenny cane, which he never let out of his hand, and with which he poked fun at everybody. Frank Nightrake, on the contrary, being at home, was attired in a very close-fitting chintz dressing-gown, lined with glazed red calico, and was seated before a large pewter teapot, at breakfast. And, as your true English Comedy is the representation of Nature, I could not but think how like these figures on the stage, and the dialogue which they used, were to the appearance and talk of English gentlemen of the present day.

The dialogue went on somewhat in the following fashion:—

Bob Fitzoffley (*enters whistling*). The top of the morning to thee, Frank! What! at breakfast already? At chocolate and the *Morning Post*, like a dowager of sixty? Slang! (*he pokes the servant with his cane*) What has come to thy master, thou Prince of Valets! thou pattern of Slaveys! thou swiftest of Mercuries! Has the Honourable Francis Nightrake lost his heart, or his head, or his health?

Frank (*laying down the paper*). Bob, Bob, I have lost all three! I have lost my health, Bob, with thee and thy like, over the Burgundy at the Club; I have lost my head, Bob, with thinking how I shall pay my debts; and I have lost my heart, Bob, Oh, to such a creature!

Frank. A Venus, of course.

Slang. With the presence of Juno.

Bob. And the modesty of Minerva.

Frank. And the coldness of Diana!

Bob. Pish! What a sigh is that about a woman! Thou shalt be Endymion, the night-rake of old: and conquer this shy goddess. Hey, Slang?

Herewith Slang takes the lead of the conversation, and propounds a plot for running away with the heiress; and I could not help remarking how like the comedy was to life—how the gentlemen always say "thou," and "prythee," and "go to," and talk about Heathen goddesses, to each other; how their servants are always their particular intimates; how, when there is serious love-making between a gentleman and lady, a comic attachment invariably springs up between the valet and waiting-maid of each; how Lady Grace Gadabout, when she calls upon Rose Ringdove to pay a morning visit, appears in a low satin dress, with jewels in her hair; how Saucebox, her attendant, wears diamond brooches, and rings on all her fingers: while Mrs. Tallyho, on the other hand, transacts all the business of life in a riding-habit, and always points her jokes by a cut of the whip.

This playfulness produced a roar all over the house, whenever it was repeated, and always made our little friends clap their hands and shout in chorus.

Like that *bon-vivant* who envied the beggars staring into the cook-shop windows, and wished he could be hungry, I envied the boys, and wished I could laugh, very much. In the last Act, I remember—for it is now very nearly a week ago—everybody took refuge either in a secret door, or behind a screen or curtain, or under a table, or up a chimney; and the house roared as each person came out from his place of concealment. And the old fellow in top-boots, joining the hands of the young couple, (Fitz-Offley, of course, pairing off with the widow,) gave them his blessing, and thirty thousand pounds.

And ah, ye gods! if I wished before, that Comedies were like life, how I wished that life was like Comedies! Whereon, the drop fell; and Augustus, clapping to the opera-glass, jumped up, crying—"Hurray! now for the Pantomime."

Spec.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

THE choice of a profession is in most cases more nominal than real; for I doubt if a parent who asks a son "What he should like to be?" attaches any great importance to the answer of the juvenile. If, for instance, the latter should express a wish to "start as a banker," it is not at all probable that the infantine whim will be carried out; though I remember, in my boyhood's days, having the impression that nothing could be easier; for I imagined, very naturally, that a business consisting in the receipt of other people's money would render it quite unnecessary to have any of one's own.

I was never particularly partial to the army, for my very early days were greatly disturbed by threats of NAPOLEON, who was made the standing bugbear to all the naughty boys at the "preparatory school for young gentlemen from three to eight," in whose ranks I had been enrolled. I had in fact been terrified into believing, that if the victorious Corsican had invaded England, his first step would have been towards the school-room of the MISSES TRIMMER, at Hammersmith, where his first cry would have been for "MASTER BRIEFLESS," and his first blow aimed at that young gentleman's devoted back. I had heard vaguely of NAPOLEON wishing to rule with a rod of iron, and I thought bitterly to myself, "That must be the rod he is treasuring up for MISS TRIMMER'S boys." I was fully impressed with the idea that the eldest and severest MISS T. was in confidential communication with the formidable N. B., who was only waiting for orders, and would be ready to drop down upon Hammersmith when there should be a sufficient number of cases of bad writing or careless spelling to justify the infliction of that terrible retribution we were led to expect at his hands.

These reasons were quite sufficient to deter me from all thoughts of a military career, though my head was once in danger of being turned by an old cocked-hat belonging to my father, which had formerly been worn by him as captain in a volunteer regiment of lawyers, which went by the name of a certain old gentleman's Own. There was something very attractive, by the way, in the military life of those voluntary heroes who undertook the defence of the metropolis when the invasion was talked about. As another seems to be on the *tapis*, if we are to believe Dame Gossip and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, it may be as well to recapitulate some of those advantages which the volunteers enjoyed.

According to the stories of his campaigning that I have heard from my lego-military "governor," the fires of the metropolis were the great scenes of action in which he and his comrades were concerned. If flames were to be seen issuing from a window, the volunteers were ordered out as naturally as the pumps, and their bravery in keeping back the crowd was rewarded by front places at any interesting conflagrations that occurred.

My paternal cocked-hat was not the only thing that I took into my head, or rather thrust my head into, for his forensic wig having been once left in my way, I tried it on, and collecting the entire strength of the domestic establishment round me, I essayed an effort of oratory which must be considered the germ, if not the model, of all my maturer flights of legal eloquence. I think my determination to adopt the Bar as my future walk, or rather hobble, in life, may be traced to this juvenile rehearsal of the part of the Advocate.

I know that in choosing the Bar as a profession, there are many things to be considered, and that many a man who might have achieved greatness in any other pursuit, has buried himself in ignominious obscurity by adopting the wig and gown. The celebrated DIAVOLO ANTONIO, for instance, who has hung up his name by the tight rope in the annals of renown, might have found business for ever slack had he selected the forensic line; and by the same reason, had LORD ELDON tried to get his living by jumping in sacks, instead of doing his best to climb on to one, he might have hopped through life unhonoured and unknown.

I know there are instances of individuals becoming advocates without any of the qualities necessary to insure success; and I have heard of one EPHORUS who was positively pulled out of court by ISOCRATES, who, dragging him along, insisted on his cutting the Bar and turning historian, for which he was more fitted. This treatment I always considered indecorous in the extreme; for EPHORUS assuredly knew his own business better than ISOCRATES, who took a very unwarrantable liberty with his forensic friend. Perhaps, had ISOCRATES lived in the present day, he would have rushed into one of the Vice-Chancellor's Courts and hurried away the highly humorous, but no less learned KNIGHT BRUCE, insisting on his leaving the judicial office to become the editor of *Joe Miller*, or any other collection of jests. I accordingly resolved on going to the Bar; but how I got there, what I did there, and how far the result has justified my resolution, will be developed in the course of this Autobiography.

ROYAL DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

OUR loyalty has lately been severely outraged by a malicious paragraph appearing in the papers, announcing that the QUEEN is "having millinery and flower-rooms erected in her various palaces, and has engaged two first-rate French artists, one as milliner, and the other as florist."

The implied object of this arrangement is the saving of expense, by enabling HER MAJESTY to have her "own materials made up" on the premises, and thus put into the royal pocket the profit that the tradesman or tradeswoman would otherwise secure. We beg leave indignantly to repudiate the supposition implied in this malicious paragraph, which we are sure can have no foundation; for it is notorious that the QUEEN is at the head of the Society for the Relief of the Distressed Needlewomen, and she could not therefore take any proceeding by which the earnings of that wretchedly ill-paid class would be still further curtailed. HER MAJESTY would, we are convinced, pause before adding a milliner's work-room to the royal establishment, when she reflects that the example of parsimony would be immediately followed by hundreds, who can only imitate greatness in its littleness, and are always delighted when fashion affords them encouragement to an act of meanness. Every would-be leader of *ton* in her own petty and limited circle would be aping the royal stinginess—if it were to be practised, which we are sure will not be the case—and we should have every *parvenu* family flaunting about in home-made finery, the production of a foreign artist, kept—or, perhaps, starved—on the premises, in sycophantic and selfish imitation of the arrangement royalty is said to contemplate.

We believe the libel to have originated in the same malevolent spirit of detraction that accused PRINCE ALBERT of intending to add a slaughtering-house to his personal establishment, for the purpose of chousing the butcher out of the profit to be obtained by killing the meat. We should as soon expect to see the words, "ALBERT, MEAT-SALESMAN," over the door of Buckingham Palace, or "VICTORIA, ARTISTE IN ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS," stuck in the windows of the ground floor, as bring ourselves to believe that the royal pair contemplate the paltry economy of entering into competition with their own tradespeople. We think it very hard on HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE, that such reports should be sent abroad.

OXFORD DOINGS AND OXFORD DUNS.

WE have been inundated with correspondence on this subject, of which the following samples, chosen on our well-known principle of "*audi alteram partem*," will enable our readers to judge for themselves:—

No. I.

From MR. MOSES MELCHIZEDEC, *General Dealer, High Street.*

"*To Mr. Punch.*

"SIR,

"I HAVE the misfortune to be an Oxford tradesman, which I can assure you it is by no means the profitable concern as generally represented, not by reason, by no means, as the *Times* and other influential journals says, of the ease whereby credit is given, but contrarywise, of the difficulty we have in getting ready money or any money whatever. It is all very well in the above journals and Oxford tutors of many years' standing, and aggravated governors,—which I cannot blame them, having my own son JOSH. very much addicted to billiards and a difficulty of squaring accounts, supposed from his attending in the shop, and has great facilities in regard of the till,—to blame us poor tradesmen for giving long credit, and five per cent. after two years' ditto, which I am sure all gents must admit extremely reasonable interest; but what can we do when young gents will live beyond their incomes, and every tradesman anxious for custom, which small is our profits among so many, and some unfairly prevented from going into College, which is my own case? And if a young College gent has a taste for expensive amusements, such as jewellery and walking-sticks, of which my stock—though I say it that shouldn't—is acknowledged to be very superior, if I don't let him have the articles another will and it's as broad as it is long and I trusts to their honor and as for inquiries, if we was to make such, it's very little business we should do in my opinion, and how can that be satisfactory to any tradesman, which I beg leave to remain,

"Sir, Your constant reader,

"MOSES MELCHIZEDEC."

"P.S. If you insert the above remarks, and having, as I hear, a son coming up, I should be proud to see his name on my books, *to any amount*.—N.B. Genuine Eau-de-Cologne and French and German Wines, direct from the manufacturers, at low prices."

No. II.—*From* THOMAS TANDEM, ESQ., *Christchurch.*

"DEAR OLD FELLOW,

"HERE'S been a credit row, as usual. We have one every Term, but nothing's done, of course. As to getting rid of the credit system, it's all gammon—*bosh*, Punch. They can't do it, and what's more, they don't want to. The Dons stick by the Duns, and the Duns cap the Dons, and it's all right. What brings men up to Oxford rather than to Cambridge? The fact that it's the fastest University, with more fashionable men—more tufts—and ten "pinks" here to one at Cambridge. This gives us our *eclat*, and keeps the books full. But this sort of game can't be carried on without credit. Take my own case. I'm a younger son, with £300 allowance. There's a family living waiting for me, and the warming-pan is a very decent old bird, who will turn out when I'm japanned. I've two horses entered for the Bicester Steeple-chase, a boat on the river, a kennel of bull-dogs in Jericho, and an awful bill at CRUMPET'S, in the High Street, besides a tick as long as my arm at that infernal old MELCHIZEDEC'S, for Claret and Champagne. I'm allowed, in fact, to be *a credit* to my College. How could I do this on my £300 a-year? Of course I shall pay some time or other, for Snoozum-Parva is worth £800 a-year. Meantime, it's credit that keeps things going at Oxford. But I maintain that our commercial system is just the same as the London one. What did they say in the House of Commons during the late Currency debates?—that a man worth £10,000 capital was justified in trading to three times the amount. I have £300 a-year, and I don't think, taking one year with another, I've spent more than £1,000, which is a mere trifle above the London proportion of credit to capital. Don't be surprised at my argument—I've not attended two courses of the Political Economy Professor's lectures for nothing.

"Ever yours, old fellow,

"TOM TANDEM."

No. III.—*From a Parent.*

"SIR,

"RIDICULE is sometimes efficacious when argument fails, and parental control is treated as a mere mockery. I have had a son at Oxford whose conduct has caused me great uneasiness and considerable expense. He had an allowance which our rector assured me was liberal (for I consulted him, not having myself had the advantage of a University education); and yet, since he took his degree, I have paid on account of his debts a sum which, in justice to the other members of my family, I am compelled to conceal, even from my wife. My son was considered by the head master of our Grammar School to have remarkable classical powers. He went up with every advantage, including introductions from our excellent pastor and the reverend head of the school where he had been educated, with the best counsels from a superior mother, and everything in the way of clothes, linen, and groceries that he could possibly want during his first year of residence. Naturally anxious that he should profit by the aristocratic connexions to which the University gives access, I own that it was with pride I heard my son, on his rare visits to his home, describe his intimacy with the noblemen and gentlemen of his own and other Colleges; and I may have listened with culpable complacency to his account of the amusements which he shared with such companions. I also noticed, perhaps without reprobation, his improved and fashionable appearance; and it was a subject of frequent remark between his mother and myself, that he never appeared to wear any of the stock of clothes which he took with him from home. Willing to repose in him the most implicit confidence, I never thought of asking to see his bills or his receipts. It was not till he took his degree that I ascertained, with pain and surprise, that his high companions had borrowed the money I gave him to pay his College bills, ridden horses which he hired on credit, partaken of breakfasts, dinners, and suppers which he procured in the same way, and that his tailor's bill was of an amount equal to the expenses of my whole housekeeping for a year. My heart bled; but what could I do? I paid the bills, and now write to beg of you to interpose your aid in procuring for parents some protection from this iniquitous system.

"Yours respectfully,

"THE FATHER OF A FAMILY."

No. IV.—*From the* REV. JONAS CHOKER, D.D., *Head of St. Chad's Hall, Oxford.*

"SIR,

"I WRITE to deprecate any attacks of your irreverent ridicule on our venerable academic institutions, arising out of a recent case in the Insolvent Court, which has furnished a fertile topic for the daring comment of some serious journals. Without the means of keeping up a gentlemanly expenditure, *I*, for one, never wish to see any young man entered on the books of my own Hall. The system of credit has been sanctioned by the wisdom of our ancestors, and I have no sympathy with the rash innovations of levelling times like these. It is highly desirable that the proper distance should be kept up between members of the University and tradesmen; and this would be materially impaired by any such inquiries into the means of individuals *in statu pupillari*, as have been suggested by newspaper writers, who can hardly be supposed to know the feelings of *gentlemen* on such subjects.

"I have the honour to remain, Sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"JONAS CHOKER."

"Old Whitey."

SUCH, it appears, is the name of GENERAL TAYLOR'S horse—the animal invulnerable to Mexican bullets. At a recent triumphal procession, "Old Whitey"—by express desire—bore his master: when, as we learn from the American papers, "the frenzied enthusiasm" of the people showed itself in robbing Old Whitey's "flowing mane and tail." It would thus appear that human noodles, like woodcocks, are sometimes caught with horse-hair.

THE CHURCH OVERLAID.

THE *Post* says "The BISHOP OF OXFORD'S letter to DR. HAMPDEN affords a melancholy proof how much the Church is *overlaid* by the Establishment." Children have been overlaid and stifled by their mothers; but what if Mother Church should be overlaid and suffocated by her overgrown baby, the Establishment?

"Well, Charley! How do you like your new Pony?"

"Oh! Pretty well, thank you, Uncle; only I'm afraid he's hardly up to my weight, and he rushes so at his fences."

CHRISTMAS IN ANDOVER WORKHOUSE.

"Zur,

"There's an old zayun that Crismus cums but wunce a yeer. Zo a yused to praps; but a dooan't cum zo offen as that Now. At laste a hant cum to We this two yeer, that's all i nose. For wen a cums the zayun also is a brings Good Chere, rosebeef an plumbpuddun. A hant brought sitch good chere to we this yere nor last nuther. There Be dree hundred and vifty on us in this heer poorus, yung and old—yeable-boddid and invirm, men, wemmun, and childurn, wun wi anuther. There belongs to this union of ourn thirty-too parishes. Now ses our vour Handuver gardjuns to t'others, come now let's gie them poor volks in the workus a good male vor wunce this crismus, we 'll be our two-thirds towards the xpense on 't, if so be as yu 'll goo t' other third. No, not they, they oodn't. No, they zed as how we liv'd too wel alreddy, we didn't get mate twice a week out o' the howse, and ought to think ourzelves preshus wel off wi' the prime fare as we got inzide on't. Wot was the consequnce? We got no Crismus dinner at all, unless ye calls vat bihacon and kabbidge a crismus Dinner. Not a mossel besides did we taste, none on us—that was every bit and crum as we had, yung and old, strong and wake, maaile and veemaaile, no diffrunce made atween none on us wotsemdever. You look into the Hamshur indypendunt and zee if wot I sez beant Tru. I dooan't belave there 's no sitch day now as crismus day, at laste there aint no sitch day vor sitch as we; and I thinks as vur as we be consarn'd, you'd best knock un out o' yure next Almanick. Unless, *mister punch*, you could stick over-right un—jist by way of a Juoak for our Gardjuns. Plaze reemembur the Pore Porpers—Handover to Wit.

"Your obajent Zarvant,

"*Handover Wurkus.*" "Barnabas Bonecrush."

"poscrip.—labrers wagis in These parts is from 6 to nine shilluns a week, witch is Les I'me told than zum gennlemen pays for a Botal of Wine—i'll alow that Starvayshun out o' the Howse is wuss than vat bihacon an kabbidge in 't—even on crismus Day."

SOMETHING THAT BEATS COCK-FIGHTING.

We cannot conceive that any rational person can look on the Duke's talk of an attack on John Bull by the Gallic Cock, as any other than a cock-and-a-bull story.

LIGHT BREAD.

We think we have read of an old Turkish custom, that, if carried out among us, might be found serviceable. When a Turkish baker is discovered to have sold bread of short weight, his ear is nailed fast to his door-post, and he is then benevolently supplied with a sharp knife, to work, when he is tired of his fixed position, his own deliverance. How many English bakers would walk about with only one ear!

A few days ago, one Bandy—baker, of 5, Chapel Place, Brompton—was summoned for an assault, and charged with having sold a loaf three ounces light of weight.

"On examining the scales, which were at the further end of the shop, witness found an ounce weight sunk in the bottom of the scale, surrounded by a quantity of crumbs, which she took out and showed the defendant, who violently pushed her away, and struck her breast."

Bandy denied the charge. "The scale had been out of order, and he had been in the habit of *regulating* it with a weight." The magistrate, however, fined Bandy £3, and expenses for assault, and particularly recommended the attention of the inspector of weights and measures to Bandy's balance. Of course, Bandy never knew of the additional ounce weight surrounded by crumbs. Like Justice, he was blind, and saw not what was within his scales.

Respectability in Sausage-makers.

A fellow at Clerkenwell was accused of taking filthy carcases to a certain sausage-maker, who called in evidence of character his neighbour, a Mr. Atcheler, "horse-slaughterer to Her Majesty." He said, his friend, Mr. Lansdowne, of Sharpe's Alley, Cow Cross, "was a respectable man, and did not make the common sausages, but only those that were *fit* for the West-End of the town." In other words, when horses have nominally gone to the dogs of London, they may really appear in sausages for the exclusive nutriment of the men of the East.

THE DUKE'S GRAMMAR.

It is with infinite pain that *Punch* feels called upon to notice the illustrious Wellington's violation of the defences of Lindley Murray and Priscian, while rousing the Master-General of the Ordnance to the state of our own. The Iron Duke rides down the Grammar of our language with the same daring with which he rode down the old Guard at Waterloo, and smashes sentences now as he then smashed hollow squares.

Our duty to our native tongue has compelled us to review with close scrutiny the last Wellington dispatch. We challenge the illustrious commander for his defence of the following sentence:—

"Views of economy of some, and I admit that the high views of national finance of others, induce them to postpone those measures absolutely necessary for mere defence and safety under existing circumstances, forgetting altogether the common practice of successful armies, in modern times, *imposing upon the conquered enormous pecuniary contributions, as well as other valuable and ornamental property.*"

We must say that if it be the practice of successful armies "to impose upon the conquered valuable and ornamental property," we, for one, should be very sorry to throw any obstacle in the way of their doing so.

Why was not the Duke's composition submitted to the master of the Normal Military School at Chelsea before its publication? We cannot help feeling that this laxity of expression in the Great Captain is calculated to confirm the lesser captains and subalterns in that reckless style of English composition for which they are already too notorious.

ON READING THAT SOME CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF OXFORD HAD STIRRED UP THEIR BISHOP TO OPPOSE DR. HAMPDEN.

As once the Pope with fury full,
When Luther laid his heavy knocks on,
At the Reformer loos'd a Bull;—
So these at Hampden set an Ox-on.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, January 15th, 1848.

"Well, Dear; so we are to be invaded by the French!"
"Lor! How nice! Why then we shall have all the French Fashions directly they come out."

THE KETTLE HAS DONE IT ALL!

"Steam has made England no longer an island!"

With this new axiom impressed—as with a wooden butter stamp—upon the quaking heart of John Bull, he must never again sing, or sing it very small, indeed, like the wind whiffling through a key-hole—that erst triumphant, defiant strain—"*Britons never shall be slaves!*"

And wherefore? Why, the Kettle sings him down—singing a very different stave. The Kettle sings in French; sings *Vive Henri Quatre, Marlbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*, and other heroic and insulting melodies of our natural enemies.

"And when and where did the Kettle learn this dreadful, this most shocking music?"

"Why, my dear Madam—(for *Punch* is always melted by the appeal of timid woman; and it was no other than Mrs. Gerkins from Brighton, in her best bonnet and victorine, who, on her way to Apsley House, called at 85, Fleet Street, to seek comfort in her invasion fever)—my dear Madam, the Tea-kettle first struck up the tune at Greenock, some hundred years and more ago."

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Gerkins; "that it should have been kept so shamefully quiet all this time! Dear—dearest *Mr. Punch*, how was it?"

"You see, Madam, how—by the ingenuity of fate—that which is apparently invented and fashioned for the peace and happiness of man, sometimes becomes his greatest misfortune."

"I recollect," said the lady, a little subdued, "that dear Gerkins once said the same thing of his first Mrs. G. But the Tea-kettle, *Mr. Punch*—"

"The Tea-kettle, Madam, made as you would imagine in the best-tempered moments of Vulcan—he was the ancient god of Tea-kettles—for the comfort and delight of Britannia's daughters, will, it is much to be feared by many elderly gentlewomen, bring French lancers into their parlours, French dragoons into their dining-rooms, and French pioneers into their wine-cellars."

"Bless *me!*" cried Mrs. Gerkins.

"That Tea-kettle at Greenock—sitting and singing on the hob—you would have likened to a halcyon brooding on the waters. My dear Mrs. Gerkins, that kettle was—as we *now* know—a cockatrice hatching French shells, to be thrown in at the windows and dropt through the roofs of Englishmen's houses, poetically known to the law as castles!"

"Bless *me!*" again cried Mrs. Gerkins. "But how, Sir? How?"

"There was a little boy, Ma'am, named James Watt—a very dull boy he was thought, but nevertheless a genius; for genius has often, like a diamond, such a crust of dullness about it, that nobody believes in the possibility of its contained splendour. Well, Ma'am, this little boy would sit and watch his aunt's Kettle—singularly forgetful now and then of his aunt's bannocks—and would gape and gape at the steam, as it rolled and rolled from the spout; and would seem to listen to genii singing inside—singing triumphant songs, only understood by that little boy; for his aunt—good soul!—had no ear for such music."

"La! Well, I love to hear the Kettle sing, myself," said Mrs. Gerkins; "'specially with crumpets. But this little boy, Sir? The odd child!"

"Well, Ma'am, it is now known that he saw all sorts of shapes roll up in the steam, and melt away like dreams—dreams that have since become of iron truth and reality. It is now certain that he heard in the singing kettle the songs of the English Cyclops (the very fine fellow, ma'am, is still to be found at Birmingham and other places too numerous to mention)—the Cyclops making railways, and carriages, and sawing-mills and, in fact, steam-engines—as barbers say of their perfumery—in every variety. But, Madam, Master James Watt did not see and hear what followed; or, if he did, with singular prudence (for he was a Scotchman) he said nothing of the matter."

"And what, *Mr. Punch*—what did he see—what hear?"

(It is a festive season; and we do not, within a shade or two, blush the crimson, that at any other time we certainly should blush, to own that we had only just breakfasted, and were dragging ourselves—like a fly through treacle—adown the *Morning Post*, when Mrs. Gerkins begged and received an audience.)

"See here, Madam," we said, removing the Kettle from the hob to the glowing fire. Immediately the Kettle struck up, like a young lady who *will* sing; and in a minute or two poured forth clouds of vapour, like some gentlemen who *will* speak.

"We are enabled to show you all that Master Watt kept to himself. Dear Mrs. Gerkins, keep your eye upon the steam, and listen." Whereupon we took our faithful iron pen (alas! why for these days was not the pen a sugar-stick refined to a point?) and, as with a wand, endeavoured to fix the gentlewoman's eye upon the object.

"Look close to the spout, Madam, and you will behold the French fleet towed by steamers, coming out of the mouth of Boulogne, and crossing the Channel. They have arrived at Dover: and now keep your eye to the spout again, Ma'am; and do you not perceive—of course you do—thousands of boats putting off, full of soldiers, and horses, and field-pieces, to the beach? The whobbling of the Kettle, Ma'am, is the lively representation of the guns of Dover Castle, a-firing down upon the shingles.

"You will now perceive in that cloud the railway train—winding as the sea-serpent—whirling the French army to London.

"And now, Ma'am—keep your eye close—and you will perceive the French cuirassiers and French infantry, with their swords and bayonets, a-charging of the mob through no end of streets and thoroughfares."

"Bless me! I can see nothing for the steam," said the punctilious Mrs. Gerkins.

"No, Ma'am; to be sure not: for that is the firing of the French, and their powder is coarse, which makes the smoke of corresponding thickness.

"Now, Ma'am, look a little to the left, and you will perceive all in confusion about the Courts of Law and the Palace. There is the Lord Chancellor gallantly swallowing of the Seals of Office to secrete them about his noble person from an insolent and curious enemy.

"There is Her Gracious Majesty upon a milk-white charger; and Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family, affectionately mounted upon the crupper.

"The Earl of Ellesmere approaches the Royal group, with his gallant sword devotedly pointing out the best way to run. And there is—"

But here, the water being exhausted, the steam ceased.

"Why, there's no more steam, *Mr. Punch!*" cried Mrs. Gerkins.

"No, Ma'am; because London has struck to the enemy, who, being out of ammunition, has generously ceased firing."

"But the Kettle makes a noise still," said Mrs. Gerkins.

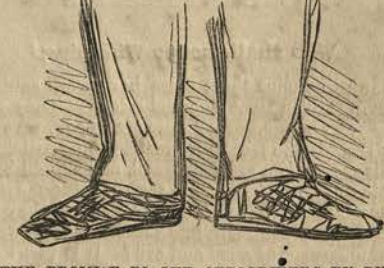
"That, Ma'am, is the kettle-drums (trimmed with black crape) of the Horse Guards, beating a retreat from the invader."

"Why," cried Mrs. Gerkins, snatching the Kettle from the fire—"the Kettle's ruined for ever! Look at the holes."

"Which, Ma'am," said we, "supplies the lively moral. The Kettle is our beloved England, and the French army, that by means of steam is to come, will burn all sorts of holes in it."

"And this is your precious steam!" screamed Mrs. Gerkins. "We 're to be robbed and I don't know what by the French? This is your Master Watt's steam?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said we, cool as Archimedes amidst impending destruction—"yes, Ma'am, The Kettle has done it all!"



WE FULFIL THE PROMISE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS BY PUBLISHING THE CONCLUDING PART OF THE SPANISH GIANT.

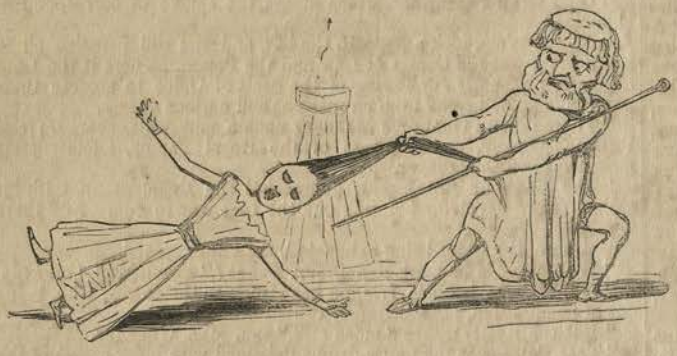
GO-CARTS FOR ADULTS.

CONSIDERING what horrid times we have had in the City, when some of the first merchants have been unable to keep their legs, we think we ought not to forget the humble pedestrians who are desirous of preserving a respectable standing. It is not against the Panic, but against the greasy and slippery pavement that the persons alluded to require to be fortified; for it is difficult to maintain one's footing in this damp weather, when the constant dripping of the rain makes London as slippery as one large dripping-pan. We have consequently invented—but we do not mean to take out a patent, so any respectable pirate may appropriate the idea—an Adult Go-Cart, on the principle of the safety carriage which infants are provided with as a vehicle to their earliest advances in life. We do not see why children of a larger growth should not be equally cared for, and we hope to see the general adoption of this excellent contrivance.

GREAT THEATRICAL EFFECT.

WE know it has been customary to look upon certain violent proceedings, which would subject their perpetrators to a liability to find bail before any Police Magistrate, as great Theatrical Effects. When RUBINI used to pummel GRISI ten times round the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, and they ultimately rolled on to the bed in their respective *rôles* of *Othello* and *Desdemona*, it was called a tremendous Theatrical Effect. When KEAN the elder pinked poor COOPER in the chest, with such violence as to take away his wind for at least a minute, it was considered an extraordinary Theatrical Effect. The Latest Effect of this class is now being exhibited at the St. James's Theatre, where *Antigone* is being performed with a perfection, both dramatic and musical, that is highly creditable to the management.

We must, however, object to the cruel effect produced by MONS. BOCAGE,



in dragging poor *Antigone* across the stage by the hair of her head. Surely, without any detriment to the Effect, it might be produced just as well by using a dummy, instead of the actual heroine. Who would think of shooting a real Clown out of a real cannon in a Pantomime? yet we have often seen this singular piece of artillery exercise gone through upon the stage by the aid of a lay figure, and the result has been almost as satisfactory to the audience, as if Clown himself had been let off—no, not let off, but actually discharged—with real gunpowder. We throw out this hint for the consideration of MONS. BOCAGE, who might just as well produce his Great Theatrical Effect upon a dummy, as drag a real young lady by a real head of real hair from O. P. to P. S., amid the mingled horror and applause of the audience at the terrible reality of the situation.

Who shall escape Whipping?

AT the Wandsworth Police three mere boys were sentenced to "be well whipped" for having stolen some iron and sold it. They were none of them more than twelve years of age. They were sentenced, we say, to be whipped; and the reporter records the fact with great seeming satisfaction. Certainly, this juvenile delinquency is a sad social evil, and should be suppressed; but it may be permitted us to ask, what has society yet done for these children, "none of them more than twelve years old?" Have they been taught right from wrong? or have they been left, like thousands of human vermin, to grow up ignorant of the difference of good and evil? It is very easy for society "to whip;" but we are now and then fain to ask, "Does not society itself, more than the child-thief, deserve the lash?"

Songs of the Rail.

TUNE—"*Young Lochinvar.*"

O YOUNG WILLIAM JONES is come out of the West,
Of all the bright engines, his engine's the best;
And save his grim stoker, he helper had none,
He drove all unhelp'd, and he drove all alone,
So dauntless he rush'd midst his engine's loud moans;
Did you e'er hear of driver like young WILLIAM JONES?

He stopp'd not for water, he stopp'd not for coke,
And he skimm'd o'er the streams render'd black by his smoke;
But when at the station he slacken'd his rate,
The up-train had started, the down-train came late;
And a laggard in travel, a luggage-train guard,
Was to wed the fair POLLY of JONES's regard.

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like a steam-valve, and bursts when it's tied;
And now I am come, with my lost POLLY B.
To walk once the platform, drink one cup of tea:
There are maidens who'd gladly give body and bones,
To jump at the tender of young WILLIAM JONES."

The bride stirred the Congou, the spoon took it up,
He quaff'd off the tea, and he put down the cup;
She stoop'd on the pavement her sandal to tie,
And she show'd her neat foot with a tear in her eye:
He took her soft hand, ere her mother said nay;
"Now walk on the platform," said young WILLIAM J.

So stately his form, and so beauteous her face,
That never a plank such a couple did grace;
While the stoker did fret, and the engine did fume,
And the station-clerk wink'd in his little back-room,
And the navvys all whisper'd, "Ay, BILL, what d' ye say?
They'd make a neat couple, that gal and young J."

One touch of her hand, and one word in her ear,
And they open'd a carriage that by them stood near;
So light o'er the cushions the fair lady sprung—
So light the policeman the bright brass bell rung—
"She is won! we are off! there's no train in the way,
And the next does not stop here," said young WILLIAM J.

There was laughing and roaring with every man;
They laugh'd and they roar'd till their eyes briny ran:
They must get a new maiden to hand out the tea,
For the fair MRS. JONES there they never will see;
And each one that knows her will laughingly say,
"That's a deucid 'cute fellow, that young WILLIAM J.!"

Sanitary Victims.

GOVERNMENT, it appears, has travelled to Manchester, to pension the widow of the late MR. WALKER, surgeon of that place, who was killed (on duty) by fever. Very good. We rejoice in the act; and, rejoicing, beg to call the attention of the authorities to the widow of DOCTOR LYNCH, slain by the dirty City of London—which, with shabbiness quite equal to its dirt, has hitherto neglected the relict and children of the victim.

THE SUN-LIGHT AND GAS-LIGHT.

Our old friend the Sun is in the highest spirits, and came out—for the first time this season—on Saturday, the 15th of January, to show himself to the London public on the occasion of the gratifying proposition to place a tax upon his old rival Gas, who has, until now, enjoyed a perfect freedom from all imposts—except on the iron that makes its lamp-posts. It really is rather unfair that Phœbus should be taxed equally all the year round, whether he is in good or bad spirits, whether he comes out all smiles and prosperity, or is obscured beneath the clouds of adversity, while the Gas is altogether exempt from any obligation to the Government.

We are not advocates for taxes on light, either real or artificial; and we had rather see the burden taken off the rays of Apollo than put upon those which emanate from the Gas-works of the metropolis. Considering what an early riser the Sun is for a great portion of the year, we think the pecuniary duties placed upon him may be objected to as taxes on industry. We have heard that Young Gas is exceedingly indignant at the idea of being taxed; and we are rather glad to find that this is the case, for he never flares up without enlightening the community.

A PROFESSOR'S PROFESSIONS.

We perfectly agree with Shakspeare's objections to those people—be they ladies or gentlemen—who "profess too much;" and we fear that a certain individual, whom we may as well call Professor Puffaway, is liable to the imputation cast upon a class of professors by the Swan of Avon. Professor Puffaway seems to endeavour to outdo himself in the exaggerated promises he holds out from time to time to the public through the medium of advertisements. Everybody is familiar with his celebrated "bad leg of fifty years' standing," which a touch of his Ointment has, he declares, restored to its original soundness. But what are we to think of an old lady whom he has cured, according to his own account, of two bad legs after she had been the patient of all the first physicians in the country, and "an inmate of two hospitals?" We have seen Ducrow on two horses, with a leg on each; but an old lady in two hospitals, with a leg in each, is a greater wonder than we can give Professor Puffaway credit for.

Bow-Bell Farces.

We have a volume of *Coventry Mysteries;* if the show acted in Cheapside on the 10th inst. be often re-acted, we may expect a collection of *Bow-Church Farces.* To adopt the phraseology of profane playbills, we may observe of the confirmation of Dr. Hampden, that it went off "with roars of laughter" from crowded pews. Our respect for the Church prevents the hope that "it will be repeated."

SONG FOR THE LUMBER TROOP.

TO BE SUNG IN THE PRESENT PROSPECT OF AN INVASION.

Ho! brave comrades of the Lumber,
Make ye ready for the foe;
Wake the City from her slumber,
Let the tocsin ring from Bow!
There's a rumour of invasion—
Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
Be prepared for the occasion—
But the French will never come.
Hurray!

Grocers, Merchant Tailors, Tanners,
Hark! from business duty calls;
Hoist aloft your several banners,
Raise the war-cries of your Halls.
What though idle boys burlesque you?
Shout "A Goldsmith for the Right!"
Cry, "A Vintner to the Rescue!"—
Though you 'll never have to fight.
Hurray!

Be ye stirring, all ye merry
Men of good St. Mary-Axe,
And Cheapside, and Bucklersbury,
Who have never turn'd your backs;
Pour ye down the Hill of Ludgate,
Through the pass of Temple Bar,
Like a torrent through a floodgate—
Though there won't be any war.
Hurray!

In defence of home and beauty,
To the death prepared to stand,
We 'll obey the call of duty,
And we 'll march along the Strand.
With heroic hearts undaunted
We will rush to the Review;
Which is all we shall be wanted,
Fellow citizens, to do.
Hurray!

We will go through the most trying
Of manœuvres undismay'd;
With determined souls defying
All the perils of Parade.
And we 'll dream not of retiring,
And we 'll neither duck nor stoop;
Though our comrades may be firing
All their ramrods on our troop.
Hurray!

And when all our danger's ended,
In our military dress
Won't we have a banquet splendid,
Ready for us at our mess!
Won't we drink the British Yeoman,
And the Civic Volunteer;
And defiance to the foeman,
Whom, in fact, we need not fear.
Hurray!

GOLD AND SILVER WASHING.

We all remember the modest assertion of the bagman, who declared, so extensive was the business of his firm, that it saved £500 a-year in ink by omitting to dot the *i*'s or stroke the *t*'s. The *Mechanic's Magazine* gives a like gentle puff to a certain manufacturer of pencil-cases. He has given in his adhesion to the Sanitary question, and makes great profit out of his virtue. For instance:—

"The refreshing and healthy system of washing by the workmen, enables their employers to realise about £400 annually by the sale of the deposit of gold and silver *remaining in the water-tanks* after the men have performed their daily ablutions."

The writer is, no doubt, deep in Lemprière, and remembers that when Midas took a dip in the river Pactolus, he left all the sands so much gold-dust. We wonder, if water-tanks were established at the Treasury, whether the country would make a proportionate saving from the clean hands of all public servants,—or whether a water-tank at the Stock Exchange would turn out a like profitable investment? We remember that Sir Kenelm Digby declares that warts are curable by "washing the hands in moonshine in a silver basin." A moonshine washing very like the "deposit of gold and silver" in the tradesman's water-tanks.

THE UNIVERSITY BOYS.

SINCE the old abodes of letters
Are inhabited by boys;
If they must be spendthrift debtors,
Let them only deal in toys.

Stop them in their reckless courses,
'Gainst their ruin quick provide;
Give them only rocking-horses;
Such as schoolboys ought to ride.

Let not dealers, sharp and cunning,
On their innocence impose;
With the horses made for running,
Rapidly the money goes.

If they have a taste for glitter,
Give not jewels rich and rare;
Sure Mosaic would be fitter
For the silly boys to wear.

Out of debt and degradation
Keep them by the aid of toys
Fitting to their mental station,
Hapless, feeble-minded boys!

COURT OF ALDERMEN—DEFENCE OF THE CITY!

WE understand that a Court is called for Monday next, in order that ALDERMAN MOON may bring forward a motion that, at the present moment, is of vital importance not only to the City itself, but to all Englishmen who feel their moral dignity associated with the inviolate majesty of London. It is, perhaps, not so well known as it ought to be, that ALDERMAN MOON is on terms of most interesting intimacy with the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. The Aldermen has given (or if not, has sold) many touching proofs of his admiration of the Duke. Hence, he has obtained peculiar knowledge of the Duke's views, and is very generally considered—throughout, at least, two chop-houses in the City—to be *the* Alderman on whom the City of London, in its hour of need, and when the spurs of the invader shall jingle above British pavement, will affectionately rely. Well, the Alderman feels the honourable weight of his position. As he walks down Threadneedle Street, he feels that the doors rely upon his energy, upon his foresight, that they shall not be broken in by the pickaxe of the pioneer; that the wives and daughters of his fellow-citizens (blandly serving in the shops) defy the billets of the invader, whilst MOON is spared them. "*Au Clair de la Lune*" is at the present moment the fashionable air upon all civic pianofortes. And the Alderman has proved himself, as defender of the City, worthy of his trust; for his motion at the Court of Aldermen convened for Monday next runs thus:—

"That, contemplating without fear, but also without supineness, the extreme probability, to say nothing of the manifest likelihood, of an invasion of England by the French, with a subsequent, if not immediately following attack, upon the hitherto inviolable, and it may not be too much to say, virgin city of London, it is resolved that this Court take every necessary and energetic means to repel the proud invader. In which case, and for the better following out of so high and national a purpose, it be further resolved that the gates of Temple Bar, the civic palladium, be immediately furnished with a new CHUBB'S lock, and a pair of patent hinges."

It is expected that so important a motion can hardly be brought forward without engaging, on both sides, all the eloquence of the City.

Friendship between England and France.

IT has given us "wonder great as our content" to find that the best possible feeling towards England exists in France, notwithstanding the assertions that have lately been made so very boldly to the contrary. A most indubitable instance of friendship has just been shown by our Gallic neighbours, who have actually invited the O'CONNELLS over to Paris, to a banquet on the 13th of February, and thus given them a temptation to quit England. Now it is obvious that even the most temporary riddance of these troublesome persons will be a boon to Great Britain; and there cannot be a question, therefore, that the French must wish us well, or they never would offer to relieve us, even for a short period, of the presence of the O'CONNELLS. There is not a stronger sign of true and disinterested regard than a readiness to participate in the annoyances of another; and the proposal from the French to take a share, however small, of the company of the O'CONNELLS, is a more hopeful circumstance for the restoration and duration of the *entente cordiale*, than any other occurrence since the "glorious three days" which we can call to our recollection.

The Weaker Sex in Alarming Strength.

"MR. PUNCH,—Being a bachelor of somewhat timid disposition, and having urgent business in the neighbourhood of Weston-super-Mare, you may possibly judge my feelings, when in my morning's *Post* I read the subjoined:—

'Weston-super-Mare, described by the Guide-books as "a delightful watering-place," now contains forty single ladies to every single man.'—*Plymouth Times.*

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, having, as I say, unavoidable affairs to transact at Weston-super-Mare, may I—under the alarming circumstance narrated above—be permitted to carry fire-arms or any other defensive weapons?

"Yours, tremblingly,
"CÆLEBS IN *DREAD* OF A WIFE."

"PRINCELY STYLE."

THE French papers say that ABD-EL-KADER is to end his days in France, in "princely style!" That is, the "Desert Hawk" will have gilded bars to his cage, with an unlimited supply of Paris sugar-plums.

THE OXFORD CREDIT QUESTION;

OR, SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

IRISH QUARTERS.

"TO *MR. PUNCH.*

"*Temporary Barracks, in an Old Stable-yard,*
"*Killany, Co. Cork.*

SIR,—The English public hears a great deal of the misery of the peasant in Ireland, and the danger of the landlord in Ireland; but no voice has awakened attention to the sufferings of the military in Ireland. Sir, I am a wretched subaltern quartered with ten rank and file in a disturbed district, barony of Killany, County Cork. Disturbed district! I should be thankful for any disturbance that would give us something to do. For this weary month past, the only disturbance I've heard anything of has been rats.

"By JOVE! Sir, I'm gradually becoming morose and misanthropic. I've taken to neglecting my person, and talking to myself. I'm quartered in a stable-yard. What is now my room was once a cow-byre, and my men are in the adjacent stable, with a pig-sty convenient. I can't go out, for it's always raining. You can't form a notion of Irish rain. It hasn't energy to pour. It has a lazy Celtic fashion of drizzling. If Ireland be "the first gem of the sea," it certainly is a gem of the first "*water.*" There, you may form some notion of the state I'm in, when I tell you I find relief in a joke like that. Well; I can't stir out, because it's always raining; and I can't stay in, because the chimney is always smoking. Mind, I can't blame the chimney. It smokes, as I do, from sheer *ennui*. The best-behaved chimney would be glad to smoke under the same dreary circumstances. Under ordinary discomforts of this kind, one would look forward to dinner; but here, SOYER himself would be driven to despair. The bread's sour, the porter's flat, the mutton's tough, and the whiskey's adulterated. I don't blame the distiller. It would be impossible to keep spirits above proof in such a quarter.

"Sir, I have no books, and no internal resources. I can't draw; and if I could, there's nothing to sketch. I don't play the flute; and if I did, there's nobody to listen to me. I never wrote a tragedy; but I think I'm fast getting into that state of mind in which tragedies are written. Anything lighter is out of the question. I whistle four hours per diem, yawn five, smoke six, and sleep the rest of the twenty-four, with a running accompaniment of swearing to all these occupations except the last, and I'm not sure I don't swear in my dreams.

"In one word, I'm getting desperate. I have had thoughts of turning Terry Alt, and exciting the inhabitants to outrage, for want of something to employ me. And as to protecting the gentry, how can one have any spirit to protect people who don't ask one to dinner?

"Sir, there's no hunting, and no shooting, and no dining, and no dancing, and no drinking, and no duty. My last pound of cigars is running low. I am rapidly sinking into an idiot in uniform. Talk of the maddening effects of the solitary system in Pentonville Model Prison! Give me detachment duty in Ireland. Better be hanged, drawn, and quartered in a decent country, than quartered without the other preliminaries in Ireland. Oh, *Punch*, plead for me and my fellow-sufferers.

"Yours,
"A WRETCHED SUBALTERN."

The Abd-el-Kader Pyramid.

THE French papers say—

"The Government has decided that a small pyramid shall be erected on the spot in which the interview between ABD-EL-KADER and the DUKE D'AUMALE took place, to perpetuate the memory of that event."

And as the French Government have, it seems, determined to break the faith pledged on the site of the future structure, it may serve "a double debt to pay," namely, a Pyramid and a Column of Infamy!

NO "HONOUR AMONG" CERTAIN FOLKS.

AN unprincipled individual has attempted to extort a sum of money from MARSHAL SOULT. Surely the Marshal's own "extortions" in the way of plate and pictures during the war of the Peninsula ought to have obtained for him a more respectful consideration from the fraternity.

Irish Game Laws.

1st January. LANDLORD shooting begins.
31st December. Landlord shooting ends.

Certificates may be had from JOHN ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM, and FATHER MCDERMOTT.

Act for the Preservation of Peace with France.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

MR. PUNCH, with a view to dispense with the necessity of any costly addition to our National Defences: To move for an Act imposing severe Penalties on all and sundry Persons who, by speech or writing, shall boast, brag, glory, rant, or rave of or concerning Poictiers, Crecy, Agincourt, Blenheim, or Waterloo; or shall directly or indirectly allude to or mention any success or advantage lately, or in times past, obtained by this country, either at the places above mentioned, or any others, over the arms of France; or who shall from henceforth put forward or publish the assertion, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen; or shall use any other kind of insulting and offensive language which may be calculated to provoke the French to a breach of the peace.

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

THE composer of the Overture of the New Grand Comic Christmas Pantomine, *Harlequin and the Fairy of the Spangled Pocket-handkerchief, or the Prince of the Enchanted Nose*, arrayed in a bran new Christmas suit, with his wristbands and collar turned elegantly over his cuffs and embroidered satin tie, takes a place at his desk, waves his stick, and away the Pantomine Overture begins.

I pity a man who can't appreciate a Pantomine-Overture. Children do not like it: they say "Hang it, I wish the Pantomine would begin:" but for us it is always a pleasant moment of reflection and enjoyment. It is not difficult music to understand, like that of your MENDELSSOHNS and BEETHOVENS, whose symphonies and sonatas MRS. SPEC states must be heard a score of times before you can comprehend them. But of the proper Pantomime-music I am a delighted connoisseur. Perhaps it is because you meet so many old friends in these compositions consorting together in the queerest manner, and occasioning numberless pleasant surprises. Hark! there goes "*Old Dan Tucker*" wandering into the "*Groves of Blarney;*" our friends the "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*" march rapidly down "*Wapping Old Stairs,*" from which the "*Figlia del Reggimento*" comes bounding briskly, when she is met, embraced, and carried off by "*Billy Taylor,*" that brisk young fellow.

All this while you are thinking with a faint, sickly kind of hope, that perhaps the Pantomime *may* be a good one; something like *Harlequin and the Golden Orange Tree*, which you recollect in your youth; something like *Fortunio*, that marvellous and delightful piece of buffoonery, which realised the most gorgeous visions of the absurd. You may be happy, perchance: a glimpse of the old days may come back to you. Lives there the man with soul so dead, the being ever so *blasé* and travel-worn, who does not feel some shock and thrill still? Just at that moment, when the bell (the dear and familiar bell of your youth) begins to tingle, and the curtain to rise, and you see the large shoes and ankles, the flesh-coloured leggings, the crumpled knees, the gorgeous robes and masks finally, of the actors ranged on the stage to shout the opening chorus.

All round the house you hear a great gasping a-ha-a from a thousand children's throats. Enjoyment is going to give place to Hope. Desire is about to be realised. O you blind little brats! Clap your hands, and cram over the boxes, and open your eyes with happy wonder! Clap your hands now. In three weeks more, the REVEREND DOCTOR SWISHTAIL expects the return of his young friends to Sugarcane House.

* * * * * * * *

King Beak, Emperor of the Romans, having invited all the neighbouring Princes, Fairies, and Enchanters to the feast at which he celebrated the marriage of his only son, *Prince Aquiline*, unluckily gave the liver-wing of the fowl which he was carving to the Prince's godmother, the *Fairy Bandanna*, while he put the gizzard-pinion on the plate of the *Enchanter Gorgibus*, King of the Maraschino Mountains, and father of the *Princess Rosolia*, to whom the Prince was affianced.

The outraged *Gorgibus* rose from table in a fury, smashed his plate of chicken over the head of *King Beak's* Chamberlain, and wished that *Prince Aquiline's* nose might grow on the instant as long as the sausage before him.

It did so; the screaming Princess rushed away from her bridegroom, and her father, breaking off the match with the House of *Beak*, ordered his daughter to be carried in his sedan by the two giant-porters *Gor* and *Gogstay*, to his castle in the Juniper Forest, by the side of the bitter waters of the Absinthine Lake, whither, after upsetting the marriage-tables, and flooring *King Beak* in a single combat, he himself repaired.

The latter monarch could not bear to see or even to hear his disfigured son.

When the *Prince Aquiline* blew his unfortunate and monstrous nose, the windows of his father's palace broke; the locks of the doors

started; the dishes and glasses of the king's banquet jingled and smashed as they do on board a steamboat in a storm; the liquor turned sour; the Chancellor's wig started off his head, and the Prince's royal father, disgusted with his son's appearance, drove him forth from his palace, and banished him the kingdom.

Life was a burthen to him on account of that nose. He fled from a world in which he was ashamed to show it, and would have preferred a perfect solitude, but that he was obliged to engage one faithful attendant to give him snuff (his only consolation) and to keep his odious nose in order.

But as he was wandering in a lonely forest, entangling his miserable trunk in the thickets, and causing the birds to fly scared from the branches, and the lions, stags, and foxes to sneak away in terror as they heard the tremendous booming which issued from the fated Prince whenever he had occasion to use his pocket-handkerchief, the Fairy of the Bandanna Islands took pity on him, and, descending in her car drawn by doves, gave him a 'kerchief which rendered him invisible whenever he placed it over his monstrous proboscis.

Having occasion to blow his nose

(which he was obliged to do pretty frequently, for he had taken cold while lying out among the rocks and morasses in the rainy miserable nights, so that the peasants, when they heard him snoring fitfully, thought that storms were abroad) at the gates of a castle by which he was passing, the door burst open, and the Irish Giant (afterwards Clown, indeed) came out, and wondering looked about, furious to see no one.

The Prince entered into the castle, and whom should he find there but the *Princess Rosolia*, still plunged in despair. Her father snubbed her perpetually. "I wish he would snub me!" exclaimed the Prince, pointing to his own monstrous deformity. In spite of his misfortune, she still remembered her Prince. "Even with his nose," the faithful Princess cried, "I love him more than all the world beside!"

At this declaration of unalterable fidelity, the Prince flung away his handkerchief, and knelt in rapture at the Princess's feet. She was a little scared at first by the hideousness of the distorted being before her—but what will not woman's faith overcome? Hiding her head on his shoulder (and so losing sight of his misfortune), she vowed to love him still (in those broken verses which only Princesses in Pantomimes deliver).

At this instant *King Gorgibus*, the Giants, the King's Household, with clubs and battle-axes, rushed in. Drawing his immense scimetar, and seizing the Prince by his too-prominent feature, he was just on the point of sacrificing him, when

—when, I need not say, the *Fairy Bandanna* (Miss Bendigo), in her amaranthine car drawn by Paphian doves, appeared and put a stop to the massacre. *King Gorgibus* became Pantaloon, the two Giants first and second Clowns, and the Prince and Princess (who had been, all the time of the Fairy's speech, and actually while under their father's scimetar, unhooking their dresses) became the most elegant Harlequin and Columbine that I have seen for many a long day. The nose flew up to the ceiling, the music began a jig, and the two Clowns, after saying "How are you?" went and knocked down Pantaloon.

A RECIPE FOR A NEW IRISH SOUP CALLED *POTAGE D'IRELANDE*.

A Soup for the Irish *Punch* fain would propose,
'Tis a secret he's happy indeed to disclose;
Its virtue he owns will consist in its name,
But many illustrious things are the same;
The splendid invention a line will reveal—
'Tis Soup *à la* Soyer, or *Soyez tranquille*.

Gentlemen in Difficulties.

What really constitutes a case of a Gentleman in Difficulties, it would be very hard indeed to define. We have heard it said, "So-and-so is in difficulties," though we see him driving his cab as usual, and giving his dinner-parties with the utmost ease and off-handedness, as if the word "difficulty" was one quite unknown to his vocabulary. After an earnest and attentive consideration of the subject, we have come to the conclusion that a Gentleman is really in *difficulties*, when he attempts to pick up a fourpenny-piece with a worsted glove on his hand.

"PLAIN AS A PIKE-STAFF."

Q. What is the meaning of Tenants' Rights in Tipperary?
A. Landlords' *Funeral Rites*.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S BOWL OF BISHOP.

AT this usually inclement season of the year, the cheerful mug of egg-flip and the comforting tumbler of hot-spiced elder cordial are in great request, as the means of raising low spirits and warming the cockles of the chilled heart. Perhaps, however, both egg-hot and elder-wine must yield in their elevating and invigorating properties to a good Bishop. Hence, doubtless, it is, that, in pursuance of his well-known liberal feelings, LORD JOHN RUSSELL has selected the present time as peculiarly appropriate to the donation which he has just made to the destitute people of Hereford. The Premier, indeed, appears to have given them more Bishop than they know what to do with; for the public at large, through the channels of the press, has been absolutely deluged with his lordship's Bishop; and the Bishop has got so completely into our heads, that it may be questioned whether we have not had more of it than is good for us.

LORD JOHN'S Bishop, in some quarters, has given much satisfaction; in others, it has been greatly objected to. By some palates it has been pronounced not to have the orthodox flavour; and hence a quantity of hot water has been added to it by certain parties, who, however, by so doing, have only made a mess of it. The Bishop appears to have been disliked at Oxford, and dissatisfaction was expressed with it by thirteen dignitaries of the Church, few of whom, it seems, had ever tasted it. The DEAN OF HEREFORD refused the Bishop altogether; but swallowed it at last on compulsion, with very many wry faces. We shall not undertake to decide on the merits of LORD JOHN'S Bishop, and will content ourselves with publishing the following testimonials which have been sent to us, and of the genuineness of which we have no doubt.

"No. I.

"THIS is to certify, that to my taste the Hereford Bishop of LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND Co. is a perfectly wholesome and highly palatable beverage. It is wholly free from any deleterious ingredients; and I have no hesitation in terming it an excellent compound. The Hereford Bishop is quite after my own heart. I relish it exceedingly, and have much pleasure in giving it my recommendation.

"R. DUBLIN."

"No. II.

"FOR some time, I regret to say, I entertained an unfavourable impression with respect to the Hereford Bishop made by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and, in common with others, was induced to speak disparagingly thereof. My opinion of it, however, was founded on mere hearsay, and I now candidly admit, was an erroneous prejudice. I have at length tested this Bishop, and, having given it a fair trial, unhesitatingly pronounce it to be a superior article. I not only think the Bishop may be taken with perfect safety, but with great benefit to the internal constitution. "S. OXON."

After these attestations in its favour, it is probable that LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S Bishop will become popular; though neither that nor any other Bishop, we imagine, will ever rival the popularity of *Punch*.

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

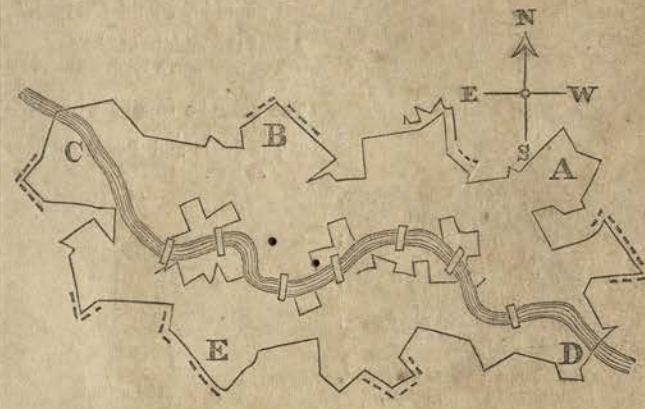
WE are sorry to be compelled to notice, on the part of a publication so respectable as the *Builder*, a case of what we are justified in pronouncing a gross breach of privilege. Everybody knows that we some years ago made the Nelson Column and Trafalgar Square our own; and though we can make some allowance for the professional pilferer who from habit cannot keep his hands out of his neighbour's pockets, we cannot pardon, in any one holding an honourable station in the world, those acts that none but the poorest of wits are generally guilty of. It is a lamentable fact, that the *Builder* has made a joke on Trafalgar Square and the Nelson Column.

We might throw the whole concern, fountains, statues, oyster-shells, and all, into Chancery, if we thought the materials worth the expense of an injunction; but we prefer warning our usually excellent contemporary against a repetition of such an offence as he has on this occasion committed. As it is the first fault we will not be severe; and we may perhaps make this apology for the *Builder*, that he thought we had done with the Column, and he therefore considered himself entitled to make use of the old materials. We trust he will be more careful for the future, and not infringe upon a right of which we claim exclusively the exercise. We really shall proceed for compensation against the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, if we are put to any more trouble about Trafalgar Square, either in making jokes upon it ourselves, or protecting the subject against trespassers.

Our Plan for Fortifying London.

As it seems settled we are to be invaded, despite our wooden walls, and as the Guards are to march out of London by the Edgeware or Hampstead Road, while the enemy march into it by Camberwell or Clapham, we have turned our attention to a plan for fortifying the metropolis.

Since last Saturday, we have accordingly mastered the works of VAUBAN and COEHORN, with the improvements of CORMONTAIGNE, MONTALEMBERT, BOUSNARD, CHASSELOUP DE RABAT, and CHOUMARA. Fortified by the authority of these great names, we sat down and worked till our head was filled with *horn-works*, our attention distracted with unravelling *ravelins*, and our judgment utterly perplexed with *redoubts*. In fact, we got into "a mighty maze," but came out of it (as we always do) "not without a plan."



Let *horn-works* (A, B, C, D, E,) be thrown out at Chelsea Hospital, Peckham New Town, Upper Clapton, Highbury Barn, and Primrose Hill, with a *glacis* and covered way at the re-entering angles of the *counterscarp*, and *demilunes* at right angles to the *lunettes*. This gives us our *enceinte*, within which the enemy would be confined if they once passed our outworks, and from which we might play upon them with batteries *en barbette* at the old Bun House, Jack Straw's Castle, Hicks's Hall, and Chalk Farm, throwing a cross fire right round the line of Post Delivery, of which the only difficulty would be for the troops to avoid hitting each other.

Within this line we would throw out a strong bastion, *en tenaille*, to command the Dover Road, say in Surrey Square, to be worked by the respectable inhabitants of that neighbourhood; and a *tête-du-pont* to defend the passage of the Surrey Canal, which might be manned by the lightermen, formed into a corps of lighter-bobs for that service. Their fire would infallibly confuse an enemy, especially if they were allowed to slang as well as shoot them.

The Bridges must, of course, be secured by *redoubts*, with glacis on the exterior face, so as to make it impossible for the enemy to breach the *bastion* by firing along the ditch of the *ravelin*.

Their heavy guns would thus be comparatively useless, and if a *tenaillon* could be thrown up to mask the foot of the *escarpe revêtement*, but few of them would probably return to tell the tale. At the same time, we must strongly combat the proposal, which has not yet been made, to throw up a *terre-plein* with *breastworks* on the exterior of the parapet, which would be an unnecessary exposure of the flanks of the *bastion*, and might probably cause the *enceinte* to be breached at the first crowning of the *glacis;* a contingency, we need hardly say, which could not fail to have the most deplorable consequences.

If this plan be followed out in strict detail, we may sleep comfortably in our beds, which it is the duty of every Englishman to resist doing while our capital is left in its present shamefully naked state.

A Solemn Farce.

THE directions for confirming a Bishop bear a very close resemblance to the received recipe for dressing a cucumber. "Slice it," says CHESTERFIELD; "sprinkle with pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar. When the dressing is to your taste, take your cucumber and —— throw it out of the window." So with the Bow-Church ceremonial. "Catch your bishop, read his petition, call upon all persons who have grounds of opposition to come forward and oppose, and when they come forward —— declare you can't hear them."

THE EXILED LONDONER.

"SINCE I have been at this place I have lost as many as three copies of *The Times* in a week, while *Punch* was as regularly stolen as it was posted."—*Times*, Jan. 10.

WITH black *ennui* the Exile sits,
Watching the rain-drops as they fall;
The bluebottle about him flits,
That ate the peach on the garden wall.
No *Times* nor *Punch*, 'tis very strange;
Unlifted is the iron latch;
Of papers he 's without the batch
That gives his days their only change.
At first he only said, "Oh deary!
The post is late," he said;
"Of waiting I am rather weary,
I would my *Punch* I'd read."

About the middle of the day
The postman's form its shadow cast,
The door he sought with footsteps gay,
The *Times* and *Punch* are here at last.

Out with them; but 'tis very strange,
The envelope is open torn—
'Tis but the *Herald* of the morn;
His paper they have dared to change.
He only said, "The *Herald*'s dreary,
Dreary indeed," he said;
"Its very look has made me weary;
It never can be read."

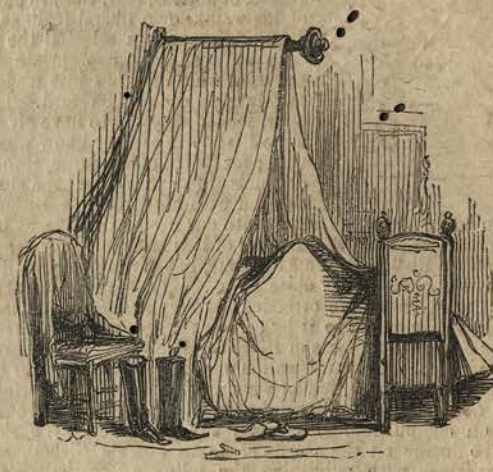
Upon some stones—a hillock small,
The Londoner in exile leapt,
And over objects large and small
A telescopic watch he kept;
He saw the postman walk away,
He gazed till it was nearly dark,
Then only made this sad remark,
"Nor *Times* nor *Punch* will come to-day."
He only said "'Tis very dreary
They do not come," he said;
"While I for want of them am weary,
They 're elsewhere being read."

And even when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds a game did play,
Blowing the sign-boards to and fro,
As if 'twould blow them right away;

He 'd with the spider, as it climbs,
Hold converse — asking if 'twould tell
Whether the postman dared to sell
The weekly *Punch* and daily *Times*.
He only said, "'Tis very dreary,
Dreary indeed," he said;
"Of life I 'm almost getting weary,
My *Times* and *Punch* unread."

All day within the dreamy house
His shoes had in the passage creak'd;
The maid-of-all-work, like a mouse,
Out of her master's presence sneak'd,
Or from the kitchen peer'd about,
Or listen'd at the open doors,
To hear his footsteps tread the floors
With the short, hurried pace of doubt.
She only said, "My master 's weary,
And angry too," she said;
She said, "Oh deary me! oh deary!
I wish he 'd go to bed."

The crickets chirrup on the hearth,
The slow clock ticking—and the sound
Of rain upon the gravel path
That hems the Exile's cottage round;
All these, but most of all the power
Of sleep after an anxious day,
Up-stairs had hurried him away.
He paced his chamber for an hour,
Then said he, "This indeed is dreary,
My *Times*, my *Punch*," he said,
"Without you I am always weary;
I 'll tumble into bed."



THE MODEL MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.

HER age is 14. Her arms are bare, and her feet slipshod. Her curls are rarely out of paper. She sports a clean apron on the Sunday, about tea-time. It is a mystery where she sleeps; some say the kitchen, in one of the large drawers; and others declare she has a turn-up bed in the hall-clock; but it is not known for positive whether she ever goes to bed at all. She has a wonderful affection for the cat. Everything that is missed, or lost, or broken, or not eaten, she gives unhesitatingly to him. She is not fond of the drawing-room, but has a good-natured partiality for the garret, who sings funny songs, and gives her occasionally an order for the play. She takes her dinner whilst washing the dishes, and never gets her breakfast till all the floors have done with the one teapot. She tries very hard to answer five bells at once, and in despair answers none. She always forgets the mustard, and prefers blowing the fire with her mouth instead of the bellows. Her hands will not bear minute inspection; and no wonder, for she is cleaning boots, or washing, or cooking dinners, all day long. She carries coals in a dust-pan, hands bread on a fork, and wipes plates with her apron. She is abused by everybody, and never gets a holiday. She only knows it is Sunday by the lodgers stopping in bed later than usual, and having twice as many dinners to cook. She is never allowed to go out, excepting to fetch beer or tobacco. She hears complaints without a murmur, and listens to jokes without a smile. She gets £6 a year, and is expected to wait on about 20 persons, to do the work of five servants, to love all the children in the house, and to be honest for the money. It is not known what becomes of the Model Maid-of-all-work in her old age. It is believed, however, that she sinks into the charwoman at the age of 20. Landladies, be gentle to her!

The Finest Actor in Europe.

IF we want consummate acting, we must not now expect it upon the stage, but in the palace. He is not the artist who wears motley and a wig, but robes and a crown. As an instance of this fact, we have only to repeat a statement that "when the news of the QUEEN OF SPAIN'S ill-health reached LOUIS-PHILIPPE, he appeared profoundly affected." Were GARRICK alive, could he beat *that?*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1848.

OUR BARRY-EUX TAPESTRY.

To CHARLES BARRY, ESQ., R.A.

SIR,—Allow me to offer you a contribution to the decoration of the House of Lords. It is a series of designs for Tapestry, commemorating the invasion which is to come off shortly. The designs are my own. The tapestry will be worked by the fair hands of JUDY and our daughter. It will be strictly in character with the building, "bran-new and intensely old." It is also, like the building, a copy, in general character, if not in detail. My original is the well-known Bayeux Tapestry, which commemorates the first French invasion of these islands, under William the Conqueror. As you have raised a middle-age building for modern senators, with middle-age decorations for modern debates, and middle-age characters for modern inscriptions, I beg to offer my middle-age representation of a modern event—if that may be called modern which is yet in the bosom of the future. I send with the designs a poem in old spelling, to be printed in black-letter, describing, as they described in the twelfth century, circumstances anticipated in the nineteenth. I trust my designs and my verses will be found in strict harmony with your noble modern-antique Houses of Parliament, and beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your servant and admirer,
PUNCH.

Ye FORAYE OF THE FRENCHE,

FROM THE VERIDICAL AND RIGHTE PLEASAUNTE CHRONICLE OF MAISTRE PUNCHE.

I THROW 'twere sore to telle
What sorrowes there befelle,
When from Boulogne, Cherbourg, Havre,
With musquet armed and sabre,

Ye broode of Gallic cocke,
Defying rolle and rocke,
Across ye Channele sailing
With retching and with railing,

On Albion's ye perfidious
Came down with onslaughte hideous,
Up to all by lande or water,
From pitch-and-tosse unto manslaughter.

SUNDAY BALLS.

THE Duke's Invasion Letter has been a great relief to thousands. And after this fashion. Almost every man carries about with him some absurdity, which awaits but the proper moment to be uttered, and so, for a time at least, to relieve the bearer. The world has its periods of madness and of folly. Old as it is, it runs round and round its circle of whims and diseases. Now it has—or thinks it has—so much money in its pockets, that it cannot spend it fast enough; and now, with wealth inexhaustible it believes itself within an inch of an Universal Union. Folks who feared an invasion, authorised by LORD ELLESMERE and his Grace, have said their say; have contributed their quota of absurdity; and, satisfied with the effort, may now rest content for life. Not that we think quite enough has been done with the Invasion Fever. We are certainly surprised—seeing what a nostrum-loving people we are—that no new MORRISON has arisen, with a specific against fear of the French. We think an Invasion Pill would have gone down. Of course, the consumption would have varied with different places; folks on the sea-shore requiring a double dose compared with those more and more inland.

If, however, we are not to have Pills, we are at least offered Balls—Sunday Balls—as the only preventive of the French in England. A lively correspondent in the *Chronicle* suggests that the great mass of the people should be divided off into shooting companies, and that they should "train and practise on a Sunday." Gunpowder would have a more precious smell on the seventh day:

"Exercising grounds should be prepared in the environs of railways, and the companies should carry the National Guard gratuitously to and from their destination. The men, carried gratuitously, would probably pay for the passage of wife and family, and all would get fresh air."

The smell of hawthorn and gunpowder—the shooting of rifles and corn! A very pretty association of the productive and destructive. And then the children would be so early accustomed to military matters, that they would be able to stand fire before they quitted the breast; and when they cut their teeth, instead of a coral, would cut them on ball-cartridge.

We think, too, the spirit would spread among the wives. After a little while, we should expect a very large Amazonian force. The Crinoline Rangers, the Boa Rifles, the Manchester Ginghams, the Dunstable Straws, the Queen's Blue-Stockings, would sound quite as well as the Connaughts, the Coldstreams, and the Buffs.

Again, how beautifully would women blend the domestic and maternal delights of life with these martial doings! For when the shooting was over, how delightful it would be for the husbands and sweethearts to form into a hollow square, whilst the women inside made tea. And even before, whilst the mother practised at the bull's-eye, the babe—early educated—might suck it. We ask it, is not this the way to keep up the patriotic spirit? Sunday Balls for men and women, and brandy-balls for children.

THE BISHOP OF TUAM.

CERTAIN of the Irish have expressed their "delight and gratitude" to DOCTOR M'HALE "for the contempt" with which he has treated the EARL OF SHREWSBURY'S letter. It was an easy matter for the Doctor. A man who has received so much of a commodity, may surely spare a little.

Needs were ye tongue of HOMER
To sing of *Styx* and *Gomer*,
Of *Belle Poule* and *Comte d'Eu*,
And manie more thereto;

Of sailing ships and steamers,
Gallic cockes upon their streamers,
That against ye *rosbifs* mustered,
Got up their steame and blustered,

And took on boarde bataillon
"*Des Français des plus vaillans;*"
Not fedde on beefe and porter
As ye baser Englishe sort are,

NEW DRAMATIC SCHOOL.

THE decline of the old school of actors and actresses has long been a subject of the most dismal lamentation; but we are glad to find that the histrionic art still stands a chance of preservation, by the establishment of a new school, under the able direction of MRS. GLOVER, who is one of the few remaining members of the old school, and one of its brightest ornaments. If all the performers of the old school resembled MRS. GLOVER, we might indeed regret having so few of them left, and we ought to be exceedingly obliged to her, at any rate, for taking the trouble to give the rising generation the benefit of her tuition.

We believe a great deal of the dramatic art may be taught, and we have therefore some hopes from the school which MRS. GLOVER and her son are on the point of establishing. We presume there will be professors for every department, from the highest tragic to the lowest comic; and there will of course be classes for the examination of the students. We can imagine MR. DIDDEAR at the head of an entire form of Injured Husbands, all denouncing, in turn, some imaginary "spangled officer" who has dazzled the eyes of a weak-minded wife; and we can conceive a ponderous professor of the heavy business with a whole row of Indignant Fathers before him, repeating, in guttural chorus, some tremendous curse on a series of Undutiful Daughters, or cutting off a batch of Scapegrace Sons with a corresponding number of shillings.

But the Soubrette Class brings us to the contemplation of a more pleasing set of objects. We can picture to ourselves the professor of "Pert Chambermaidism," inculcating among a row of female candidates

for histrionic fame those engaging qualities of domestic impudence which are so common on the stage, and happily so rare in real life. A set of examination-papers should, of course, be prepared to prove the efficiency of the various pupils; and directions should be framed for wheedling Old Guardians, extracting bribes from Young Lovers, and coquetting with roguish valets—three achievements which go to the formation of the character of the Stage Ladies' Maid.

The Practical Joke department would require the utmost attention, for modern farces are chiefly written with a view to those effects that once used to be considered the legitimate property of mere pantomime. In the present day the Clown and the Comedian must be combined; for a funny man whose limbs are not sufficiently supple to allow of his being doubled up in a bagatelle-board, or stowed away in a cellaret, with his legs and arms occupying the holes usually assigned to the decanters, cannot hope to be considered a funny man at all.

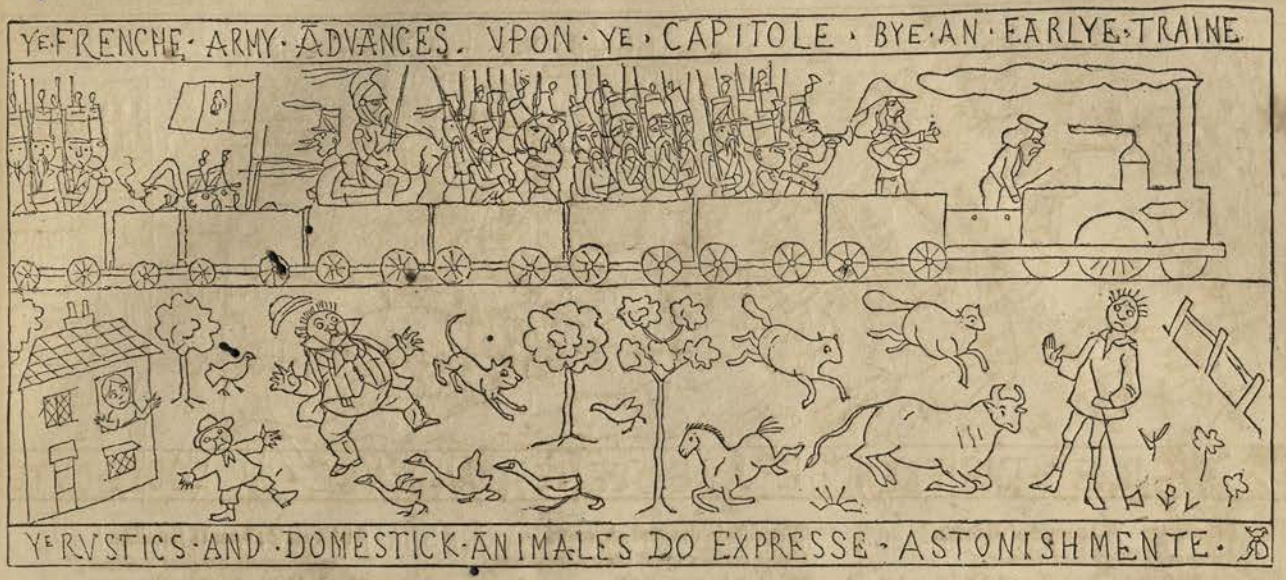
We must suppose that the Dramatic School will commence with first principles in this difficult department, and revert to the old original style of practical joking, which has been improved upon to the most wondrous extent by our farce writers, until the once popular prank of hiding under

a table and upsetting it on discovery, has become commonplace in the extreme. A necessity, however, for learning the elements of the art will render this sort of thing desirable for young beginners, until they are gradually educated into the more difficult accomplishments of creeping into clock-cases, jumping into picture-frames to be mistaken for portraits, and giving other touches of dramatic nature, which make the whole world grin.

We hope that a class of Walking Gentlemen will not be forgotten in the new establishment, for the purpose of instructing lisping youths in the amiable art of apostrophising with propriety their "Deareth ELITHA, the thweeteth contholation of their thuffering thpiriths."

The Nelson Monument.

THERE has been a report lately that the bronze panels intended to ornament the base of the Nelson Column were complete, but it turns out that the report is as baseless as the fabric itself, and that both the one and the other are likely to remain without foundation. The artists cannot get their designs further than the clay, and they are all sticking in the mud in the most unsatisfactory manner. We are only afraid that new subjects for the panels will be required; for it is probable that, long before they are completed, the world will have forgotten the events they were intended to commemorate.


YE FRENCHE ARMY ADVANCES VPON YE CAPITOLE BYE AN EARLYE TRAINE
YE RVSTICS AND DOMESTICK ANIMALES DO EXPRESSE ASTONISHMENTE

But on veg'tables and *on* veale,
And headed by brave JOINVILLE;
Then they floated forthe ferocious.
But their valour proved precocious;

For as they gotte in motion,
Righte boist'rous waxed ye ocean,
Which, calme as first they started,
Grew more rough when they departed:

'Twas clearlie a deception
Of Albion's allie, NEPTUNE,
Who, anxious for ye British,
Sent of Nereides ye most skittish,

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

N the conclusion of the Pantomime, the present memorialist had the honour to conduct the ladies under his charge to the portico of the theatre, where the green fly was in waiting to receive them. The driver was not more inebriated than usual; the young page with the gold-knobbed hat was there to protect his mistresses; and though the chaperon of the party certainly invited me to return with them to Brompton and there drink tea, the proposal was made in terms so faint, and the refreshment offered was so moderate, that I declined to journey six miles on a cold night in order to partake of such a meal. The waterman of the coach-stand, who had made himself conspicuous by bawling out for MRS. FLATHER'S carriage, was importunate with me to give him sixpence for pushing the ladies into the vehicle. But it was my opinion that MRS. FLATHER ought to settle that demand; and as, while the fellow was urging it, she only pulled up the glass, bidding Cox's man to drive on, I of course did not interfere. In vulgar and immoral language he indicated, as usual, his discontent. I treated the fellow with playful and, I hope, gentlemanlike satire.

MASTER JONES, who would not leave the box in the theatre until the people came to shroud it with brown-hollands, (by the way, to be the last person in a theatre—to put out the last light—and then to find one's way out of the vast black lonely place, must require a very courageous heart)—MASTER JONES, I say, had previously taken leave of us, putting his arm under that of his father's footman, who had been in the pit, and who conducted him to Russell Square. I heard AUGUSTUS proposing to have oysters as they went home, though he had twice in the course of the performance made excursions to the cake-room of the theatre, where he had partaken of oranges, macaroons, apples, and ginger-beer.

As the altercation between myself and the linkman was going on, young GRIGG (brother of GRIGG of the Life-Guards, himself reading for the Bar) came up, and hooking his arm into mine, desired the man to leave off "chaffing" me; asked him if he would take a bill at three months for the money; told him if he would call at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, next Tuesday week, he would find sixpence there, done up for him in a brown paper parcel; and quite routed my opponent. "I know *you*, MR. GRIGG," said he; "you 're a gentleman, *you* are:" and so retired, leaving the victory with me.

Young MR. GRIGG is one of those young bucks about town, who goes every night of his life to two Theatres, to the Casino, to WEIPPERT'S balls, to the Café de l'Haymarket, to BOB SLOGGER'S, the boxing-house, to the Harmonic Meetings at the Kidney Cellars, and other places of fashionable resort. He knows everybody at these haunts of pleasure; takes boxes for the actors' benefits; has the word from head-quarters about the *venue* of the fight between Putney Sambo and the Tutbury Pet; gets up little dinners at their public-houses; shoots

ADVANCE OF YE TROOPES AND POODLE-DOGES.
MISHAP'S ON YE WOODE-PAVEMENTE.
WATERLOO PLACE
MONS. JULLIEN.
FRENCHE ENTER YE METROPOLYS AT ONE END
YE GVARDE'S MARCHE OVT AT YE OTHER END.

To raise ane awfulle shindie
Of wilde waves and breezes windie;
Nor were Albion's chalke cliffs paler
Than eache will-he nill-he sailor
Of that bolde and brilliant bande,
When he hove in sighte of lande,

And lande hove in sighte of him,
Thro' the fogge, soe dense and dim,
That wrappes London all ye year,
As in French bookes doth appear.
'Twas in vaine ye Prince he reason'd,
To sea-sicknesse being season'd;

Ye more he cheer'd his crewe,
Ye sicker still thei grewe;
Till, pale enoughe to frighten
Ye inhabitants of Brighton,
They landed safe in Shoreham,
And ye people fledde before 'em!

pigeons, fights cocks, plays fives, has a boat on the river, and a room at RUMMER'S in Conduit Street, besides his Chambers at the Temple, where his parents, SIR JOHN and LADY GRIGG of Portman Square, and Grigsby Hall, Yorkshire, believe that he is assiduously occupied in studying the Law. "TOM applies too much," her ladyship says. "His father was obliged to remove him from Cambridge on account of a brain fever brought on by hard reading, and in consequence of the jealousy of some of the collegians; otherwise, I am told, he must have been Senior Wrangler, and seated first of the Tripod."

"I'm going to begin the evening," said this ingenuous young fellow; "I've only been at the Lowther Arcade, WEIPPERT'S hop, and the billiard-rooms. I just toddled in for half an hour to see BROOKE in *Othello*, and looked in for a few minutes behind the scenes at the Adelphi. What shall be the next resort of pleasure, SPEC, my elderly juvenile? Shall it be the Sherry-Cobbler-Stall, or the Cave of Harmony? There 's some prime glee-singing there."

"What! is the old Cave of Harmony still extant?" I asked. "I have not been there these twenty years." And memory carried me back to the days when LIGHTSIDES, of Corpus, myself, and little OAKS, the Johnian, came up to town in a chaise-and-four, at the long vacation at the end of our freshman's year, ordered turtle and venison for dinner at the Bedford, blubbered over *Black-eyed Susan* at the play, and then finished the evening at that very Harmonic Cave, where the famous English Improvisatore sang with such prodigious talent that we asked him down to stay with us in the country. SPURGIN, and HAWKER, the fellow-commoner of our College, I remember me, were at the Cave too, and BARDOLPH, of Brazennose. Lord, lord, what a battle and struggle and wear and tear of life there has been since then! HAWKER levanted, and SPURGIN is dead these ten years; little OAKS is a whiskered Captain of Heavy Dragoons, who cut down no end of Sikhs at Sobraon; LIGHTSIDES a Tractarian parson, who turns his head and walks another way when we meet; and your humble servant—well, never mind. But in my spirit I saw them—all those blooming and jovial young boys—and LIGHTSIDES, with a cigar in his face, and a bang-up white coat covered with mother-of-pearl cheese-plates, bellowing out for "First and Second Turn-out," as our yellow post-chaise came rattling up to the Inn door at Ware.

"And so the Cave of Harmony is open," I said, looking at little GRIGG with a sad and tender interest, and feeling that I was about a hundred years old.

"*I believe you, my baw-aw-oy!*" said he, adopting the tone of an exceedingly refined and popular actor, whose choral and comic powers render him a general favourite.

"Does BIVINS keep it?" I asked, in a voice of profound melancholy.

"Hoh! What a flat you are! You might as well ask if MRS. SIDDONS acted *Lady Macbeth* to-night, and if QUEEN ANNE 's dead or not. I tell you what, SPEC, my boy—you're getting a regular old flat—fogy, Sir, a positive old fogy. How the deuce do *you* pretend to be a man about town, and not know that BIVINS has left the Cavern? Law bless you! Come in and see: I know the landlord—I 'll introduce you to him."

This was an offer which no man could resist; and so GRIGG and I went through the Piazza, and down the steps of that well-remembered place of conviviality. GRIGG knew everybody; wagged his head in at the bar, and called for two glasses of his particular mixture; nodded to the singers; winked at one friend—put his little stick against his nose as a token of recognition to another; and calling the waiter by his Christian name, poked him playfully with the end of his cane, and asked him whether he, GRIGG, should have a lobster kidney, or a mashed oyster and scolloped 'taters, or a poached rabbit, for supper?

The room was full of young rakish-looking lads, with a dubious sprinkling of us middle-aged youth, and stalwart red-faced fellows from the country, with whiskey noggins before them, and bent upon seeing life. A grand piano had been introduced into the apartment, which did not exist in the old days: otherwise, all was as of yore—smoke rising from scores of human chimnies, waiters bustling about with cigars and liquors in the intervals of the melody—and the President of the meeting, (BIVINS no more) encouraging gents to give their orders.

Just as the music was about to begin, I looked opposite me, and there, by Heavens! sate BARDOLPH, of Brazennose, only a little more purple, and a few shades more dingy than he used to look twenty years ago.

SPEC.

The Time for Poaching.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* states that night poachers, by order of the Home Secretary, are now to be tried at the assizes; and he asks why the rule should not extend to day poachers as well? As the latter class of offenders are under the jurisdiction of county magistrates, who are at once prosecutors, judges, and jurors, we certainly, for our own part, would rather poach by night than by day. "A shiny night," now more than ever, will be the "delight" of the poacher, as affording him the best opportunity, for depredation, with the smallest risk of punishment.

A PATRIOTIC RETURN.

THE first motion of the new Session will be one by MR. JOSEPH HUME, who will move for a return of all the plate which has been stolen from his residence. We hope the return will soon be made, and that every bit of the plate will be ordered at the earliest opportunity—say his birth-day, which is the most appropriate period to wish a person many happy returns—to lie upon his dinner-table. This return is but due to MR. HUME, who has shone, in public, as in private, by so many brilliant services.

Ye Frenche goe ayr to London.

Then at ye railwaie station
Ye Prince made proclamation,
That eache engineere or stoker
Should instantlie be broke, or
Blown uppe, who tooke occasion
Of ye gallante Frenche invasion,

For refusing toe abide
By *Bradshaw* his *Railwaie Guide*.
An expresse was in ye yarde,
By which ye brave vanguard
Got commande at once to runne down
For a *coup-de-main* on Londone;

While a corporal's guarde did chaffe,
Thro' ye electrick telegraph,
Ye capital, announcing
"That ye French threats were alle bouncing;"
"That ye muster was a hum,
And they 'd never dare to come."

SUNDAY AT EXETER HALL.

The following is from a notice in the *Post*, of a concert held a few days since at Exeter Hall:—

"It is stated that some of the Committee objected to Mr. Genge's singing Carey's favourite ballad, '*Sally in our Alley*,' at Mr. Smith's concert the other evening, owing to an allusion to *Sunday* in the words; whereas Phillips was allowed to sing a demoniacal song from *The Mountain Sylph*."

"Some" of the Committee deserve the thanks, at least—the more so, as the most easily bestowed—of all the very pious who use Exeter Hall. Sunday is not, even by allusion, to be set to music. People, to be sure, in churches and chapels, sing *on* Sundays; but then it is solemn minstrelsy: whilst even to allude to the seventh day in a ballad, is to break it. Thus, in a song, the best observance of the Sabbath is to take no notice of it.

All our readers, however, may not know the extent of their obligations to some ("the perfect chrysolites!") of the Committee, inasmuch as they may be ignorant of the demoralising tendency of the allusion to the Sunday aforenamed. In the days of our youth, our memory was unhappily tainted with the wicked syllables, and

"The scent of the brimstone will hang round it still."

The words are, if we mistake not—

"Of all the days that 's in the week,
There 's none I love like one day;
And that 's the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday."

The sly and subtle meaning of the singer will, on a little consideration, be made plain to the least pious understanding. The balladist (forlorn creature!) evidently means the intervening day to be no other than the Sabbath. And why (we think we hear a Mackworth or an Agnew in sectarian thunder roll the query)—why does he love the Sabbath? Let the doomed wretch answer for himself—

"For then I 'm drest all in my best,
To take a walk with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley."

Let us consider the quantity of sin that—like poison mantling an egg-cup—overbrims this little verse. Human vanity and human perdition are in it. The worldly conceit of dress rises in the heart of the sinner. He thinks, as of the fleshpots of Egypt, as of the vanities of Babylon, of "his best"—it may be his best blue coat, with those gauds of a carnal-minded world, brass buttons. What will he think of when he is about to descend into his grave? Will the best blue Saxony be any comfort to him in his shroud? Will the brass buttons delight him when under a coffin-plate? These—and many more such as these—are questions that "some of the Committee" would instantly put to the forlorn singer thinking of Sunday, because on that day he is to appear "all in his best!" But let us, if we have strength, anatomise the whole of the ulcerous iniquity.

The lost sheep is drest all in his best; his blue coat, bluer than burning sulphur—and his beaver hat, black and sleek as Satan! And what does he, when thus equipped for sin and death? Why, treading the broad way, he sets forth—

"To take a walk with Sally."

And where do they walk to? Why, at the very words, we smell tea and bread-and-butter; haply, shrimps; with—it is not unlikely—the supplementary abominations of biscuits and ale! It is impossible for us to forget—we cannot, if we would (saith the white-robed purity of Exeter Hall), deny that there are such places as Bagnigge Wells; as the Eelpie House; as Cremorne Gardens! No; we will not hoodwink our knowledge, and be blind to these stumbling Christians, whose human souls are bartered for tea and shrimps and pots of porter. Well, where does the straying sheep, in his best fleece, go with Sally, (forlorn little lamb! our heart bleeds for thee)—where does he go to? Why, we see them both seated in that arbour of holly and privet; there they both are, taking tea together; or it may be, the tea is over, and Sally, with carnation blushes in her face, and her little mouth making believe to bite round the edge of a biscuit, is almost sure—though her heart thumps so she can hardly be certain of it—that the man "in his best" is holding out the temptation of furniture for two parlours or a third floor, and further requesting to be permitted, without further shilly-shally, to put up the banns!

Some of the Exeter Hall Committee see and hear all this in the notes of "*Sally in our Alley*," and, very properly, will not allow them to be breathed into the ears of a carnal and impulsive congregation!

Now, it is very different with "a demoniacal song from *The Mountain Sylph*." That song deepens, we believe, into a chorus; and the burden of the song, if we mistake not, is, "Rejoice, ye demons of night!" Now we feel very certain that if such powers of darkness have their moments of enjoyment, they never rejoice with greater revelry than when common sense is beaten by bigotry, and Christian intelligence is displaced by cant.

"BURON *v.* DENMAN."

It is said that Sir Fitzroy Kelly will, on this approaching case, shew his devotion to poetry by often availing himself of "*The Pleasures of Memory*."

JOINVILLE.
BRYTISHE CHANNEL
YE FOREIGNERS RUNNINGE. M^r TOBIE. M^r PUNCH.
YE FINIS
HERE YE FRENCHE ARE SEENE LEAVINGE YE COUNTRIE IN HASTE

Then straighte ye armie started;
Joinville, ye lion-hearted,
Standing over ye false stoker,
Armed with an engine poker,
Readie at once to kille him
If he tried to smashe or spille 'em.

And as ye armie past,
Ye sheepe and cows, aghaste,
Stared over ye embankmente,
As wondering whatte each ranke meant;
And ye rusticks, in amazemente,
Looked on from cottage casemente,

Or paused at spade and ploughe,
With a "Dang it, what's uppe now?"
Such was ye consternation
Caused by ye Frenche invasion,
Till they reached, withe exultation,
Ye London Bridge, its station.

"Been to the Play much these Holidays, Fred?"

"Aw—I went the other Night. But, aw—I don't know—somehow Pantomimes are not what they used to be in my time; and as for the Gurls, there wasn't a good-looking one in the House."

New Patent.—Interesting to "Silk Gowns."

A very curious and perfect invention has recently been patented by the Admiralty. Its object is to obliterate from the memory all or any facts that may have been sedulously stored up within it for three years and more, leaving the mind, with relation to such facts, a pure sheet of law-paper. It may then take register of facts of a contrary tendency, to be used against the forgotten memoranda. The invention has been tried upon a distinguished gentleman, it is said, with perfect success: a success that will be made triumphantly manifest in the forthcoming trial, "Buron *v.* Denman."

LOOKING-GLASSES FOR BIRDS.

"Mr. Punch,

"Being descended in a right flight from the Tom-tit of Æsop, I inherit the like faculties possessed by my immortal ancestor. Thus I am frequently called upon to take, from the top of a house, a bird's-eye view of *Punch* lying in the opposite bookseller's window, and, to the delight and improvement of my feathered friends, to chirp a translation of its admirable contents. I can assure you, *Mr. Punch*, that the sparrows living in the volutes and cornices of Apsley-House have been mightily pleased with your various remarks upon the French Invasion; and, tickled by their fun, have chirped and chirped the matter over, even to the disturbance of his Grace, time out of mind an early riser. All this, however, by the way. My present purpose is to reply to a very foolish paragraph—taken from the *Gardeners' Chronicle*—about 'looking-glasses for birds.' The writer says—

'The tom-tits attacked my Sechel pears, to which they seemed very partial; a bit of looking-glass suspended in front of the tree, put a stop to the mischief. My grapes were next much damaged before they were ripe, by thrushes and starlings; a piece of looking-glass drove these away, and not a grape was touched afterwards.'

"Good *Mr. Punch*, don't believe a word of it. The male birds are, it is true, made shy by the glass; but where the mirror scares away one male, it attracts at least twenty hens. I do assure you, Sir, if this fashion becomes general, if people go on hanging looking-glass about their fruit-trees, there will be a double calamity. In the first place, all the fruit for the next season will be devoured by the hen-birds brought to the trees by the mirrors; and secondly, they will be so much occupied looking at themselves, preening their feathers, and taking attitudes and graces in the looking-glasses, that their nests will be imperfectly built, their eggs half-addled, and such young nestlings as are bred will be shamefully neglected by their maternal parent.

"*Mr. Punch*, man behaves very unfairly to us poor birds in this his last device. We know that we are hatched to undergo the risk of bird-lime, of net, and trap, and gun; this is our fate, and we submit to it. Kill us, if you like, but do not deprave our manners. Shoot us, if you can, but at least do not introduce into the commonwealth of birds that too-frequent disturber of the peace of human families, a looking-glass.

"I remain, your Bird's-eye Reader,

"*Cherry-Tree.*" Tom-Tit."

CREDIT AT OXFORD.

Nothing can more strikingly prove the scandalous readiness with which credit is given at Oxford, than the fact that the Bishop of Oxford long got credit there for straightforwardness and sincerity.

GRATUITOUS PRESENTATION!!

WITH No. **1**, OF

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS,

WILL BE PRESENTED GRATIS!

THE FIRST NUMBER OF

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

ROBINSON CRUSOE,

Embellished with 300 engravings, after designs by

J. J. GRANDVILLE.

ALSO, WITH No. **5**, OF

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS,

WILL BE GIVEN

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE

LIFE OF NAPOLEON,

Embellished with 500 engravings, after designs by

HORACE VERNET.

ALSO, WITH No. **10**, OF

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS,

WILL BE GIVEN

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD,

Embellished with 200 engravings.

Turn over

Now Publishing, in Penny Numbers and Sixpenny Parts,

THE

PICTORIAL EDITION

OF

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

INTO SEVERAL

REMOTE NATIONS OF THE WORLD;

BY JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

EMBELLISHED WITH

UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS,

DESIGNED BY ROBERT BARROW.

LONDON:

WILLOUGHBY & CO., 8, AMEN CORNER.

W. STRANGE, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PEACE (?)

A RECOLLECTION OF LANDSEER'S CELEBRATED PICTURE.

WHAT WILL THE FRENCH DO WITH ALGERIA?

We are puzzled to guess what the French will do with Algeria, now that Abd-el-Kader is taken. There are no more caves to smoke. There is not a tribe worth plundering. Morocco, too, is quiet. All conquests, therefore, are completely *hors de combat*, and there is not as much as a Razzia worth living for. Everything must be most intensely dull. We can imagine the whole army is in tears, for the want of something to do. Glory, in Africa, is dead. Peace to its ashes!

We feel deeply, in this sad dearth of victories, for the *Moniteur*. The poor Editor will have absolutely nothing left to exercise his vivid imagination upon. He will have nothing to record now but the dry appointment of Prefects, and nothing to solace himself with but the flowery addresses of the Chambers to Louis-Philippe on his birth-day. These latter compositions are certainly brilliant specimens of colouring; but still they do not allow that inexhaustible scope for happy invention which the Algerian campaigns invariably opened. It was so easy to invent when there was no one to contradict. The *Moniteur* will certainly have to go into mourning, and the bereaved Editor will be reduced to sell his prolific pen for what it will fetch, to some brother romancier. Perhaps Monsieur Alexandre Dumas will buy it of him. We can conceive what thrilling romances such a pen, in the hands of such a genius, would achieve!

We think candidly, that the French were great fools in taking Abd-el-Kader, and we do not mind telling them so. As long as he was at liberty, they had something to fight for, and something to brag about. The Chambers paid their millions for the army willingly, so long as Guizot could prove to them that the annals of France were being enriched at the handsome rate of some twenty victories every year. The French do not mind how dearly they pay for their glory, but they do not like lavishing their money in ship-loads, and not receiving *un sou de gloire* in return for it. Besides, the little promenades over the mountains and back again, in search of an invisible enemy, made the Royal Princes very popular, and filled Versailles with grand pictures, half a mile long, consisting one half of smoke, and the other half of red breeches. Abd-el-Kader served another purpose very effectively. Every *mauvais sujet* was sent out of France to improve his morals in Africa. It was a nursery for future Turennes, a large play-ground for the more riotous part of the army, and a great French penitentiary, where all noisy republicans, and discontented patriots, and ambitious Generals, were confined till they died of fever, or a musket-ball, or learnt to appreciate the very paternal sway of Louis-Philippe. But now that Abd-el-Kader is carried away, the play-ground will have lost its principal attraction, and the juvenile Turennes will not be able to play even at a game of prisoner's base. However, the capture of the Arab Chief has proved one thing. It has convinced sceptics, and we were one of the number, that Abd-el-Kader is at least a real person—that he is not the *Mrs. Harris* of France, which we always took him to be—that he is not the fabulous Jugurtha, who, it was unanimously believed, was only born to be killed by the French army once a week. We look upon the fact of his existence as the greatest discovery of the present year.

But what will the French do with Algeria? It is useless our repeating this curious question; for we confess we cannot answer it. Our belief is that the French, before long, will find out their grievous mistake, and that they will take Abd-el-Kader back again to Africa, and allow him to escape, to enable them to commence a new course of victories. The French army, it is well known, cannot exist without fighting; the throne of Louis-Philippe, it is equally well known, runs the agreeable risk of being exposed to as many storms as a beacon on the Goodwin Sands, and of lasting about as long, unless it has a new sediment annually of glory to rest upon; and pray, how is the history of France to be written unless there is a victory in every page? Our British word for it, in less than six months Abd-el-Kader will be in Algeria again. It will be either that, or else an invasion of England; but we advise our readers to make their bets in preference upon the former certainty. How happy the *Moniteur* would be with either!

A Bellow by John Bull.

IN THE PROSPECT OF ADDITIONAL TAXATION.

The able-bodied Hercules, that man of might and pith,
According to the story, which your scholars call a myth,
Supporting on his shoulders broad, the burden of the sky,
Saved it from falling, and the larks from being caught thereby.

But what is Mr. Hercules to me, I want to know?
See what a weight I carry on my shoulders as I go!
Just let me ask you where you think friend Hercules would be
If you saddled him with taxes in the way you 've saddled me?

For every article almost I have of use or beauty,
In one shape or another, I 've to pay a thumping duty;
For nearly every single thing I eat, or drink, or wear—
They' ve tax'd my light, and soon perhaps they mean to tax my air.

The Property and Income Tax, when Parliament had pass'd,
Come now, thinks I, I know the worst; sure here 's an end at last.
Ah! no such luck! another load they mean to clap on me:
I wonder what, in goodness' name, my next tax is to be.

I look around, and I declare, as I 'm a sinner, that
There 's nothing I can see untax'd about me but my cat.
I 'm quite cleaned out, used wholly up, done—brown as any toast:
Drat it! you can't, do what you will, get blood out of a post.

Well, lay it on, good gentlemen; but only have a care:
There is a load that 's greater than the strongest man can bear.
Already I imagine I can hear my sinews crack;
And 'tis the last ounce, recollect, that breaks the donkey's back.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

A grant of £30,000 for a Pinery at Kew has suggested to our minds the propriety of making some allowance for the establishment of a hot-house during this cold weather for the reception of some curious plants of British growth, to whom such an asylum would prove very acceptable. The Pine is valuable, no doubt; but there are other productions of an English soil that may be said to be literally pining for want of some place in which their preservation can be attended to. The agricultural labourer, for instance, would greatly profit by having a nice warm bed provided for him at the public expense, like his rivals the Pines; and while the parent stem would be thus preserved and strengthened, the junior branches would shoot forth with additional regularity and vigour.

We hope our idea will not be lost sight of, and that the Pines at Kew will not be regarded as the only worthy objects of liberality; for, supposing £30,000 to give us 30,000 pines in one year, at a pound per pine, we should like some arithmetician to tell us how many human beings could be supported for the same money.

AMERICAN MEDALS.

General Scott is to have a medal stamped to his victories, "in gold." Having read the stupid praise in which the resolution is couched, we think the fitter material for the medal would be—butter. *We* already have the Order of St. Patrick; let the Americans, for cheapness and propriety, use butter for their heroes, and call it "The Order of St. *Pat.*"

THE FRENCH AT BRIGHTON.

Rs. Mary Gerkins, Periwinkle House, Marine Parade, Brighton, presents her compliments, and—at this imminent time—begs of *Mr. Punch* a corner in his beautiful journal for her little letter. If Mrs. Mary Gerkins was in Parliament—as, indeed, women ought to be—she would not trouble *Mr. P.*, but give the country a bit of her mind from her seat in the House. As it is, being a lone woman and a widow, she hopes she may be permitted to save her country through the newspapers.

"*Periwinkle House,*
"*Brighton, Jan.* 25.

"Mr. Punch,

"The more I look at the opposite coast of France (and I've a telescope for the first floor that, as, I may say, sweeps the Channel clean as a new pin) the more I'm certain of danger from our natural enemies. I sit spying at my window till, sometimes, I think I see no end of flat-bottomed boats at Dieppe, full of soldiers, and horses, and baggage-wagons. My girls, to comfort me, tell me it's the clouds; but I only hope it isn't the smoke of the enemy's steamers.

"My letter, I am proud to say it, has put the whole town in a twitter. Lodgings have dropt to nothing. First floors have come down to seconds, and there's next to no difference between backs and fronts. In fact, the whole place is—A Town to Let, and Nobody to Take it.

"I am now happy to say that all the blame's laid at my door. Yes; Periwinkle House bears it all. When people abused me for my letter, I cried a little at first; but it's sweet to find what spirit persecution puts into a body. It's as good as another shawl to a woman!

"'Do you want to ruin Brighton, Ma'am—do you want to make it another Pollmyra—another Thibs?' said Mr. * * * * to me, of the Circ'lating Library. 'People have sent home *Now and Then*, and I don't know what, because they couldn't get through 'em so near the sea! Do you want to make the place a desert, Ma'am—a desert without a single Oh Acis?'

"I said nothing. Only this. When the French *had* come, how he'd thank me for that beautiful letter! As poor Gerkins used to say—and *now* I believe him—'If you want to serve your country, mind you can afford to pay for it.' However, I have made up my mind to suffer, and nothing shall disappoint me.

"*Mr. Punch, now* I know the truth of what Professor Toadinahole said here, in his lecture 'On the Vitality of Bluebottles,' at the Old Ship. 'Everybody,' says he, 'is born with a mission.' At first, I thought 'mission' was only a knowing name for a 'caul.' However, at last I found it out. For, as the Professor said, folks have sometimes to wait to learn it. *My* mission is—to save Brighton! Gerkins used to say I'd a good deal of gunpowder in my veins; and now he's gone, I don't mind owning it. 'Human nature,' said the Professor, 'is always the same.' Well, we have had a Joan of Arc; which is all the stronger reason for having a Mary of Brighton! Nature isn't like a tea-caddy, but keeps supplying herself.

"And now, *Mr. Punch*, I have something to say that will make the very horsehair of the Horse-Guards stand on end. You know I told you that I had taken a many French lodgers. Well, Sir, there was the Comte de Filou, Prince Curacoa, and others I don't remember, that, last autumn, lodged with me. They went away, leaving a portmanteau to be sent for. As I've never heard of 'em since, and they only gave Julius half-a-crown among 'em, I haven't hesitated to open the luggage; and a blessed thing it is *I* did. For there, *Mr. Punch*—(I used to see 'em twiddling with compasses, and rules, and I don't know what, on paper)—for there is the whole plan, drawn and coloured, of an attack upon this blessed Brighton. There isn't an alley that isn't down—not a court-yard that they don't know every bit of. Not only, too, the plan of an attack, but of fortifying and keeping the place afterwards.

"As the best luck would have it, Mr. Steelpen, a playwriter, is lodging with me (two-pair front, it being the dull season) at this moment. I believe he has served in the army, for once I heard him say—'Nobody knew what in his time he had taken from the French.' (He's now doing an original play,—such a sweet thing!—to be called, '*Isn't it Particularly Odd that the Woman hasn't Brought Home the Linen?*') Well, I showed the Frenchman's papers to Mr. S., and he explained all the mischief to me. B, X, K, C, Z, and other innocent-looking letters of the alphabet—mean no less than Bastions, and Redoubts, and Ravelings, and Horn-works, (that's the very word) and Casemates, or Checkmates, and Crests of Glasses!

"I *knew* it; a certain cold shiver that I always have when mischief's coming, told me as much; the French know all about Brighton, and have, at this moment, the addresses of all the best families, with what money every father can give his daughters, down in their Pocket-books.

"I don't wish to alarm the townspeople; but I must perform my mission. The French *will* land here, there's no doubt about that, *if* they can; and, once here, they're going to throw up all sorts of things, so that they'll never go away again. They intend, according to the paper before me, (I've Mr. Steelpen's word for it), to draw a curtain clean before the Pavilion; to command High Street with a battery of brass guns; to build a redoubt right opposite the playhouse, with a drawbridge to suffer nobody to go into it! Then, with Horn-work right before the Town Hall, and angles (as I understood Mr. S.) commanding the Market House, why Brighton has no help for it, but to kiss the foot of the haughty invader for ever and for ever!

"With this fact, Sir, staring us boldly in the face, I *do* think Her Majesty might be induced to return to the Pavilion. It would so rally Brighton and the tradespeople about her. People (I only wish they'd mind their own bisness!) have run down the Pavilion because it's more Indian than English. As Mr. Mogg sweetly says in his *Guide* to us, persons who do so 'might as reasonably quarrel with the flowers of the parterre—the lively carnation, or the painted tulip!' And then, Sir, why shouldn't Her Majesty, as the Queen of the East Indies, have an Indian Palace? The sun (as Gerkins used to say), if he would, *couldn't* set upon Her Majesty's dominions, and why shouldn't she have a palace—from the Chinese down to the Hottentot—to match every one of 'em? But I'm much afraid that public spirit and public building won't act with dear George the Fourth. If he could only know what was going on at the Pavilion, I'm sure his loyal and affectionate subjects would see him again on the Chain Pier—as *Meg Merrilies* says—by moonlight. However, Sir, to return to the French.

"I have some hope that I have touched the heart, and struck upon the cords of Brighton. And, Sir, as one little example is better than all the talk in the world—(as dear Gerkins said when he knocked down a brute of a fellow that once insulted me)—I have already put my house upon the war establishment.

"I have purchased a fowling-piece and cartridge-box, with a small sword for Julius, the page, a boy of great spirit (you should only see him, on an errand, jump over the posts; though, of course, as his mistress, I'm obliged to wink at it). If that boy isn't as good as any two French grenadiers, English beef and pudding may henceforth go for nothing. He's getting on wonderful, too, at the sword exercise; and on boiled leg-of-mutton days practises a good hour at least 'cutting six' at the turnips.

"I've no doubt—from what I see going on next door—that this example will spread; and so in the Book of Glory may expect a beautiful place for the Pages of Brighton.

"As for Betsy, the housemaid—Mary, the all-work—and Susan, the cook, I have had made for them three beautiful dresses after Jenny Lind; and at the first alarm they will appear upon the beach to succour our regular troops, or the irregular militia, as *Figlias di Reggimentals.*

If every lodging-house in Brighton does half as much, shan't we have a nice force,—unattached, as I believe they call it?

"And should that day arrive, *Mr. Punch*, there will be found a woman who—when the French shall leap upon the shore—will cry like a trumpet— 'Up, Gals! and at 'em!'

"In the meanwhile, I am working for the Militia that is to be formed

a set of colours in blood-red cruel, mixed (whatever people may say) with *my own* hair; and—and—meanwhile rest—

"Yours to command,
"MARY GERKINS."

"P. S. I will send you an early copy of the speech, before I present the flag."

THE CATNACH COLLECTION.

IT is not with the smallest feeling of satisfaction or pride, but rather the reverse, that *Punch* announces his having obtained permission from the proprietor of the celebrated CATNACH Collection, to publish a series of the principal gems of Art it contains in the pages of this periodical.

Most people who have studied the Ballad Literature of England are aware that it consists chiefly of a *variorum* edition, printed on tea-paper, and sold at a penny for three yards by the vocalists who give publicity to the productions of our popular minstrels. These effusions are invariably adorned with a picture, supposed, no doubt, to be appropriate to the poetry beneath; and these pictures we have the permission to engrave in a lump if we like it; or, if we prefer it, in a continuous series. We had rather get rid of the matter at once, and we therefore present some of the choicest specimens of pictorial Art that the CATNACH Collection affords us the power of selecting.

The annexed engraving is taken from the original picture that illustrates the beautiful ballad of "*The Rose shall cease to blow*," and the artist, as will be seen, has treated the subject in a manner of remarkable novelty. There is a German mysticism in the mixed idea of ceasing and blowing which is here shadowed forth; for we are carried most marvellously to the contemplation of existence ceasing and brains blown out by the picture of the man letting off the pistol. Thus, the allegory of the rose ceasing to blow is hazily shadowed forth in a style of unintelligibility that almost touches the sublime by just overstepping the ridiculous.

The second work of Art which we have obtained the Catnachian sanction to engrave, is the charming piece of Landseerian life that adorns the ballad of "*I love her, how I love her!*" In this delicious bit of Nature, the dog is supposed to be performing some office of fidelity for some kind mistress, though we confess the hockey-stick in the dog's mouth is rather destructive of the illusion, for it is improbable that a lady would require such an article, and the words "*I love her, how I love her*," are consequently slightly inappropriate to the design, which is understood to have been drawn expressly for them. This, however, is a mere speck on the sun, or, at most, a blot of ink on the tablecloth.

But to our mind, the last is the loveliest of all, for it gives us the portrait of a beautiful black cat as an accompaniment to the spirit-stirring song of "*The Soldier who died for his king*."

The extreme aptitude of the illustration to the song is in this instance so obvious, that we will not insult our readers by pointing it out more decidedly.

A Bishop Afloat.

IT is intended, says the *Globe*, to found a Bishopric somewhere in the Chinese seas. Britannia has long had a patent for ruling the waves temporally; but now, it seems, we are to reduce them under spiritual domination. A part of the ocean is to be converted into an episcopal see. Already we have a floating church on the Thames; but we are now going to give the Chinese a floating Bishop. We do not know what to say to this project. A Bishop cannot be created on shore in these times without raising a violent storm; and we are warranted in anticipating the greatest danger to shipping from the tempest which will be excited by the establishment of a prelate on the deep.

PEARLS FROM PUNCH'S ALBUM.

IN consequence of the numerous applications made to *Punch* by some of the first fair ones of the land, to contribute scraps to their Albums, he has resolved to throw open the pages of his own poetical scrap-book from time to time, and he requests his female tormentors to help themselves to any tit-bit they may take a fancy to.

LINES ON A FAVOURITE SPARROW.

Ha! pretty flutterer, pensive bird,
For ever on the wing;
'Tis true thy voice is seldom heard,
Nor art thou prone to sing.
Sweet tenant of the cockloft, come
And share with me the social crumb.

I cannot offer thee a hedge
Wherein to build thy nest,
But on my garret window-ledge
Thou art a welcome guest.
With thee, my sparrow, I will share
My morning muffin—there, boy, there!

[*The author opens the window and sprinkles the fragments of his muffin on the sill.*]

Why dost thou coyly glide away,
And seek you leads so flat?
Poor foolish bird, a moment stay—
Thou canst not see the cat.
She seems with deadly purpose big.
Ha! my poor sparrow 's hopp'd the twig.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

Come, strike me the harp with its soul-stirring twang,
The drum shall reply with its hollowest bang;
Up, up in the air with the light tambourine,
And let the dull ophycleide's groan intervene;
For such is our life, lads, a chaos of sounds,
Through which the gay traveller actively bounds.
With the voice of the public the statesman must chime,
And change the key-note, boys, exactly in time;
The lawyer will coolly his client survey,
As an instrument merely whereon he can play.
Then harp, drum, and cymbals together shall clang,
With a loud tooral lira, right tooral, bang bang.

ON A REJECTED NOSEGAY, OFFERED BY THE AUTHOR TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY, WHO RETURNED IT.

What! then you won't accept it, won't you? Oh!
No matter; pshaw! my heart is breaking, though.
My bouquet is rejected; let it be:
For what am I to you, or you to me?
'Tis true, I once had hoped; but now, alas!
Well, well; 'tis over now, and let it pass.
I was a fool—perchance I am so still;
You won't accept it! Let me dream you will:
But that were idle. Shall we meet again?
Why should we? Water for my burning brain!
I could have loved thee—Could! I love thee yet;
Can only Lethe teach me to forget?
Oblivion's balm, oh tell me where to find!
Is it a tenant of the anguish'd mind?
Or is it?—ha! at last I see it come;
Waiter! a bottle of your oldest rum.

Pantomime Distress.

IN consequence of the falling off in the attraction of Pantomimes, there are at this moment supposed to be three hundred Clowns out of employ, and two hundred pairs of Pantaloons, besides an enormous sprinkling of Sprites, and an unusual number of Harlequins. A large shipment of Clowns' dresses to New Zealand has just been effected, in the hope that the native chiefs may adopt the costume for which there is now so little demand in this country.

THE MECCA OF ENGLAND.

THERE is a curious analogy between our own Canterbury and the Holy City of the Mussulmen. Canterbury, like Mecca, was formerly the annual resort of pilgrims. At Mecca the dead MAHOMET is said to remain suspended in his coffin midway between two loadstones. At Canterbury we have a living Archbishop in a state of equilibrium, between the opposite attractive forces of a *mandamus* and a *præmunire*.

COMFORT IN SHAVING.

Shaving is not exactly comfortable in summer, but in winter it comes before us with a two-fold horror. The first man who invented a razor must have been a monster, whose name ought to have been preserved for the unanimous desecration of bearded generations. However, as we cannot remove the nuisance from our chins, we may as well be as good-tempered—if our razor will only allow us—over it as possible. We throw out a notion, which any philanthropist or barber may improve upon for the good of suffering humanity. We want a coverlid which shall enable us to shave in bed. Two small holes for the arms would do it; and with a hook-and-eye to fasten round the neck, the *desideratum* is complete. We hope the advertising carts will convince us in a week, that our notion has not been wasted. We are sure the new "*Patent Easy Shaving Coverlid*" will shortly be ordered to lie on every gentleman's bed.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

In the army, glory is won at the point of the sword, but at the Bar you must begin to cut your way to fame and fortune with a dinner-knife.* It would form a very curious problem for solution to inquire how much must necessarily be eaten as a qualification for the Bar, and whether it might not be allowable for a student to distinguish himself by eating off-hand, in a few sittings, the whole amount of food he is expected to consume in the course of the sixty dinners which, at the rate of three per term during a period of five years, he is expected to devour. I have heard medical students talk of the difficulties of cramming to pass the College or the Hall, but the only cramming necessary for the Bar is of a decidedly festive and agreeable character.

I suspect that the dinners required as a preparation for the Bar were originally designed to accustom the student to those tremendous Digests with which he must, in time, become familiar. An old punster, now happily deceased, hazarded the wretched conceit that the dinners were rendered imperative by way of hinting to the student that he might, in time, look for his desert; but as the desert never comes, this cannot be said to follow. A later and better authority (myself) is inclined to the opinion, that the dinners are designed to have the same sort of effect upon the legal student as the gaieties into which she plunges before taking leave of the world are intended to have upon the future nun; and that while in her case a last farewell to the busy scenes of life is gone through, the legal martyr is supposed to be bidding a long adieu to his dinners, if he has got nothing but his profession to depend upon.

Having been duly admitted a Member of an Inn of Court, I became entitled to the privilege of going through the process of becoming what Bacon calls "a full man," in a manner far more pleasant than by reading, which he points out as the best method of acquiring the fullness he is so greatly enraptured with. Never shall I forget the delight with which I devoured the first mouthful that was to open my eyes to the mysteries of legal science. As the first course went away, I thought I was getting a glimmering of remainders; and as the captain of the mess carved out a special interest in the moderate-sized whiting for himself, I perceived how each in turn became a mortgagee in possession, and I wondered what would be left for me as tenant in tail of the residue.

It has sometimes occurred to me, what hopeful law students would be met with in those voracious individuals whose performances upon legs of mutton with their vegetable appurtenances are recorded under the not very complimentary heading of "Disgusting Feat" in the newspapers. A cormorant who can get through in an hour as much eating as a student at an Inn of Court is required to accomplish within a year, ought to be looked upon as capable of dispensing with the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* which are recommended to persons of ordinary capacity. By the way, the term "ordinary capacity" is very happily applied, for it is at a series of ordinaries that the foundation of all future legal acquirement is laid.

Though eating is the only operation necessary for coming to the Bar, if the alimentary process is to be continued after the position of a barrister is gained, a great deal of reading in addition to the feeding will be found absolutely indispensable. My reading, previous to my entering on the career of studentship, had been somewhat miscellaneous. I was familiar with *Crusoe*, but had never heard of Cruise, or his *Digest;* and *The Boy's Own Book*, pondered over from the time when I was a mere chit, might be considered my substitute for Chitty's *General Practice*. I knew nothing of the nature of a bond but what I had learned from *Shylock;* and *Othello's* speech to the Senate was, in my opinion, the perfection of pleading, which Mr. Sergeant Stephen, who I always fancied was a military man, had taken for his model.

It was necessary, therefore, that, in the course of reading I was about to commence, I should have a counsellor and guide, and I chose for my guide a counsellor, who, though a junior at the Bar, was a few years my senior. I made an arrangement with this gentleman to read with him, and he kindly offered me the "run of his papers," with the privilege of looking into every case in his chambers. I soon found that the most interesting case was the bookcase, which contained one volume of law to twenty of literature; for amidst a whole set of the *Waverley Novels* there would be found a professional treatise, just to give to the entire lot a learned flavour. My friend was not insensible to appearances, for he had put poor Shakspeare into law calf, to make him look as legal as possible, and the table was loaded with large bundles of paper tied up with red tape, which, as the communications of my instructor became more confidential, I discovered to be dummies. My eye had frequently been caught by the large endorsement—

"With you,
The Attorney-General;"

and I at last ventured to ask when the Attorney-General was coming, or how long he had been gone, for I had never seen any symptoms of that association which was blazoned forth on the brief in the most imposing characters. My learned friend subsequently confessed to me, that the grand combination of talent which the words "*With* you, *the Attorney-General*," disclosed, was a little idea of his own, and was merely meant to illustrate the old proverb that "Union is Strength," in the eyes of such clients as might happen to pay him a visit.

We read together at first very assiduously, and he had succeeded in cramming about half a bushel of Coke down my throat, when I set the example of endeavouring to relieve the dulness of the subject by occasional conversation. I found my friend very ready to follow me into my digressions, and we habitually got from the learning of past times to the more entertaining small talk of the present. This, however, is a subject requiring—like Lord Nelson or the Duke of York—a column at least, to itself, and I will therefore postpone it until the next chapter.

* I take it for granted that my readers are aware of the fact, that the only qualification required for going to the Bar—beyond the payment of the fees—is the sitting down ot a certain number of dinners in the hall of the Inn to which the student has been admitted.

Exotics in Scotland.

We learn from the *Daily News*, that the Caledonian Horticultural Society propose to make "a glass-inclosed winter garden," wherein shall be cultivated "the most rare Exotics:" it will also form "a brumal promenade." Some fine specimens of carrots have already been sent from England, and it is hoped that, "glass-inclosed," they may brave the winter. Turnips, endive, beet-root, and savoys are also to be tried; but we understand—upon the authority of Dr. Lindley himself—that he has great doubts whether the delicacy of these Exotics can survive the rigour of the glazed garden. As lovers of our fellow-creatures, and admirers of vegetables at large, it will afford us satisfaction to find the Doctor mistaken. He, however, gives great hopes that, in a very favourable summer, the currant and the gooseberry might at least leaf.

TYRTÆUS REDIVIVUS;

OR, WAR-SONGS FOR ALL CLASSES.

TYRTÆUS, our readers are doubtless aware, was a blind schoolmaster, whom the Athenians sent to the Spartans in mockery, when the Delphian Oracle bade the latter seek a general from the former. The schoolmaster could not fight, but he could sing; so he took to writing war-songs, so spirited, that they roused the Spartan soldiers to a valour which nothing could resist.

Now *Punch* is a schoolmaster, though not blind. He intends to turn his *bâton* from breaking heads to beating time, and that to a tune calculated to raise British spirits above proof. He tends herewith his volunteer *Little Warbler*, the songs to be set to an accompaniment of drums and fifes, and sung about the streets when the French invade us. Valour will thus be retailed at three yards a penny. As FLETCHER of Saltoun said, "Give us the making of a nation's ballads, and let who will make their laws." As a *coup d'essai*, here is our

WAR-SONG FOR THE UNITED CORPS OF CABMEN.

Be firm upon your stand, boys,
The badge of valour show;
And range along the Strand, boys,
To chaff the advancing foe!
We'll give it to them HANSOM-ly,
Thro' their ranks we'll cut away;
Friends may resist our charges,
But we'll make the Frenchman pay.

Each Cabman, ere he backs a foot,
On the box shall find his bier;
And every gallant Waterman
Shall kick the bucket here.
Then close your ranks, brave comrades,
The onset boldly dare!
Rememb'ring the old proverb,
"Faint heart ne'er won the fare."

WAR-SONG FOR THE PAWNBROKERS.

Come, pledge yourselves, brave Pawnbrokers! your houses, stocks, and wives,
At a tremendous sacrifice to offer up your lives:
The haughty foe with interest pay off at each advance,
And send three balls in answer to every one of France.

Think of the ties of family, remembering that you
If not quite a band of brothers, are a band of uncles true;
Your pledges still are unredeemed, until the foe's in rout:
Then bravely pop away at them, while fire your batteries spout.

Prove 'tis no exaggeration what your customers all say,
That who once falls in your clutches can never get away;
And polish off the foemen, nor of spirit bate a particle,
Till they find Britannia mettle to be quite the genuine article.

WAR-SONG OF THE UNITED TEMPLARS, OR OLD NICK'S OWN.

COME, all you Temple heroes,
Who practise at the Bar,
And teach the French invaders
What British actions are.
Allow of no demurrer,
On the score of funk or fears,
But the Frenchmen show what's the Roe, Doe, Doe,
Of the Temple volunteers.

The sword that Justice carries
She'll lend unto her sons,
When your reports of cases
Yield to reports of guns.
With stern assault and battery,
Come down about their ears,
And they'll run, we know, from the Roe, Doe, Doe,
Of the Temple Volunteers.

If up the Thames they venture,
The Temple's in the way;
There your appearance enter,
And challenge their array.
Once get their nobs in Chancery,
And there they'll stay for years,
Till the costs they know of the Roe, Doe, Doe,
Of the Temple Volunteers.

Give none a *locus standi*
That the Channel ventures o'er,
Arrest them in mesne process—
Eject them from our shore!
Ye still can draw the long-bow,
As at Cressy and Poictiers,
And your skill ye owe to the Roe, Doe, Doe,
Of the Temple Volunteers.

The long bills of our ancestors
You still know how to wield;
Full many a well-fought action
Hath trained you for the field;
And speedy execution
Each rash defendant fears,
When down on the foe, with their Roe, Doe, Doe,
Come the Temple Volunteers.

Hear no plea in abatement
While one foe rests alive;
For, with intent felonious,
By force and arms they strive
Against our Sovereign Lady's peace,
As wilful trespasseres;
As you'll let them know, with the Roe, Doe, Doe,
Of the Temple Volunteers.

GOLDEN GLEANINGS.

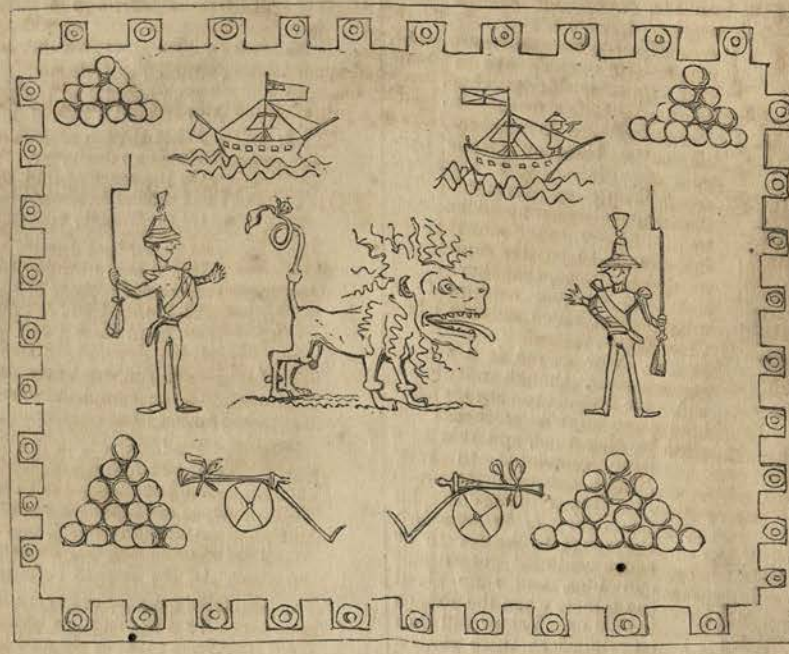
"WE believe," says the *Daily News*, "there is now a probability of a sweeping reform being applied to the ill-managed and expensive establishment called the Mint." We should be very glad to have some of the sweepings of this reform, as Mint-dust, we should imagine, must be valuable. We heard lately of an establishment in which gold and silver are largely used, and of which the proprietors make some £300 a-year out of the washings of their workmen's hands. We would direct the attention of the servants of some of our millionaires to the contents of their masters' wash-hand-basins, which, considering the deal of money that passes through the hands of those capitalists, are, we think, very imprudently thrown away. We would also suggest that the linings of the pockets of the same gentlemen, properly treated, may yield a considerable quantity of the precious metals; and thus, we flatter ourselves, we have opened an entirely new mine of perquisites to their footmen.

How to Ascertain the Depth of Snow.

TAKE a place in a third-class railway carriage, and if it snows very strongly, you will be able to measure, off your own person, the exact depth of snow. Persons fond of this experiment, however, are advised to stand upright, or else the calculation cannot be ascertained with that accuracy which is so necessary for the proper liquidation of scientific problems.

THE FIRST SAMPLER OF THE INVASION.

THE fair spinsters of *Arachne House*, Clapham, have been putting their needles together for the purpose of presenting F.M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON with a beautiful sampler upon the promised invasion. The result is before the reader. We are only sorry we cannot favour him with a view of the gorgeous colours that have been stitched into it to give it every possible richness. The rainbow might borrow a hint from it. TURNER even would be dazzled, and would confess with a sigh that one of his great pictorial riddles looked pale and dingy by the side of it. The cannons, for instance, are pink; the



balls red; and the lion is blushing a violent crimson all over, with the exception of his mane, which is a light green. The Sampler, we believe, has been hung in the gallery of the F.M. at Apsley House. The Duke was heard to exclaim with pathos, when he looked at it, "We'll now proceed to dinner;" and he rang the bell accordingly, and ordered JOHN "to serve up." We give this as a positive fact. The artist of the above Sampler is the drawing-master of *Arachne House*, and we have a particular pleasure in mentioning that his name is BROWN—we mean, JOHN BROWN.

Questions at the Examination for Attorneys.

Hilary Term, 1848.

HAVING met with these questions in the columns of our useful and respectable contemporary the *Legal Observer*, we have taken the liberty of transcribing some of them and placing them in the hands of our learned friend MR. BRIEFLESS, for the purpose of getting answers put to them. He has dashed off, with his usual combination of brilliancy and research, the following responses, which, in the language of a theatrical tag, we hope "all our kynde young friends" will not fail to take a lessson from.

I.—*Preliminary.*

Q. Where did you serve your clerkship?

A. Partly at MR. GRABALL'S, in Clifford's Inn, partly at the Casino, partly in Cremorne Gardens, &c., &c. (*as the case may be*).

Q. Mention some of the law-books which you have read and studied.

A. The *Comic Blackstone*, the *Law of Kindness*, the *Laws of Cricket*, the comic song of *I—A—W law*, &c., &c.

II.—*Common and Statute Law, and Practice of the Courts.*

Q. What do you understand by the words, Common Law?

A. I understand it to be that sort of Law which is so very common as to make it difficult to be kept out of.

Q. How long does a writ of summons remain in force—how may it be continued—and on what days and at what hours can it be served?

A. It remains in force until the would-be server is himself served out, and induced, either by persuasion or the pump, to abandon his mission. It may be continued as long as the plaintiff likes to go on paying for more, when the first has proved ineffectual. The days and hours when it may be served are immaterial, until the requisition, "First catch your man," is complied with.

Q. Explain an appearance according to the statute.

A. When a man is reduced to beggary by the law, and has become so seedy that he is ashamed to be seen, his plight may be called an appearance according to the statute.

Q. How is a distress made for rent?

A. By adding to the distress of the parties who cannot pay their rent, by augmenting their family expenses with the cost of a man in possession.

Q. What is an attachment?

A. The affectionate grasp with which an attorney fastens upon the pocket of his client.

III.—*Conveyancing.*

Q. What is equity of redemption?

A. The privilege of taking a hat out of pledge, or rescuing your mother's flat-iron from the custody of your uncle.

Q. How are copyhold estates usually alienated?

A. By being melted away in litigation, and falling into the hands of the lawyers.

Q. How is an estate in coparcenery created? and what persons are usually coparceners?

A. An estate in coparcenery is created when four friends enter a coffee-house and call for one cup of coffee with four saucers, when the coffee at once becomes an estate in coparcenery. Some authorities have held that two clergymen officiating in the same parish are co-parcen-ers. (*Oh!*)

Q. A. conveys by bargain and sale a fee-simple estate to B. and his heirs to the use of C. and his heirs. What estates, legal or equitable, do B. and C. respectively take?

A. What they can get after the lawyers have done with the property. The old rule is, that the former take each a shell, and the latter the oyster.

GALLIPOT COMPANIONS.

AT a festival held last week at Caius College, Cambridge, in celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the foundation of that seat of learning, after the usual loyal and other toasts, the REV. J. J. SMITH proposed "Physic," and, strange as it may seem that such a thing should have been done at a convivial meeting, Physic was actually drunk by the company. In what terms MR. SMITH'S speech was couched, we do not know; perhaps they were some such as these—"Gentlemen, allow me to propose you a toast. When I mention health, you will all admit that I allude to the greatest of sublunary blessings. I am sure, then, you will agree with me that we are all more or less interested in the toast I am about to propose. I beg pardon, gentlemen, I should rather say to prescribe. Gentlemen, with a view to our better healths, if you please, we'll drink Physic; and much good may it do us." Had any vocalists been present, one of them might, or would, or could, or should have obliged the company with an appropriate song; as, for instance, with the following:—

A bumper of febrifuge fill fill for me;
Give those who prefer it black draught;
But whatever the dose, it a strong one must be,
Though our last dose to-night shall be quaff'd.
And while Influenza attacks high and low,
And man's queerest feelings oppress him,
Mouths-making, nose-holding, round, round let it go,
Drink our Physic and Founder—ugh bless him!
U - - - ugh bless him!
U - - - u - - - ugh bless him!
Mouths-making, nose-holding, round, round let it go,
Drink our Phy-y-y-sic and Founder—ugh bless him!

FRENCH DICTATION.

UDGING from the French oracles—we mean, curiously enough, the French newspapers—it would appear that ABD-EL-KADER has written a letter to LOUIS-PHILIPPE, in which he declares "he completely submits to France, and will accept, with gratitude, all that the king may decide as to his fate." We doubted this submission, firstly, from its extraordinary rapidity; and secondly, from the incredible fact of the Arab Chieftain's resigning himself to LOUIS-PHILIPPE's generosity,—an absurdity which must have been clearly invented with a view of libelling poor ABD-EL-KADER, and making the Desert Hawk appear a Goose. We have looked into this letter, and find that, true enough, one was written; but very different to the one that was sent. The real facts are, that a French officer happened to look in at the cell in which ABD-EL-KADER is confined, at the very time that he was dictating his letter, and took the liberty to make a few corrections. We give the two letters; the Emir's being in Italics, the officer's corrections being left plain, purposely to speak for themselves.

"*Faithless Son of a Dog.* Beloved Monarch. *Mayst thou be mangled by the scythe of* MONKIR, *and pounded by the mace of* NEKIR, *a thousand years!* Mayst thou live, O king, for ever! *May thou and thy sons* (*particularly the* DUKE D'AUMALE) *eat dirt!* May the fullness of the earth be the portion of thee and thine! *Thou hast broken thy promise to the Desert Hawk.* Thy word is as true as the Book of the Prophet. *Thy faith was pledged that I should depart to Alexandria in peace.* Thou hast granted me a refuge in the land of the *tricolor*, in the bosom of a great nation. *Thrice long-eared jackass was* ABD-EL-KADER, *that ever he trusted in the Son of Egalité!* I did well to confide in the offspring of a noble Sire! *Let me begone, base eater of thy words, to the land of my choice.* Vouchsafe, great king, that thy servant may abide in France, and nestle beneath the shadow of thy royal wing.

"*Thy enemy unto death,*
"Thy faithful subject and bondman, } ABD-EL-KADER."

Here the officer took the Arab chieftain's hand, and guiding it, made him apply his signature to his corrections. The Emir's letter was destroyed, the amended one only sent to LOUIS-PHILIPPE. Such is the power of French dictation!

THE DECENCIES OF LIFE—IN THE ARMY.

IT is high time that we should cease to apply the term private, to a soldier in the ranks; for if there is any one comfort enjoyed by our common soldiery, it is certainly not that of privacy. At the inquest lately held at Leeds on the body of MARGARET GARRARD, a soldier's wife, who was shot at Leeds Barracks by MICHAEL STOKES, one of her husband's comrades, a very striking proof of this assertion transpired in the course of the evidence.

"WILLIAM GARRARD, the husband of the deceased, said—'I am a private in the 57th Regiment. MICHAEL STOKES is a private in the same regiment. Since we have been in Leeds, STOKES has slept in the same room with me and my wife.'"

Speaking of *Sir John Falstaff*, "How doth the good knight?" asks *Justice Shallow* of *Bardolph*. "May I ask how my lady his wife doth?" "Sir, pardon," answers *Bardolph*; "a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife." Assuredly, a soldier with a wife cannot be worse "accommodated" than he appears to be in the British Army. A *bivouac* must be a paradise in comparison with the dormitory of WILLIAM and MARGARET GARRARD at Leeds. The cold night-air and frozen dew are physically unpleasant; but they are not abhorrent and revolting to the moral sense.

We believe it is one of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON's aphorisms, that "a man who is particular about religion has no business to be a soldier." It would seem that a regard for common decency, a state of feeling above that of an animal, are equally incompatible with the military profession. Otherwise, the married soldier could never endure such "accommodations" as those provided for him at Leeds Barracks; and, what is more to the purpose, they would never have been permitted by those in authority over him. WILLIAM GARRARD, we observe, wore a stripe, by way of distinction as a "good-conduct man."

As a reward for his good conduct, we presume, he was allowed to marry; and being married, to be thus "accommodated with a wife." How long would such a state of things be tolerated in Officers' quarters? Or rather, how much longer will Head-quarters permit its existence? If it is really expedient to degrade and brutalise the soldier, well and good. Revive flogging, and continue a regulation which is even better calculated to effect that purpose; or else let his back and his feelings too be defended from laceration. Great pains are taken to make him hold up his head like a man. Put an end to a system which, treating him as a brute, seems intended to reduce him to grovel on all-fours.

FORTIFICATIONS FOR THE INTERIOR.

AIR—"*Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England!*"

THEY talk a vast deal of defending our shore;
Our interior requires to be fortified more
With what gave such strength to our fathers of yore,
Oh, the roast beef of Old England,
And oh, the Old English Roast Beef!

For what are a nation's defences, indeed?
The muscle, the bone, and the blood of its breed:
And therefore, on what ought the people to feed?
Oh, the roast beef of Old England,
And oh, the Old English Roast Beef!

Though bastions and bulwarks to raise may be wise,
'Tis on men, after all, that a country relies;
And what gives men stamina, courage, and size?
Oh, the roast beef of Old England,
And oh, the Old English Roast Beef!

Our old walls of wood are superb in their kind.
But, our outer with inner protection combined,
With sound belly-timber we ought to be lined.
Oh, the roast beef of Old England,
And oh, the Old English Roast Beef!

Then, if we 'd make sure all invaders to beat,
We should find our poor people in plenty of meat,
And beef, above all things, is what they should eat.
Oh, the roast beef of Old England,
And oh, the Old English Boast Beef!

What follows is clear as the noon-day so bright,
That to keep up their pluck we should feed them aright,
And train them on beef if we mean them to fight.
Oh, the roast beef of Old England,
And oh, the Old English Roast Beef!

Thus, though with our neighbours we never may jar,
Some good will arise from provisions for war,
Of which good roast beef is the primest by far.
Oh, the roast beef of Old England,
And oh, the Old English Roast Beef!

OBITUARY.

WE regret to have to announce the death of the Great Elephant, late in the service of MR. GEORGE WOMBWELL, in whose travelling carriage he expired suddenly, on Friday, the 14th ult., at Norwich. We understand the nature of his complaint was elephantiasis—a disease apparently peculiar to his family; and, in his case, its progress was, it is thought, materially accelerated by the excitement of his recent presentation at Court, which, at his advanced age, 85, was likely to affect the strongest constitution. His physical powers continued, however, unimpaired until within a short time of his death; while his mental, we have reason to suppose, were neither less nor greater than formerly. Upon the melancholy event being ascertained, a search was made for his will; but his trunk and other moveables being examined without success, it was presumed he had died intestate. His personal effects—or remains—were therefore distributed among his carnivorous next of kin; while the estate in tail, of which he died seised, will, in all probability, revert to his maternal ancestor—the Earth.

Geese on the Serpentine.

DURING the late severe weather, in addition to the valuable collection of aquatic birds, large numbers of wild-fowl have made their appearance on the Serpentine—a phenomenon which is the well-known indication of a hard winter. The audacity (not to say foolhardiness) of these birds in venturing upon the most dangerous situations on the ice, is most extraordinary. They belong to the Goose species, and constitute that variety of it called, in scientific phraseology, *Bipes implumis*.

"Wo—Mare! Hang it!—anything in reason I dont mind; but, as a Father of a Family, I don't feel justified in going at such a Gate as that!"

ALSATIA RESTORED.

There is an awful Nemesis who hovers over the Domain of Law, and those who practise therein. She has last week interposed her terrors between the Temple and the officials of the County Courts. She stands on the threshold of the sanctuary of Dear Law, and says to Cheap Law, "Enter not. *Procul, O procul este, profani!*"

The Temple, to drop the aid of metaphor and Lemprière, has been declared to be exempt from the jurisdiction of the County Courts Act. Mr. Dunup may get credit right and left, if he can, to any amount below £20, and snap his fingers at law, as law has hitherto snapped her fingers at him, unless his creditors are frantic enough to venture into a superior Court.

Are we not right to call this the work of a Legal Nemesis. Cheap Law may triumph everywhere else; but her arm falls powerless in the Temple, as evil spirits are paralysed on consecrated ground.

The old Alsatia is revived in the Temple. London can still boast one Debtors' Sanctuary and Duns' Domdaniel. Not even that most persevering of creditors, the *Duns Scotus* or Scotch Dun, who has won a name in history for his subtlety and acuteness, can penetrate within those walls, unless at an expense which, as an economist, he is certain not to risk.

Since the above fact has been made known, Mr. Dunup has flung open his outer door. The deceitful ticket, "At Westminster," or "In Judge's Chambers," or "On Circuit," has been taken down, and our eyes are no longer saluted by the apparition of that persevering tradesman who used to be seen seated in his garden-chair for hours on the landing in front of Mr. Dunup's inhospitable "oak," grimly taking his meals there, out of a basin brought by his children. There is only one thing to be apprehended, the total stoppage of credit to the numerous family of the Dunups. We need not say that such an event would be even worse than a stoppage of credit in the commercial world. The panic, however, is as yet, we are happy to say, confined to creditors. Mr. Dunup may be said to be whitewashed, and exults in the fact. The sanguine young man forgets that the whitewash only conceals an appalling nudity. It is true he need not now dread his old creditors, but he cannot possibly create any new ones.

OUR NATIVE LANGUAGE IN DANGER OF INVASION!

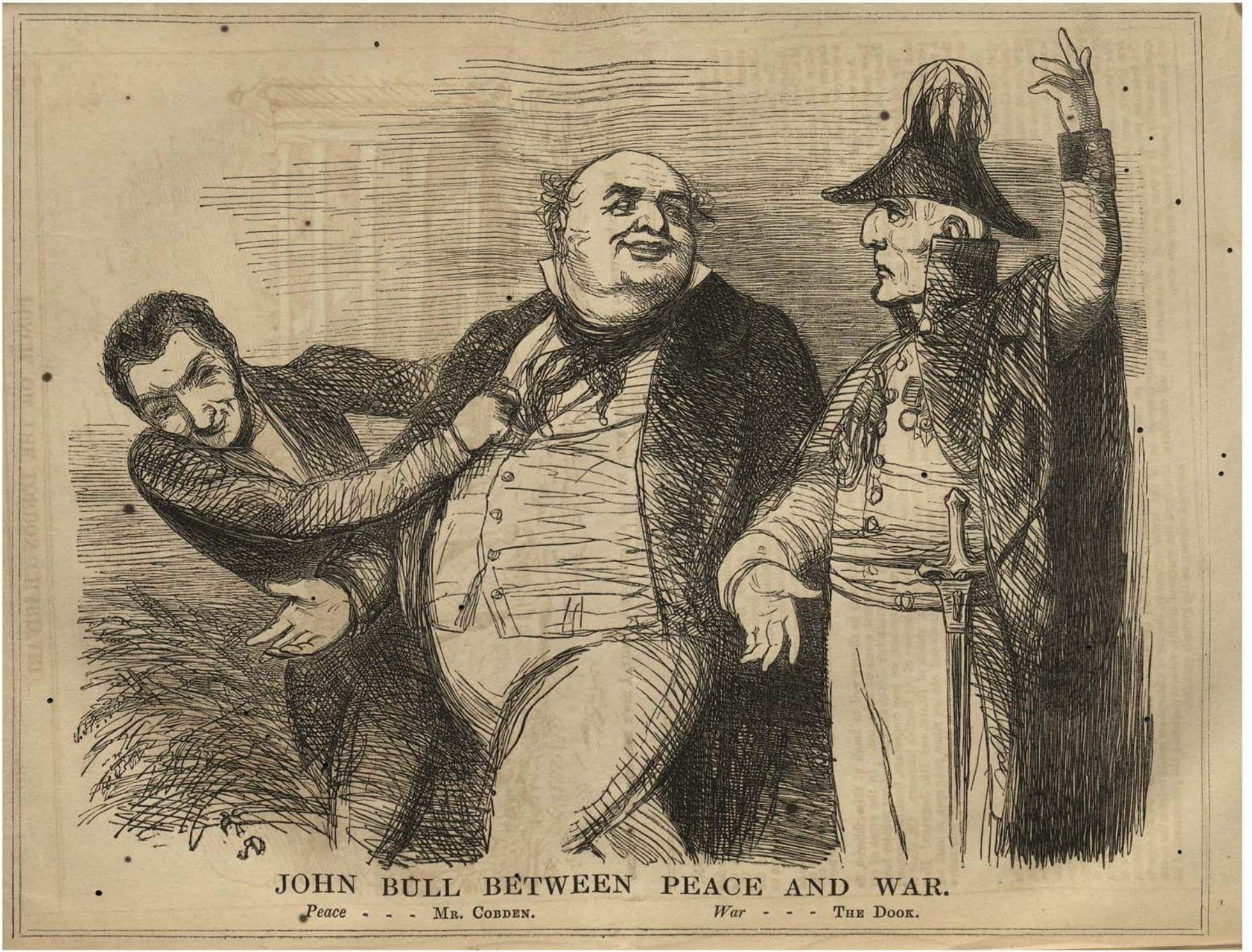
Many persons have complained that they could see no fun in the late lengthy proceedings in the Court of Queen's Bench relative to the confirmation of Dr. Hampden. We do not agree with them. We think some of the English-French, or French-English, quoted in the pleadings, exceedingly droll. We subjoin a specimen of the jargon to which we have alluded:—

"Et Mountague dit que ceo letter le Roy ne fuit authority; mes signification del pleasure le Roy. Fletcher ne est question, et ceo fuit grant del auter part, que Roy poit fayre evesque sans election del deane et chap. per que Bale est bon evesque. Et le Court teigne ceo cleere, et ne voyle ceo traver in question, care est prerogative le Roy in cest part."

But, although it may be all very well to laugh at this gibberish, its perusal may also suggest a serious reflection. In the event of our being invaded by Joinville the Conqueror, and of our country being reduced to a French province, we may conjecture, from the foregoing horrible stuff, what will become of our English language. Oh, shade of Lindley Murray! Oh, ghosts of Blair and Dr. Johnson! How happy are ye in being ghosts and shades, since your eyes, at least, are for ever secure from beholding so horrible a corruption of your native tongue!

The Use of Chloroform.

We think that this valuable invention is too much limited in its application, for there are thousands of circumstances of every-day life, in which, if insensibility could be produced, the good effect would be obvious. It is not everybody who stands in need of a surgical operation, and the restriction of Chloroform to matters of the kind is consequently a great curtailment of the advantages of the new discovery. We are sure that if Chloroform were always sold with new boots, it would greatly add to the comfort of trying them on; and "Chloroform for easy shaving" would be a popular announcement in the window of any barber. In schools where the antiquated practice of flagellation still prevails, if it is only the warning and disgrace that are the objects of the brutal ceremony, the use of Chloroform would redeem the operation from the charge of cruelty, without depriving the punishment of its assumed efficacy on the grounds specified.



JOHN BULL BETWEEN PEACE AND WAR.

Peace - - - Mr. Cobden. *War* - - - The Dook.

A MODEL GOVERNESS.

ESPECTABLY connected, young, accomplished, but poor, is the Model Governess. She closes the door against all acquaintances and relations the moment she enters her situation, and as for friends, she loses them all—forgets in time the very name of one; for who ever heard of a Governess with friends? She never goes out, and is allowed no visitors. To be perfect, she should be ugly. Woe betide her, if she be pretty! The mother suspects her, the young ladies hate her, and even the ladies'-maid cannot "abide her." Her beauty only exposes her to compliments and attentions from the guests, and this makes the young ladies all the more jealous, and the mother all the more irate against her. The young gentlemen of the house, also, persist in flirting with her, and this rouses the suspicions and sneers of the old gentleman. He accuses her of making love, of "laying traps" for his sons, and of being "an artful, designing thing."

She bears all without a murmur, and never retorts. It is her sad situation to be always suspected. A letter cannot come to her by the post, but it instantly raises a storm of uncharitable surmises—in fact, anything like a correspondence is highly improper, and forbidden accordingly. Her drawings and paintings elicit loud encomiums, but they are all showered on the young ladies, who have put their initials in the corner: the Model Governess is not thought of, much less praised.

A kind word has such a strange effect upon her that it frequently makes her run up to her room, where she hides herself and cries bitterly, yet joyfully. It is very curious, she is never ill—at least she never confesses to it. Her dress, of course, must be of the very plainest. All light colours are prohibited as strictly as cousins. It is all the better, in fact, if she wears caps. A pair of spectacles, also, enhance the claims of a Model Governess, especially if she is not more than twenty. She must not mind being told once a week that she is eating the "bread of dependence;" and, above all, she must "know her station," though it is rather difficult to say what that station is. It is not the drawing-room, it is not the kitchen, nor is it the young ladies' room. It must be the landing-place.

Children are her especial delight; they tell tales against her, outvie one another in teasing her; play little practical jokes, peculiar to juvenile geniuses, with her work-box and desk. The whole life of the Governess is a living sermon upon the holy text of the forgiveness of injuries. Her amusements are few; for singing cannot be called singing when it is done by command, and dancing is but sorry dancing when you are requested to dance merely to fill up a side-couple. Her accomplishments, however, are manifold, though exercised for the benefit of others.

She is an Encyclopædia in bombazeen, which must be ready to be referred to at a moment's notice by every one in the house upon every possible and impossible science, including the very latest improvements, corrections, and additions that may have taken place in philosophy, poetry, or puddings. She plays the harp, piano, and accordeon; teaches calisthenics and hair-curling; dances the newest fashionable dances, from Bohemia or Abyssinia; understands glove-cleaning and dress-making; is clever at Berlin wool-work; in short, must have every female accomplishment at her fingers' ends. She knows eight or ten languages, but mustn't talk unless spoken to. Her greatest talent should be displayed in listening cleverly. Her sympathy should be all upon one side, like the Irishman's unanimity. She must have no views of her own, but only reflect, like a looking-glass, those of the person who is consulting her. Her whole life is a heritage of petty meannesses. She has not the consideration that is paid to a cook, and very frequently not half the wages that are paid to a housemaid; in fact, the housemaid has the advantage of the two, for she is entitled at least to a month's warning, whereas the poor Governess is often dismissed at a moment's notice. The Model Governess is literally the maid-of-all-work of fashionable society. Ladies, think of your own daughters, and treat her kindly!

OUR IRISH PRIZE BULL.

THE Irish translation of "Union is Strength," runs, "*Divide et impera.*"

"Repeal of the Union" is a monstrous practical Bull; it grew out of a long line of such Bulls, and has produced a numerous progeny, like their parent. Its head-quarters are in Conciliation Hall, so called because those who meet in it are always quarrelling. It embodies itself in an "Association," so called because no two members of it but are dissociated in views and opinions.

The original Repeal Association was a bit of furniture manufactured out of the old seasoned timber of the arch Agitator and his clique, and the green wood of Young Ireland. It naturally warped and cracked in the heat of debate, agitation, and discussion. The cracks were glued, and puttied, and varnished by that King of vampers, the late DANIEL O'CONNELL. The rotten fabric looked very imposing, while glue, putty, and varnish did their office. But a crack is a crack!—It soon widened to a split. The Young Ireland leg came off, one fine morning, after a hotter fire of words than usual. And thenceforward Old Ireland and Young Ireland had each their own Association. There were two original little Dust-pans in the field, each warning the passers by that it had no connection with the spurious shop over the way. The Conciliation Hall concern continued to deal in unredeemed pledges, flummery, tricks, jobs, quirks, quiddets, and quibbles. The Young Ireland establishment paraded the more formidable wares of sedition and violence. MR. JOHN O'CONNELL vainly solicits custom for the original depôt, while JOHN of Tuam bawls at the door, as touter in chief, brazen and brainless, shameless and fluent, as a touter should be. MEAGHER, DUFFY & Co. presided (for some time harmoniously) over the Young Ireland counter, with its imposing array of pikes and blunderbusses, slugs and gunpowder. The two concerns abused each other, of course, and filled their windows with placards, each charging his rival, and late partner, with every crime conceivable by the Irish mind.

And so closes split the first. Young Ireland next gets up a "Confederation," which of course shows the Bull blood in it, by at once breaking to pieces; and this brings about split the second. And lastly, the spirited firm of MEAGHER, DUFFY, MITCHELL, and Brothers, begins to warp and gape, and crack like its predecessors.

And lo, now! the one are three—each with his own prospectus. MR. DUFFY sticks by *The Nation*, MR. MEAGHER invests in *The Southern Reporter*, and MR. MITCHELL, who is by the ears with everybody, and wishes everybody to be by the ears, starts *The United Irishmen*. And so the last of these Bulls is greater than the first.

Thus runs the genealogy of this characteristically-named organ. Old Ireland quarrels with Young Ireland; the Association splits; and *The Nation* grows out of the gap.

Physical force *in posse* quarrels with physical force *in esse; The Nation* is divided, and *The United Irishmen* rises on his Bull out of this split of a split of a split.

We beg to propose to MR. MITCHELL, and any of his friends he may not yet have quarrelled with, this problem—"How many disunited parties are required to make up a United Irishman? The Repealers have certainly repealed one Union—their Union with each other.

THE CUTLER'S LAMENT.

I NEVER wrote up "Skates to sell,"
Trusting to fickle Nature's law,
But—when I'd advertised them well,
And puffed them—it was sure to thaw.
Yes, it was ever thus—the Fates
Seem adverse to the trade in skates.

If a large stock I chanced to buy,
Thinking 'twas likely still to freeze,
Up the thermometer would fly—
All in a day—some ten degrees.
Their presence in my window-pane
Turns ice to mud, and snow to rain.

A Dungeon Keep.

THE French have broken their word, but they keep ABD-EL-KADER. We suppose the one is easier to keep than the other. If they go on, however, at this faithless rate, they will find it easy enough for the future to keep their word, for they will never get a soul to take it.

THE GREAT CLOCK MOVEMENT.

Greenwich Clock, loq. "COME, NO STOPPING—YOU MUST MOVE ON."

THERE has lately been an attempt to heal the melancholy differences existing in the Clock family; and their respectable head at Greenwich has been pointed out to them as a proper example for them all to be guided by. We regret exceedingly that the Clocks of England cannot be made to act all alike, but that, in the eagerness of some to advance themselves, while others hang back, there should be a disagreement of the most serious character amongst them. In fact, it has almost become proverbial that scarcely two are of the same mind, and *quot horlogia tot tempora* will soon be as well established a proverb as *quot homines tot sententiæ*.

We wish the disputatious Clocks, who contradict each other so continually, would recollect and profit by the affecting lines of old DOCTOR WATTS-HIS-NAME, who tells children—and why not Clocks?—that "their little hands were never made" for hostile purposes. We really do not know what to propose with the view of establishing harmony amongst the Clock fraternity. It is said that all the Clocks in England are to be corrected until they conform to the rules observed by that most respectable of all Clocks, who lives in his snug little box at Greenwich; but this wholesale scheme of correction seems to us very difficult of accomplishment. We presume that refractory Clocks found keeping irregular hours, will, after this notice, be sent to the House of Correction in their respective neighbourhoods. We are unable to guess the cause of this very distressing state of things among the Clock tribes, which are enough to drive Old Time out of mind; but if we may hazard an opinion, we should be inclined to say that the wheels within wheels, which complicate the arrangements of all the Clock family, may have something to do with their unhappy divisions.

Contrary Winds.

THE boy—or Professor, as he calls himself—who blows the organ at St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook, has announced his intention of discontinuing that healthy weekly exercise, unless his salary is regularly paid. To use the Professor's own emphatic words, he says "he 's blowed if he blows any longer for nuffin at all." There is a complete panic in the loft in consequence. The organ has been sounded by the vestry, who have been endeavouring to play upon it for their own purposes; but it is evident it will not be a tool, much less an instrument, in their hands. It remains passive under every blow, and will certainly go altogether, if there is no one qualified to stop it. The bellows luckily are quiet.

FALSE REPORTS.

IT is not true that ABD-EL-KADER is engaged by MR. WEBSTER, at the Haymarket, to enact the part of the Invisible Prince, a character he sustained for so long a time on the stage of French politics.

M. JULLIEN, the present lessee of Drury Lane, who has gone away to the North to give promenade concerts, is not the celebrated JULIAN the Apostate spoken of in Roman History.

The MR. BROOKE now acting at the Olympic is not the RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

A Queer File.

WE are continually seeing advertisements for complete sets of old newspapers, and we believe large sums are frequently given for a perfect file of an established paper. Now there is a better plan than this for securing an old newspaper. A person has only to subscribe to a journal for a twelvemonth, and the Post-Office will take very good care that, before the papers reach him, they shall be as old, and as far removed from their original date, as the most greedy antiquarian could wish. There is only one drawback upon this excellent plan, and that is, the papers sometimes never reach the subscriber at all. But this is an accident that will occur, of course, in the worst-regulated Post-Offices.

A TREASURE-TROVE FOR NEWSPAPERS.

OF all the wonders in Natural History that generally take the run of the newspapers during the closing of Parliament, we wonder that no provincial *Herald*, or uncivilised *Chronicle*, in the dangerous solitudes of Ireland, has yet recorded the extraordinary virtues of the Gutta Percha Tree. This is an oversight, which has only to be pointed out, we are sure, to be instantly followed up by a whole Bushy Forest of similar miracles. We make the country press a present of the following paragraph, on condition of their inserting in their paper the name of their generous donor. If we do a charity, we like, at least, to have it acknowledged—or else, where is the use of doing it?

ARBOR *Gutta Percha.—A Genuine Boot-Tree.*

"AN ASTONISHING FACT FOR NATURALISTS.—A gentleman who is strongly imbued with the spirit of experiments—having devoted ten years of his life to the trial whether it is not possible to pickle herrings alive—has just succeeded in introducing into this country the Gutta Percha Tree. He bought a double sole of this 'strange but true' material, and planted it in his little garden, in front of his humble abode in the New Road. What was his astonishment, a few weeks afterwards, to see a Boot-Tree gradually rise out of the fertile soil, and bud with a perfect pair of little children's shoes! These blossomed slowly, and at last bore a most lovely pair of 'strong gent's highlows,' worth at least 5*s.* 6*d.* He naturally cultivated such a valuable branch of Horticulture, and, after watering it daily with a few drops of WARREN'S Blacking, and grafting it with a few slips of French leather, he has achieved a triumph which promises fairly to shut up all the shoemakers' shops, and turn all the cobblers of the kingdom into gardeners.

"This Gutta Percha Tree is at present in full fruit, and presents every specimen of boot, with the exception of the Hessian, which the gentleman (we have his card, so there can be no doubt as to the truth of his statement) says he finds it impossible to rear, probably on account of the difficulty of the tassel. We are at present wearing a pair of Wellingtons gathered from this wonderful Tree, and if we had been measured for them, they could not fit more nicely. Another peculiarity is, that this Tree bears boots 'of all sizes,' from the infant in arms to the father of a family. Every gentleman gifted with a numerous progeny should grow his own Boot-Tree. A specimen has been forwarded to PRINCE ALBERT."—*The United Market-Gardeners' Independent Hammersmith Register.*

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

THOSE jolly old dogs, the Elder Brothers of the Trinity, have determined to turn the statue of NELSON at Yarmouth into a lighthouse. We presume, of course, that the illumination cannot be placed on the top of the figure, for this would infer at once that he was light-headed; and the only mode we see, therefore, of effecting the object in view, is to place a bull's-eye in the hero's belt, after the fashion adopted by our metropolitan policemen. As this would be a little out of character with

the naval costume, we recommend a change at once to the dress of the police force; and a judicious arrangement of the cape on the shoulders, will convert it into a sort of shade above the lanthorn, which will add materially to its powers of reflection.

We hope the Committee of the NELSON Monument in London will take an example from the Yarmouth people, and begin to turn to some use that which will never be acknowledged as an ornament. If NELSON at Charing-Cross could be made to act as a sort of mechanical self-acting time-keeper for all the omnibuses that pass by his base, he would indeed be a valuable acquisition to the metropolis, and he would save the necessity for those rash attempts at taking notes in little memorandum-books, which we constantly see made by men who are pushed about in the most unceremonious manner by the crowds of passengers.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

ELEMENTARY INITIATION INTO THE PRACTICE OF THE COURTS, AND THE HABIT OF TAKING NOTES.

I WAS now regularly installed as a student of the law in the chambers of my forensic friend, a promising junior of five-and-twenty years' standing, who was always understood to be likely some day or other to "come out." I see no reason for concealing his name, which I am sure he will be delighted to see in print; and I therefore announce him at once as MR. BALDERDASH. He was the author of an elaborate treatise on the "Right of Widows to Free Bench," and had written an article in a legal periodical on the "Rise, Progress, Uses, Abuses, Stringencies, and Contingencies, of the Rule to Compute."

MR. BALDERDASH was a constant attendant in Court during Term, and was always present at the sitting of the Court of Exchequer, for the gratification of bowing to their Lordships as they entered.

BALDERDASH had seldom an opportunity of doing more than bowing and shaking his head when the form of going through the Bar was observed; but when it came to his turn to be asked if he had anything to move, he always conveyed his negative in a peculiar manner, intended to imply that his time had not yet come.

BALDERDASH was not, however, at all times silent, and had contrived to make himself a sort of *amicus curiæ* on points of practice connected with the ventilation, lighting, and general construction of the Court. He did not venture on performing the office of *amicus* to their Lordships in any legal difficulty, but if the sun came in their eyes, and made Justice a little more blind than she ought to be, MR. BALDERDASH was always ready with a precedent showing how the inconvenience might be removed. "I recollect, my luds," he would exclaim, "in a case, the other day, of DOE *ex parte* ROE *versus* ROE, on the demise of DOE—a case, by the way, which your ludships will not find in the books—I recollect, I say, my luds, that in that case your ludships had the sun in your ludships' eyes for nearly ten minutes, and on the suggestion of MR. BARON ALDERSON, the rest of your ludships concurring, the usher drew that curtain, and excluded the casual trespasser, by whom your ludships will perceive that I mean the sun." On another occasion, when the gushes of cold air from the ventilating apparatus were very violent, and the Judges were complaining, he submitted to the Court the propriety of calling upon the person who had prepared the original draft. He observed, also, that it came very hard upon him, for he had got a motion-paper to hand in, but, somehow or other, he had been prevented doing so, for the motion paper was carried out of his hands, and got rid of by a side-wind.

I have gone into these particulars because they formed a portion of my legal education; for, having expressed a wish to get an insight into the practice of the Courts, I was invited by MR. BALDERDASH to accompany him occasionally during his attendance in Westminster Hall. He advised me to take copious notes when I had the opportunity, and I therefore did so; but not being skilled in short-hand writing, my note-book presented a strange jumble, for I could only follow the proceedings very slowly, and catch a word or an expression here and there. I was nevertheless advised by MR. BALDERDASH to persevere, "For," said he, "it will all tell in some day or other;" and as it may "tell in" for other students as well as for myself, I give a transcript of the notes I took during one of my morning sittings. I confess I was not able to make much of the notes myself, but perhaps some student more acute than I was may find the following hieroglyphics, for such they now appear to me, "tell in" with some of the other information he has acquired.

NOTE.

Somebody called out "JONES against TOMKINS." A Barrister said MR. SOMEBODY, his leader, was not there. Several Barristers began talking at once. The usher cried out "Silence, pray, silence!" and drowned the voices of them all. The second Judge from the right-hand —I don't know his name—asked if counsel were ready in DOE against SOMEBODY. A Barrister said he was ready. Another Barrister said he was not ready. Five or six Barristers began to talk out loud about the Opera. The usher walked very near to them without looking at them, and roaring out "Silence, pray, silence!" pushed four or five quiet-looking persons back to the rear of the Court. Four Barristers rushed into Court, and said they were all ready in something that had just been struck out of the list. The eldest of the middle Judges said, "Let it be restored." A Barrister began to speak somewhat as follows, as near as I could catch it:—

"May 't ple ye ludships, in this case plaintiff, purchaser—your ludships will see—he replies *de injuriâ*."

Another Counsel interrupting, "My brother is in error; it was *son tort*."

1*st Counsel* (*resuming*). "Well, *son tort*. Here we have a double plea —find in the books—bad for duplicity—COKE lays it down that tenant at will may—"

Other Counsel interrupting. "That 's not the point."

1*st Judge*. "This is a case of ejectment. If tenant had possession—profit by his own wrong—there is nothing in the books—We must refuse your rule."

2*nd Judge*. "Same opinion."

3*rd Judge*. "I'm of—"

4*th Judge*. "I concur with my brothers."

Here loud talking in the Court prevented my continuing my notes or hearing a word of anything; and the four Judges, rising from their seats, retired.

On looking round, I saw MR. BALDERDASH throwing out his arms, with a paper in his hand, and shrieking out something about "Your ludship pleases," when the last Judge, looking round as he quitted the Court, exclaimed, rather angrily, "You can't be heard, Sir; the Court has risen."

Such are the memoranda contained in my note-book of one of my first days of studentship in Westminster Hall. The report reads rather incoherently, but I have no doubt an intelligent student will fill up the gaps in such a manner as to make a most interesting case of ejectment out of the materials my note-book provides. MR. BALDERDASH afterwards told me the argument was a rich display of learning and ingenuity, and the judgment one of the most beautiful pieces of lucid exposition that ever was sent forth from the Bench. It occurred to me to ask myself the question, If this is the sort of jumble my note-book gets into when their Lordships are particularly lucid, what should I be able to make of it if the Judges should happen to be rather obscure, and the argument itself somewhat more elaborate than that which was the subject of my first report?

NEVER SATISFIED.

Old Gent. "GOOD GRACIOUS ME! WHAT WITH ORANGE-PEEL AND SLIDES THERE'S NO PEACE IN THIS LIFE."

SECRETS OF THEATRES.

EVERY Theatre is rushing out with a Secret. The Princess's has a *Sister's Secret*. The Haymarket attracts the Million with a *Wife's Secret;* and the French Plays appeal to all lovers of Secrets with *Le Secret de mon Oncle*. JULLIEN, too, has got *Un Secret*, of some relation or other. The Secrets surely will not stop here. Aunts, grandmothers, godfathers, German cousins, will all be coming out with their respective Secrets. But the only Secrets of the theatrical world are not exactly Family Secrets. We should like to ascertain who it is that orders all the pieces which are performed "By particular and special desire." We should like also to dive into the Secret why *George Barnwell* is played only on Boxing-nights—why on that night more than any other night? We should also be especially pleased in learning the Secret why Clowns, when their dress has been pulled off at the side-wing, rush forward and shout "Here we are!" These are Secrets which no historian of the stage has yet attempted to explain. and yet the subject is well worthy of three volumes. The greatest Secret of all, however, is the taste of the town for seeing actors in female attire. People laugh at seeing a man in petticoats, though for the life of us we never could discover anything funny in it. The Secret is, how any respectable actor can be induced to do it. Probably it is the painful conviction that they cannot support the character of a gentleman, that forces them to try the opposite extreme.

FINERY, DIRT, AND DISEASE.

MR. WAKLEY, as chairman of a Sanitary meeting at the Hanover Square Rooms, convened by the National Philanthropic Association, is reported by the *Times* to have made the following observations:—

"Let any one pass through Regent Street, in the immediate neighbourhood of that meeting, and see the splendid shops in that locality, with the wonderful displays of ingenuity which the windows exhibited. Where were the makers of these goods? In cellars, in garrets, in holes and corners, or places absolutely unfit for the occupation of human beings."

We remember an old saw which reminds young ladies that the silks which invest their fair proportions are merely the "production of a poor worm." We object strongly to all saws which are deficient in the quality of sharpness, and therefore have a poor opinion of the foregoing, which has no cut in it, and has totally failed even to answer the purpose of putting ladies out of conceit with their clothes. A dress is none the worse for being made of silkworms, any more than turnips are for being raised from guano; but it must be unpleasant to the wearers of finery and trinkets to reflect that they were manufactured in the places described by MR. WAKLEY. It detracts from the comfort imparted by a *visite*, to consider that it has been the work of consumptive fingers; it takes the shine out of a bracelet, to think that it has been polished by the hand of Typhus. The idea of going about in fabrics which have been saturated with the reek of courts and alleys; in garments which have been aired in miasma, which perhaps have had infection in them, and which possibly may not yet have it out of them, is anything but agreeable. As the higher classes must, in some way, bear the burdens of the lower, it would be better that they should ameliorate the physical condition of the poor, than continue to carry the consequences of it on their own backs.

THE PAID BILL.

A BALLAD OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

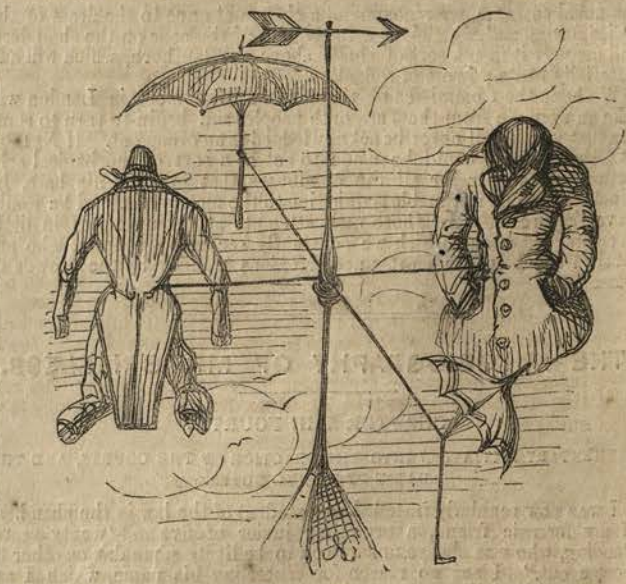
O, FLING not this receipt away,
Given by one who trusted thee;
Mistakes will happen every day
However honest folks may be,
And sad it is, love, twice to pay;
So cast not that receipt away!

Ah, yes; if e'er, in future hours,
When we this bill have all forgot,
They send it in again—Ye powers!—
And swear that we have paid it not—
How sweet to know, on such a day,
We've never cast receipts away!

A VOICE FROM THE WEATHERCOCK.

THE difficulty of understanding the Weathercock has at all times been severely felt by ourselves; but the people at the Royal Exchange have driven us almost to despair by the erection of an arrangement of the most alarmingly hieroglyphical character. We defy any one but the Wizard of the North to tell whether the wind is in that or any other quarter, if he guides himself by nothing but the Royal Exchange Weathercock. There is something pointedly impertinent in the arrow, which seems so ambiguous in its aim, that, as the old poet hath it, "Save the mark" if we can tell what it may be driving at.

However intelligible the odd complication of the Weathercock may be to the initiated, we think the public at large is entitled to some little consideration, and we have therefore to propose the addition of some signs by which the weather may be understood by the ordinary observer, who may be thus enabled to adapt his costume to the changes



there may be reason to anticipate. We can understand the nautical expression of its being about to "blow great guns," which, in the landsman's language, would be interpreted into "blowing great coats," and this state of the wind could easily be indicated by a dreadnought appended to one of the arms of the Weathercock. The gentle zephyr could be appropriately shown by a four-and-ninepenny gossamer; or a pair of "summer pants." would perhaps be still more appropriate to its delicate pantings. For rainy and sunny quarters, there ought to be an umbrella and a parasol, which would complete the four quarters to which the wind is in the habit of veering.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1848.

THE WEAR AND TEAR OF TREATIES.

THE Gallic Cock lately has been behaving in a sad dunghill fashion, trampling upon treaties as if they were so much dirt, and tearing promises to rags and tatters, just as if each one of them was nothing better than the *Charte*. However, he struts about none the less proudly for it, and crows just as lustily as ever. If anything, he is proud of what he has done. Cocks, proverbially, have no regard for jewels. ÆSOP, and other historians who have dealt in fables, have proved this Cockish indifference for what is bright and peerless. Now, a good name is a jewel. Fair play is a jewel. Honour is another, though it is one but rarely found in a king's crown. These jewels, however, possess but little charm in the eyes of the Gallic Cock. He picks them up, keeps them suspended for a while, wonders what they can be, and then drops them in the mud, as things too worthless to retain. The treaty with ABD-EL-KADER has been thrown aside exactly in this fashion. At the next sale of Unredeemed Pledges by MACHIN and DEBENHAM, we should not wonder to see figure amongst the "very rare" Lots, "THE WORD OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE TO ABD-EL-KADER." What pawnbroker, however, would be rash enough to advance ever so little upon it, unless to sell it again amongst little bits of cracked china, the great value of which seems to consist in proportion to the number of pieces into which it is broken. If kings were obliged, like certain servants, "to pay for everything they broke," no fortune, not even that of LOUIS-PHILIPPE in American banks, could possibly stand the outlay!

Tuam's Dustman.

"THE only legitimate Dustmen" is a legend surrounding a medal shown at Christmas time by certain scavengers. We propose that the curate of St. Jarlath's be recompensed by Conciliation Hall with a similar piece of plate. DR. M'HALE was in arrears of his poors-rates. He was scandalously abused for the default; when lo! his curate—the curate of St. Jarlath—comes forward and takes the blame upon himself. "The payment had been left to him, and he had forgotten it." And, after this apology, DR. M'HALE stands sweet and clean in the nostril and eye of the world! And after *this* apology, ought not the curate's medal to bear the words "Scavenger and Dustman to the ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM?" For has he not cleaned the lion of his dirt, by coming down with the dust?

"Respectability" in Ireland.

A WRITER in the *Dublin Evening Packet* says of the late MR. WALDRON:—

"The deceased has been some time on his keeping to avoid arrest, and though an improvident, he was *a highly-respectable gentleman* of good fortune, but by no means remarkable for his observance of *law or good morals.*"

High respectability (in Ireland) consists in being above the law, and out of sight of good morals.

A HINT FOR THE COURT NEWSMAN.

EVERYBODY knows for whom the *Court Circular* is concocted. The domestic details of Royalty are devoured by old maids in the country. While the merchant dives into the records of the Sharemarket, and the shopkeeper skims the list of prices, the ancient virginity of our villages stirs the tea, puts on the spectacles, and settles down to enjoy its bit of regal gossip.

Now all this is highly proper. *Punch* does not quarrel with the newspapers for printing intelligence so pleasant to their readers. *Punch* is not angry with the maiden aunts for being greedy of this news; and, supposing a number of rural females to pant daily for such information, *Punch* sees no reason why the penny-a-liners should not recount how many men per diem go through Temple Bar carrying umbrellas, and the colour of the whiskers of each of them. But what *Punch* is dissatisfied with, is the meagreness of the particulars inserted in the *Court Circular*. So incomplete, indeed, are some accounts, that one might almost while reading them, begin to imagine that Kings and Queens eat, sleep, and walk about just like other mortals; whereas, the most ordinary day at the Palace, when properly chronicled, is replete with interest, especially to juveniles, whose notions are derived from the popular ballad, in which it is remarked that "the king was in his chamber counting out his money." The youthful mind would glow with loyalty were but the pomps of monarchy properly delineated; and why not then have

PUNCH'S COURT CIRCULAR.

Windsor, February 30.

THE QUEEN and her Royal Consort took an early walk this morning. HER MAJESTY was attired in her usual walking costume, wearing the train of royal purple and the British crown, and carrying the sceptre and golden ball. The Prince wore a field-marshal's uniform beneath his robes as Chancellor of Cambridge. The royal couple were attended by a squadron of the Scotch Greys, and as HER MAJESTY passed the entrance to the kitchen-garden, the head gardener had the honour of an audience.

After breakfast the Prince Consort enjoyed the sport of shooting in the royal preserves. His Royal Highness duly returned to the Castle for luncheon, at which repast HER MAJESTY and the royal family were present. A magnificent collation was laid out, consisting, as usual, of double-gilt gingerbread and sugarplums coloured after designs of the ancient masters.

In the afternoon, the younger branches of the royal family were taken out for an airing in the state carriage drawn by seventeen horses. The PRINCE OF WALES was habited in the splendid costume attached to the Duchy of Cornwall, remarkable for being wholly composed of tin plates from the mines. The royal infants wore pointed steel boots of the 15th century.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL had the honour of an interview with HER MAJESTY. He was arrayed in his customary court dress, a suit of burnished brass armour, being the costume of a premier of the time of EGBERT. The noble lord remained at the Castle for dinner, which was of the ordinary every-day description, covers being laid for two-hundred-and-fifty, and HER MAJESTY partaking of the banquet sitting on her throne and apparelled in the royal robes.

In the evening the QUEEN inspected a present lately arrived from the Rance of Bungybang for the PRINCE OF WALES. It consisted of a magnificent bedstead and bedding to match; the palliasse and pillows are stuffed with diamonds. HER MAJESTY was graciously pleased to approve of the intention of the heir-apparent to use this article of furniture in future; so that we may announce, on the very highest authority, that the Prince will discard his usual bedstead, the sheets of which are composed of bank-notes. The QUEEN remained up until a late hour in the Treasury rooms, and was employed in counting out the quarter's revenue and the assessed taxes.

"Post" Donkeys.

THE *Post* thus speaks of the Manchester Free Trade meeting. It is very noble, very convincing writing:—

"In this *herd of donkeys*, the bray of the Vice-President of the Board of Trade appears to have been *the longest*, and that of MR. COBDEN was probably *the loudest*. The whole affair was utterly disgraceful to persons walking on two legs and pretending to the exercise of rational faculties."

Well, if MESSRS. GIBSON and COBDEN are condemned by the people of the *Post* as donkeys, they have at least this melancholy satisfaction—they are tried *by their peers*.

ONE MORE USE OF CHLOROFORM.

WE recommend Chloroform to the notice of Poor-Law Guardians, on account of what they will doubtless consider the desirable influence which the substance is capable of exerting on relieving officers—that of rendering them utterly devoid of feeling.

THE COMING COMET.

HERE are few of our readers aware that a Comet is going to visit us this year. He has been due ever since 1556. What he has been doing since that period, our ADAMS and LEVERRIERS do not tell us. He must be very slow in travelling, and we always thought that Comets came quicker than grey hairs or railway misfortunes. Probably he has been taking the round of the zodiac, stopping at every sign, and enjoying himself at every astrological house where there was a drop or a cloud to be had. However, he is on the road at last, and we are to expect him some time this year, though we are not told the precise month. This is awkward, for we should adapt our clothing accordingly; for who would wish to receive a Comet in a great-coat? As for ourselves, if he does come, we think we had rather that he dropt in upon us in winter than in summer. This cold weather is just the thing for him. We might dispense with coals, and butchers would be able to sell their joints ready cooked; but a Comet in the dog-days really would be a little too much. Persons would be flocking to Vesuvius for a cool spot; salamanders even would complain of the heat; and the Oriental Club would be obliged to dispense with its usual allowance of Cayenne pepper.

It seems that this great Comet is to be the *avant-courier* to announce the arrival of some tremendous person. He is only a special engine sent on in advance to tell us to look out for a long train of events more or less filled with accidents. We do not believe a word of this; the same thing was said of the "Coming Man." He was to set all Europe in a blaze, and yet his shadow has not been seen up to the present moment, though the longest-sighted politicians have been looking out for him for years with their mental telescopes, and advertising and shouting for him everywhere. It will be time enough to run when the Comet comes, like LORD ELLESMERE when the French invade us—till then, we shall believe in the one as much as the other.

If the Comet stops amongst us, we hope to goodness he will take up his residence in Trafalgar Square. We know of no better place for him. He could quench his thirst with the two little basins—just a sip, a nice morning drain for him—and he could exercise himself by running up and down the Nelson Column. It would be refreshing, also, to see how much the place was improved after his visit. In this way the Comet may turn out to be the greatest architect London has ever had since the Great Fire of London. If he comes in this light, we will be the first to shout Welcome! and to hold up his tail. Till this happy advent, we promise to keep an eye, mental as well as bodily, upon his movements, and to give our readers the very earliest information of his expected arrival, besides a long Catalogue *Raisonnée* of what the Comet will do, and what he will not do. In the mean time, we do not mind saying—"LOUIS-PHILIPPE, beware!"

INGLIS—CHURCH—CONSTITUTION.

WE were surprised and more than equally delighted, on the re-assembling of Parliament, to see SIR ROBERT INGLIS in the enjoyment of excellent health. We had been led to expect the reverse. It was currently reported among the Clubs (where *do* people expect to go who circulate such rumours?) that SIR ROBERT was so oppressed by the conviction that the Church was gone the moment a Jew trod the floor of the Commons, that his frank and happy spirits had sunk, and his health visibly declined. With the full belief that the Church was annihilated, and that the earth would open somewhere near the Minories—so soon as BARON ROTHSCHILD should take his seat—it was confidently reported that SIR ROBERT had refused all food (save and except the thinnest ham sandwich per diem), in the conviction that England was no longer worth living in. Another rumour declared that SIR ROBERT'S hatter had received orders to fit the worthy baronet's beaver with a small bag of ashes; and another averred that SIR ROBERT'S tailor had measured him for a suit of sackcloth, with a fancy horse-hair waistcoat!

What is our happiness, then, to give these more than idle, these malignant reports, the most vehement contradiction? SIR ROBERT, on the opening of Parliament, never looked better, blither. It is true he presented petitions from several places, both against the Jews and the Catholics; but his hand did not tremble; his lip did not quiver; he did not, by any gesture, betray the anxiety of a son with his mother Church in danger—the grief of a patriot, with the Constitution of his country about to fall to pieces.

There can be no doubt that, directly ROTHSCHILD takes his seat, the whole country will go with a crash. Nevertheless, like some late idlers on the Serpentine, SIR ROBERT walks and smiles, albeit the Constitution—like yielding ice—is cracking under him.

THE BEADLE'S DREAM.

I HAD a beat whereon the laziest brute
Might find repose,
A pound a week and every year a suit
Of bran-new clothes;
A brass-nobb'd cane, a hat with gold-laced band
Of breadth extreme,
A coat whose capes were numerous and grand.
It was a dream!

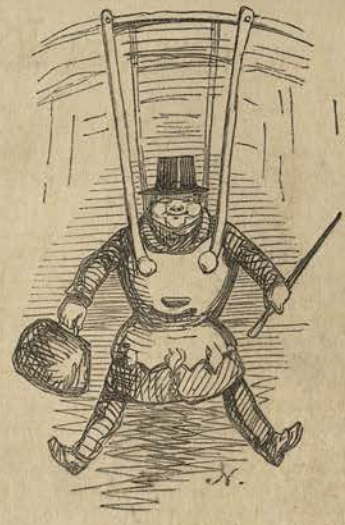
I had a seat on which to blow a cloud,
A corner snug;
A daily pint of half-and-half allow'd,
In your own jug.
My dinner in a basin brought each day;
And, joy supreme!
For beating mats and carpets *extra* pay.
It was a dream!

THE MODEL SPONGE.

As the dinner-hour strikes, the Sponge knocks at the door. Sometimes he brings a bag of filberts with him. The host thanks him, and produces sundry bottles of his best port. Sometimes he sends a hare. He knows that the first rule of society is, that whoever sends a hare is necessarily invited to dinner. Sometimes it is a box for the play. The result is always the same. The Sponge knows all the secret springs of the heart and the stomach (they too frequently lodge together), which, ever so slightly touched upon, draw out a gratuitous dinner. His conversation, too, is got up as neatly as himself. His fronts are richer than those of Regent Street. His jokes, also, are beautifully dressed. His scandal (for the ladies) is always of the newest cut, and his anecdotes fit as if they had been measured expressly for the company. He leaves early. He has a tea in the neighbourhood—a dear friend who is ill. He does not stop long, however, for he recollects he knows a hot supper just close by. He carves—his manœuvres with the knife and fork exercise, in fact, are perfect—helps everybody to a wing, and a nicety, and does not forget the old proverb which says, that he who wishes to be helped in this world must, first of all, help himself. He goes home with a stranger, and breakfasts with him. He remembers, however, about two o'clock, that he has business in the City. His visit occurs, curiously enough, just at luncheon time. He is invited "to pick a bone," and devours a chicken. "The air of the City is so bracing." His appetite is most accommodating. Its range seems to exceed even that of SOYER'S kitchen at the Reform Club. He likes everything. Cold meat does not daunt him. A large family does not terrify him. Saturday, however, is the day of the week he likes the least. It is the day of hashes, of make-shifts, of pickles, bread-pudding, and liver and bacon. Sunday is his grand day, but he gives the preference of his society to those houses which do not involve a walk, or a cab, or an omnibus home. At his own house he is—but here we must drop the Sponge, for we would not go home with him for any price. We cannot fancy a Sponge sponging upon himself; the sight would be awful. To be properly appreciated, the Sponge must be seen at other persons' tables. He is the gentleman-greengrocer who attends dinners, and waits at evening-parties without the fee.

THE ELASTIC BABY-JUMPER.

All the babies are up in arms at the new machine called the Baby Jumper, in which every parent may "swing up a child in the way he should go," or suspend him by a hook in the ceiling to keep him out of mischief. We, however, do not see why the infant population should enjoy the exclusive privilege or penalty—whichever it may be—of getting themselves into full swing by means of the new apparatus, which might, we think, be applied with advantage to a variety of purposes. To the chairman at a public meeting, the Baby Jumper would be of infinite service, for it would enable him to advance into the midst of the assembly from time to time; and it would also place him in an appropriate position as a person presiding over a multitude, for he could be suspended above their heads by means of the new invention. As a method for facilitating the embarking or disembarking of steam-boat passengers, the Baby Jumper would be found of great value at the various wharves, and would obviate the risk run by the public in taking those terrific leaps that are sometimes necessary in the hurried transit between the shore and the steam-boat.



Arithmetical Questions.

Smith makes Brown (of Hampstead) the following bet. That he (B.) will not find a single man in his senses to accomplish the following task:—To read the debates through, House of Lords and all, regularly every day, and to state at the end of the session what he recollects about them. The papers are to be supplied to him gratuitously, and he is to be allowed to skip the speeches of the Irish Members. What chance has Brown of winning? and express the result, if any, in vulgar fractions.

Given, the Bill for Sanitary Reform. Required, to find the clause that relates to the City of London.

If Bellamy cooks 50 chops, 23 steaks, and sells 29 tumblers of mixed punch, whilst Mr. Hudson is addressing the House, how many does he sell when Mr. Joseph Hume is speaking?

Calculate the number of times that Mr. Brotherton has moved the adjournment of the debates at twelve o'clock.

State the difference between a speech and an argument.

State the number of useful measures which have been carried by Parliament before they had been previously agitated outside the House.

If it takes an able-bodied man an hour and a half to walk from Aldgate Pump to the Man-in-the-Moon at Chelsea, how long would it take him to get through one of Dr. M'Hale's letters; and do you think he would do it any the quicker if he took a cab?

Which is the greater, the distance between Bath and Jericho, or Lord Brougham and the Whigs?

How many speeches are requisite to carry a measure?

State as nearly as you can the number of persons who read the papers and blue-books that are ordered to be printed; and tell us how often a Stilton cheese that weighs 23*lbs.* 10*oz.* will go into one of the latter.

If 19*s.* 6¾*d.* is deducted from the National Debt one year, and £2,000,000 added to it the next, and these additions and corrections are repeated for fifty years, how long will it take before the National Debt is paid off?

Given: The Committee's Report on the Game Laws.—Required: To find the result of it.

The Arms of the See of Manchester.

The College of Arms has done the handsome thing by the new Bishop of Manchester, and has fitted him up with a very significant article. As the Arms have been altogether falsely described by our contemporaries, we are the more earnest that the error should be corrected. The Arms may be thus technically described: "*Or* on a pale of spikes," (to show how difficult it sometimes may be to climb into a bishopric); "three mitres of Brummagem proper," (showing that episcopacy is altogether above gold); "a cotton pod," (to mark humility; for, whereas all other Bishops wear lawn sleeves, the Bishop of Manchester will always appear in calico); and "a square shield, charged with a factory chimney proper, with this motto—*Ex fumo dare gingham.*"

SICILIAN PRESENTS.

Leigh Hunt at Christmas gave the world a delicious *Jar of Honey* from Sicily. The Sicilians have evidently taken the hint; and, sinking the honey, have presented their monarch with a *Jar of Whacks.* (Oh!)

GRAND DISCOVERY.—IRELAND'S REAL DISORDER.

At last it has been discovered what is the matter with Ireland. It has long been felt that the Irish people are unable to take care of themselves. Everybody has perceived that there must be something odd about a nation which allows one of the finest countries in the world to run to waste. We must all have remarked a certain strangeness in a population which, whilst labouring under the severest distress, has contrived to subscribe, on an average, some hundred pounds a-week to the Repeal rent. A peculiar incoherence has always characterised the eloquence of Irish agitators. Their persistency in ignoring the grant of ten millions, and railing against the British Government for its apathy towards their countrymen, must have been viewed as an excessive singularity. In short, most of us must have at times suspected that the Irish were out of their wits. All doubt on this subject has now been dispelled by their own leading journal, the *Nation.* Our contemporary, in a recent article, after stating that "the Navan Board of Guardians, like true men, have taken land, and are resolved to sustain their poor by the free work of their own hands," thus proceeds:—

"In urging on the Guardians of the poor the necessity of making exertions of this kind to save the lives delivered into their keeping, we omitted to mention the fact that the lunatic asylums of Limerick, Carlow, Maryborough, Dublin and Clonmel, are in a great measure supported by the produce of the industry of the inmates."

All other plans to render the Irish industrious have failed: the discipline of a lunatic asylum has answered. Let the *Nation* vouch for its results:—

"The Clonmel Asylum is really a model in its way, of what an industrial school is, or ought to be. The poor inmates at the asylum *are taught to labour at the lands, to plough, dig, sow, and reap crops,* to weave their own cloth, and to make of this cloth the clothes they wear. *Beautifully laid out grounds, and ornamental plantations,* taken care of by persons who, were they outside the walls, would be unable to take care of themselves."

So now at length we know how to manage Ireland. The truth is, we must put her under proper restraint. We must recall Lord Clarendon, and transfer Dr. Connolly from Hanwell to Dublin Castle. The title of Lord Lieutenant must be exchanged for that of Lord Keeper; that of L.L. for M.D. Physicians, instead of soldiers, must be sent to the disturbed districts, which must be tranquillised, not with powder and ball, but with sedative medicines. Special Commissioners must be Commissioners *de lunatico inquirendo.* The Repeal Association must be put in strait-waistcoats, and the head of John O'Connell must be shaved to begin with, and kept so as long as he continues to ramble about dying on the floor of the House. Archdeacon Laffan must be seen to, and the Lion of the Fold of Judah shut up. The Irish are clearly incapable of managing their own affairs; and the *Nation* has shown how it is possible to manage their affairs for them.

Salt-Petre Enthusiasm.

Mr. Pigou—that tremendous blank-cartridge—denies that he is influenced by a wish to sell his gunpowder, when he presses for national defence. And for this reason:—

"The Ordnance contracts are now conducted with so strict a regard to economy, that it is doubtful if the merchant *gains any advantage from them.* The terms at present are just one-half those of the last war, the materials and labour quite as costly."

Thus the merchant deals, not for money, but for love! Who could have thought there had been such a Christian element in gunpowder?

THE SHADE OF JENKINS IN A PASSION.

HAD we not been recently confirmed in our belief of supernatural visitations by MRS. CROWE'S *Night-side of Nature*, we should nevertheless have felt convinced of a late visit of JENKINS to the office of the *Morning Post*. "JENKINS from the Shades!" This intelligence—though not so written—is, every letter of it, implied in a tremendous leading article hurled at the Italian beggar-boys—the mendicant minstrels. The article has all the strength and elasticity of the footman's cane—all the brilliancy of its gold top. JENKINS never drove a beggar from the door-step—never, borrowing the coachman's whip, "cut behind"—with greater energy than he last week exhibited in the bruising, flagellating article aforesaid.

Next to our admiration of the superhuman force—the more than poetic indignation of the philippic—is our wonder that JENKINS could be made so wroth against Italian minstrelsy, even when reduced to the streets, and keeping company with green monkeys or white mice. But we presume that, in proportion to his protecting admiration of the Italian big boys of HER MAJESTY'S Opera, is his disgust of the little Italian rascals of HER MAJESTY'S streets. LABLACHE'S organ is a thing to worship—little GIACOMO'S grinder a nuisance, to smash! Pointing his snaky forefinger at the Italian vagrants, JENKINS asks, as FESTUS says—in a voice of "buttered thunder"—

"If they think it is not worth their while to work for themselves, pray are we not justified in thinking it not worth *our* while to work for *them*? How can they blame us for not doing for them that which they will not do for themselves? Are we, then, to be *their slaves*?"

There is something thrillingly awful in the interrogation? Something tremendously humiliating in the notion it conveys. "What!" exclaims the shade of JENKINS, speaking for every living Englishman, "will you be no better than the white mice—*sorchi bianchi*—that the *lazzaroni* carry in their cages? Will you be traded upon?" And then he asks, in good bold type, of his old friends the Italian minstrels—

"Are *they* to live in *idleness*, and ease, and *sloth*, a burden to their fellow-creatures, while *we* toil, and sweat, and plan, and *consume at once* the *daily sun* AND *the midnight lamp* for their sustenance and pleasure?"

How grand—indeed, how very, very sublime is this question! Imagine JENKINS "consuming" the daily sun; and, *at once* and the same time, the "midnight lamp;" thus consuming the sun as folks consume a salad—with plenty of oil to it.

The *Morning Post* is famous for its fashionable intelligence; but this—as chronicled by JENKINS—is a most extraordinary movement in high-life; a movement, too, distinguished by wondrous condescension. Only think of the "daily sun" paying a visit to the "midnight lamp!" JENKINS here makes both ends meet as by miracle.

JENKINS CONSUMING THE "DAILY SUN" AND "MIDNIGHT LAMP."

SPLENDID OPENING FOR A YOUNG MEDICAL MAN.

Chairman. "Well, young man. So you wish to be engaged as Parish Doctor?"
Doctor. "Yes, Gentlemen, I am desirous——"
Chairman. "Ah! Exactly. Well—It's understood that your wages—salary I should say—is to be twenty pounds per annum; and you find your own tea and sugar—medicines I mean—and, in fact, make yourself generally useful. If you do your duty, and conduct yourself properly, why—ah—you—ah——"

[*Punch.* "Will probably be bowled out of your situation by some humbug, who will fill it for less money."]

PUNCH'S POEMS OF PARLIAMENT.

"HOW WE GOT RID OF OUR OLD CAPTAIN."

A Tale of the Protectionist Wars.

(*As told by an old Country-party Trooper to his Children*, A.D. 1890.)

REMEMBER it? Right well, I trow, that sorry forty-eight,
The year our famous Captain was forced to quit his state;
I see him yet, girt by the troop, when each face wore a frown,
Brow-beaten but not baffled—cut up, but not cast down.

Aye—LORD GEORGE—he *was* a Captain—why, with his single hand,
'Gainst a battering train of argument, unarm'd, he'd make a stand;
On his good steed, "Native Industry," he'd charge the Leaguer's van,
And if his petronel hung fire, with the butt he'd floor his man.

Then to see him work his great guns—to the muzzle ramming in
Whatever charge came handiest—lead, copper, brass, or tin;
And "Blaze away! my boys," he'd say, as the smoke wax'd hot and thick;
"Only give 'em plenty of it, and I'll warrant some will stick."

And if a piece burnt priming—no matter what was in't,
He'd cry "Blow in her touch-hole, while I down her muzzle squint."
He never cared for the recoil, tho' it floor'd our bombardiers,
Or burst the gun and rattled down the battery 'bout our ears.

When short of shot and powder, he'd cry "Boys, ne'er look blue;
If we can't lay hands upon a fact, we'll make a fiction do!"
Fighting *was* fighting under him; for, egad! one didn't know
If one's firing was more dangerous to one's self, or to the foe.

I remember, as 'twere yesterday, when COBDEN, VILLIERS, BRIGHT,
Drew out the canting crop-eared sons of Free-Trade for the fight.
Till forty-six we had held the knaves pent up in Lancashire,
But at last they gather'd head and march'd upon our lines that year.

We still had laugh'd to scorn their League of prating pamphleteers,
But that PEEL sow'd treason broadcast 'mong our trusty cavaliers:
For four long years he tampered with the Captains of our host,
Till, save LORD GEORGE'S trusty troop, a traitor held each post.

No shame that he and his true men were forced at last to flee,
For, to give the rascal League their due, they laid on lustilie;
And Quaker BRIGHT, in that same fight, down on our rearward bore,
For a man of peace, most marvellous like to a man of war.

But tho' beaten, still we kept the field for that year and the next,
And with many a dashing foray, the crop-eared Leaguers vext;
Our hold was theirs; but many a fort we kept, and castle stout,
Whence the British Lion on our flag blew broad and bravely out.

And the West Indian Interest, breathing vengeance on Free Trade,
Their swart and sallow company beneath our flag array'd,
From their isles of palm and sugar-cane, sons of the buccaneers
To cry, "Stand and deliver!" to their English customeres.

And the sturdy British ship-owner his cutlass keen did draw,
To strike a good stroke for high freights, and the Navigation Law;
And Mother Church she bless'd us, in the name of glebe and tithe,
And our numbers gather'd daily, and our chief look'd bold and blithe.

We had for our Lieutenant one of the tribe of BEN,
Who, in an evil hour to us, for the sword laid down the pen.
We loved him not, though forced to own that none, at point of steel,
In rapier and dagger-fight, so breathed the traitor PEEL.

He led our noble chief astray, unto his foul disgrace,
With talk of Asian Mystery, and the Caucasian race;
Till, Mother Church left in the lurch, from bad to worse he grew,
And held the hand of fellowship out to the unholy Jew.

Oh! wail and woe were ours, I trow, when Protection's noblest son
Shook hands with BARON ROTHSCHILD and SHERIFF SALOMON;
When we heard he'd purchased a buff-coat of MOSES' hated line,
And countermanded leg-of-pork, with his new friends to dine.

"Choose" was the shout, "another out, to lead Protection's band;
Down with this son of BELIAL! We strip him of command.
Our fealty ends! To thy new friends." So out from his true men
Went forth LORD GEORGE, our Captain, and his Lieutenant BEN.

Leave me awhile, my children, I ne'er recall that day
But I forget our cause is lost, and that my head is grey:
He was our chief—the first, the last—where else were we to find
That recklessness of reason, that stableness of mind?

Ours was a desperate cause, I ween, and needed desperate men;
We turn'd our whole ranks over, but found no LORD GEORGE again.
All had their silly scruples, there was none like our lost Lord,
Who ne'er doubted of his weapon, and ne'er knew when he was floor'd.

None that rode o'er facts and figures as *he* was wont to ride;
None that trampled Reason underfoot, when she refused to guide;
None reckless how he damaged friends, so he the foe might stay;
None that from every drubbing but rose up the more gay;

None that could raise an army of statistics cut and dry,
In the cramming of a pamphlet, in the course of a reply;
None that no rebuke could silence, and no exposure shame;
None, in a word, so fit to fight Protection's losing game!

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

WE have all heard of certain wonderful effects of instinct, by which parents and offspring have recognised each other, as if by the intuition of nature, though they have no recollection of meeting before. Many of us have marked the magnificent burst of passionate recognition with which the heavy man at the Surrey has sprung towards the only acknowledged victim of unmerited everything, with a shriek of "My long-lost daughter!" answered by a scream of "My father, who I thought sleeping long ago under the bolster and two pillars of HERCULES, have I found thee at last?" This, in its way, is affecting enough, and we have often been moved by it—out of the theatre where it was going on; but it is not half so pathetic, and scarcely more dramatic than a little incident we heard of as having happened the other day at the steam-hatching establishment of the ingenious MR. CANTELO. A chicken, which had just been brought into existence, was seized with an instinctive consciousness of having been indebted for its birth to steam, and seeing a tea-kettle on the boil upon an adjacent hob, rushed towards it with all the ardent affection of a child for its parent, and, clinging desperately to its spout, refused to be torn away. The kettle, trembling with emotion even to the top of its lid, began singing in tones half of tenderness and half of agony, until it seemed full even to bursting, and, *avec explosion*, as the French dramatists have it, let fall its hot tears on the head of the chicken, as if in gentle recognition of the relationship the latter had claimed. Of course this violent piece of pathos was the death of the poor chicken, whose remains were, by MR. CANTELO'S humane directions, immediately placed in a shell and removed.

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

OOK at that old Greek in the cloak and fur collar opposite," said my friend MR. GRIGG. "That chap is here every night. They call him LORD FARINTOSH. He has five glasses of whisky-and-water every night—seventeen-hundred-and-twenty-five goes of alcohol in a year; we totted it up one night at the bar. JAMES the waiter is now taking number three to him. He don't count the wine he has had at dinner." Indeed, JAMES the waiter, knowing the gentleman's peculiarities, as soon as he saw MR. BARDOLPH'S glass nearly empty, brought him another noggin and a jug of boiling water without a word.

Memory carried me instantaneously back to the days of my youth. I had the honour of being at school with BARDOLPH before he went to Brazennose; the under boys used to look up at him from afar off, as at a godlike being. He was one of the head boys of the school; a prodigious dandy in pigeon-hole trowsers, ornamented with what they called "tucks" in front. He wore a ring, leaving the little finger, on which he wore the jewel, out of his pocket, in which he carried the rest of his hand. He had whiskers even then; and to this day I cannot understand why he is not seven feet high. When he shouted out "Under boy!" we small ones trembled and came to him. I recollect he called me once from a hundred yards off, and I came up in a tremor. He pointed to the ground.

"Pick up my hockey-stick," he said, pointing towards it with the hand with the ring on. He had dropped the stick. He was too great, wise, and good, to stoop to pick it up himself.

He got the silver medal for Latin Sapphics, in the year POGRAM was gold medallist. When he went up to Oxford, the Head-Master, the

Rev. J. Flibber, complimented him in a valedictory speech, made him a present of books, and prophesied that he would do great things at the University. He had got a scholarship, and won a prize-poem, which the Doctor read out to the sixth form with great emotion. It was on "The Recollections of Childhood," and the last lines were

"Qualia prospiciens catulus ferit æthera risu,
Ipsaque trans lunæ cornua vacca salit."

I thought of these things rapidly, gazing on the individual before me. The brilliant young fellow of 1815 (by-the-bye it was the Waterloo year, by which some people may remember it better; but at school we spoke of years, as "Pogram's year," "Tokely's year," &c.)—there, I say, sate before me the dashing young buck of 1815, a fat, muzzy, red-faced old man, in a battered hat, absorbing whisky-and-water, and half listening to the singing.

A wild, long-haired professional gentleman with a fluty voice, and with his shirt-collar turned down, began to sing as follows:—

"WHEN THE GLOOM IS ON THE GLEN."

"When the moonlight's on the mountain
And the gloom is on the glen,
At the cross beside the fountain
There is one will meet thee then.
At the cross beside the fountain;
Yes, the cross beside the fountain,
There is one will meet thee then!
[*Down goes half of* Mr. Bardolph's *No.* 3 *Whisky during this refrain.*

"I have braved, since first we met, love,
Many a danger in my course;
But I never can forget, love,
That dear fountain, that old cross,
Where, her mantle shrouded o'er her—
For the winds were chilly then—
First I met my Leonora,
When the gloom was on the glen.
Yes, I met my, &c.
[*Another gulp and almost total disappearance of Whisky-go, No.* 3.

"Many a clime I've ranged since then, love,
Many a land I've wandered o'er;
But a valley like that glen, love,
Half so dear I never sor!
Ne'er saw maiden fairer, coyer,
Than wert thou, my true love, when
In the gloaming first I saw yer,
In the gloaming of the glen!"

Bardolph, who had not shown the least symptoms of emotion as the gentleman with the fluty voice performed this delectable composition, began to whack, whack, whack on the mahogany with his pewter measure at the conclusion of the song, wishing, perhaps, to show that the noggin was empty; in which manner James, the waiter, interpreted the signal, for he brought Mr. Bardolph another supply of liquor.

The song, words, and music, composed and dedicated to Charles Bivins, Esquire, by Frederic Snape, and ornamented with a picture of a young lady with large eyes and short petticoats, leaning at a stone cross by a fountain, was now handed about the room by a waiter, and any gentleman was at liberty to purchase it for half-a-crown. The man did not offer the song to Bardolph; he was too old a hand.

After a pause, the president of the musical gents cried out for silence again, and then stated to the company that Mr. Hoff would sing "*The Red Flag*," which announcement was received by the Society with immense applause, and Mr. Hoff, a gentleman whom I remember to have seen exceedingly unwell on board a Gravesend steamer, began the following terrific ballad:—

"THE RED FLAG."

"Where the quivering lightning flings
His arrows from out the clouds,
And the howling tempest sings,
And whistles among the shrouds,
'Tis pleasant, 'tis pleasant to ride
Along the foaming brine—
Wilt be the Rover's bride?
Wilt follow him, lady mine?
Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny brine.

"Amidst the storm and rack,
You shall see our galley pass,
As a serpent, lithe and black,
Glides through the waving grass;
As the vulture, swift and dark,
Down on the ring-dove flies,
You shall see the Rover's bark
Swoop down upon his prize.
Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny prize.

"Over her sides we dash,
We gallop across her deck—
Ha! there's a ghastly gash
On the merchant-captain's neck!
Well shot, well shot, old Ned!
Well struck, well struck, black James!
Our arms are red, and our foes are dead,
And we leave a ship in flames!
Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny flames!"

Frantic shouts of applause and encore hailed the atrocious sentiments conveyed by Mr. Hoff in this ballad, from every body except Bardolph, who sat muzzy and unmoved, and only winked to the waiter to bring him some more whisky.

Spec.

WASTE OF MILITARY POWER.

In these days, when our National Defences and the possibility of an invasion are the topics of conversation among people of every class, we cannot afford to waste a single military man; and every soldier is therefore expected to be at his post during the present trying juncture. Judge then of our indignation and surprise at seeing a healthy huzzar stationed at a door in the Strand, for the purpose of showing the fidelity of his likeness, as exhibited in the frame of a painter of portraits. The gallant fellow seems to belong to a sort of mongrel regiment, something between a lancer, a light dragoon, a fencible, and a Cossack, or rather, he forms an interesting combination of all four, in his accoutrements and uniform. Our objection, however, is to the ignoble nature of the service on which he is employed, at a moment when every sword ought to leap out of its scabbard, and every soldier out of his skin—if required—for the defence of our native hearth-stones.

We hope that some patriotic member of the House of Commons will move for a return of this soldier to his allegiance, and also for a copy of the furlough upon which he ventures to take leave of absence from the ordinary duties of his regiment. The gallant fellow seems to be himself half ashamed of the nambypambyness of the service on which he is engaged; and though he has been drawn for a soldier by the artist, we are sure the trooper feels that he ought not to be "framed for deeds of arms" at a door in the Strand, when he might, on some foreign strand, be fighting the battles of his country.

Rather too Bad.

Some wretched joker has sent us the following Riddles:—

Q. When would a bed make the best hunting-ground?
A. When it is made anew for rest (*a New Forest*).
Q. What trade was the man who killed William Rufus?
A. A *Bill-sticker*.
Q. When does a man turn fluid into metal?
A. When he makes Inquiry (*ink wiry*).

A CASE OF GAMMON.

"NOW, SIR, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU—A NICE LEG OF PORK?"

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought really to interfere to put a stop to the cannibalism lately introduced among the swinish multitude. It seems by a paragraph in a country paper, that pigs are being fattened upon pork—a process that the common feelings of our nature—(N.B. We have two sets of feelings, one for common and another for best use)—revolt against. There is something awful in the idea of the pigs becoming customers of the pork-butcher, and aiding in their own consumption.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

MR. BRIEFLESS CONTINUES HIS READINGS, AND DOES HIS EXERCISES FOR THE BAR.

MY readings with MR. BALDERDASH now began to take a wider range, and we swallowed, somehow or other, nearly a volume per week, including somebody on Partnership, somebody else on Shipping, a tremendous quarto on Evidence, a couple of huge octavos on Nisi Prius, and a dashing little duodecimo on the lively subject of Bills. My head became a kind of old legal curiosity-shop, stored with cases full of the most remarkable specimens of dried-up decisions, which might well be compared to mummies, for the mummeries they seemed to comprise.

Feeling that I was loaded almost to the very muzzle with legal ammunition, and fearing that I should go off with a tremendous forensic explosion, unless I was allowed to direct my learning to some aim, I requested that a practical object might be found to test the value of the cramming I had endured. I thought it pitiable that so great a gun as I believed myself to be should have no opportunity of firing away, but should sit at my desk with a quantity of blank cartridge before me, while inferior geniuses were making themselves heard by means of the Reports. I entreated MR. BALDERDASH to let me have a real case of some kind to exercise my skill upon; but unfortunately, in the whole of my learned friend's large connection there was not one individual who seemed to have a turn for litigation at the period to which I allude. Not a plea, nor a declaration, nor a demurrer came in to be drawn, and we therefore raised in our minds an imaginary assault, in order that we might sympathise with a phantom plaintiff. We feelingly described his battery by fifty blows, whereby he suffered "forty black eyes," inflicted with "sixty fists," and with "three hundred knuckles," on "eighty eyelids," at "one hundred different times," whereby he had "from time to time, and at all times, forty discolourations" of "sixty cheek-bones, and eighty headaches," to "the damage of the said plaintiff of ninety pounds."

When we had pummelled our plaintiff in every possible manner, through ten long and elaborate counts, MR. BALDERDASH pronounced our declaration to be the perfection of pleading for an action of common assault. But we had not yet done with our victim; for, having described the multiplicity and variety of the attacks upon him, we dragged him through "Middlesex to wit, at Westminster, *videlicet* in Surrey," and continued to thrash him through half-a-dozen counties, lest we might have made an error in the place where our client had become *βοωπις* in the manner described. Having once plunged into the practical, by the use of imaginary clients, we were never at a loss for material; and we soon peopled the chambers with ideal suitors, all rushing to BALDERDASH for justice, vengeance, or redress. No longer fettered by the stringent bonds of reality, the business of my friend and master grew to a tremendous extent, and the papers of which I had the run accumulated at the rate of half-a-hundred-weight per week. We drew declarations by the quire, and pleadings by the ream; we went through all the various ramifications of the replication *de injuriâ*, with steel pens and iron hearts; we pleaded double, treble, and quadruple, for the sake of showing our ingenuity in demurrer; and we dipped into rebutters, so that, in the shape of surre—butters, we might compliment each other on the shrewdness we had displayed.

In the midst of these brilliant exercises of our powers on imaginary cases, a real motion-paper, with a real half-guinea, was one day brought in, and the endorsement told us that MR. BALDERDASH was instructed to ask the permission of the Court of Queen's Bench to allow his client to take a rule to compute. The morsel of *bonâ fide* business came to us like the one real biscuit, for the principal character, amid the theatrical banquet of pasteboard apples, wooden hams, canvas pies, worsted maccaroni, glue jellies, dimity turkeys, sarsnet sausages, and glazed red calico lobsters, to which the subordinates are limited at the evening party given by *Lady Macbeth*. A real motion-paper appeared to us like a bottle of ginger-beer spirting up from the midst of the sands of the desert, and we hastened to regale ourselves at the refreshing fount of actual practice, after having so long been pulling away at the immense drafts of nothing, on which we had been hitherto employed. My first impulse, on reading the endorsement, was to tear down JACOBS from the book-shelf, and look out, in that most lucid of legal lexicographers, the word "Compute." MR. BALDERDASH checked my impatience, chided me gently for not being already acquainted with such a very elementary matter, and entered into a lengthy history of the origin, rise, and progress of the rule. He picked it up first from the sifting of a quantity of COKE; he then washed it, if I may be allowed the expression, in a stream of LUSH,* and we ultimately carried it down to Westminster, where MR. BALDERDASH, having duly robed and wigged for the occasion, went through the solemn ceremony of handing it in.

My preparation for the Bar was not limited to my readings in chambers, but I now began to do what are called exercises, with a view to my approaching call. These exercises do not task the intellectual faculties so much as may be supposed, though they are intended to serve as tests for the argumentative powers and the learning of the embryo Barrister. The different Inns of Court adopt different modes of conducting what is, by a bold and pleasant fiction, regarded as a keen encounter of the wits of the candidates for forensic dignity. Two students are presumed to be prepared for engaging in a severe legal argument; which is conducted in some of the Inns before a Barrister, and in others of the Inns before a butler, supported by two mugs of beer, placed no doubt as refreshers, to invigorate the learned disputants. In Gray's Inn, where I had the honour of first entering the lists of litigation, I was conducted with a fellow-student to a corner of the hall, where a parchment was put into the hands of each of us, and a stray Barrister, having been caught by the waiter for the purpose, was requested to preside over us while we did our exercise. I commenced reading from my parchment prompter something to the following effect:—"I maintain that the widow is not barred of dower, because though her right of free-bench—"

Here I was interrupted with a facetious "Oh, indeed! Very good! Quite sufficient, Sir!" from the presiding Barrister, who, turning to my opponent, asked with an amiable air what he had to urge by way of objection to my position. "I maintain," murmured my antagonist, reading from his parchment, "that the widow never having been seised of her free-bench—" But the presiding Barrister, with an ejaculation of "You don't say so! Quite sufficient, Sir!" put an abrupt end to the somewhat abstruse discussion. This ceremony having been repeated the required number of times, I became qualified to enter into the arena of legal discussion, in the character of an advocate. The introduction of the beer into the ceremony, at the other Inn to which I have alluded, has a curious effect; for the disputants are not allowed to get out a word before the butler, by politely observing, "The beer, gentlemen, if you please; just clap it to your lips—you needn't drink it—that'll do!" nips the discussion in the bud, and cuts short the exercise.

Having got thus far on my road to the Bar, the next step is the call itself; for the celebration of which, as I am expected to ask a few friends to take wine with me at the Inn, I must reserve an entire chapter.

AN UNPROFITABLE BARGAIN.—If "Tenant Right" is to be established in Ireland, a novel difficulty will impede the sale of Irish estates. Who will purchase the property, if he is obliged to take the fixtures?

* The unlearned reader may, perhaps, require to be told that LUSH'S *Practice* is here referred to.

LOUIS PHILLIPPE'S VALENTINE TO THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

LONG have I mused, ere I these lines indited,
What best might emblem my paternal arts—
A Hymen mourning o'er his torch unlighted?
A love-knot tangled with two bleeding hearts?

The Gallic Cock over the Lion crowing?
A portrait of myself cut out of flint?—
But, all these thrown aside, I'm merely going
To offer my dear niece a gentle hint.

You've learnt that royal robe has sackcloth lining;
You've learnt that royal crown has thorny rim;
You've learnt that royal hearts may oft be pining;
And royal eyes with tears of anguish dim.

And for this most invaluable lesson,
As for the other blessings you enjoy,
You have to thank me and the late COUNT BRESSON;
Hear, now, how you the lesson should employ.

The happiness unknown to royal station,
A private life is likely to secure;
So I would just suggest your abdication—
A plan your dear mamma approves, I'm sure.

And any trouble from this step ensuing,
MONTPENSIER, I am sure, would not decline;
So abdicate, or—*there is mischief brewing*—
You'd best not trifle with your Valentine.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12th, 1848.

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

When the piratical ballad of Mr. Hoff was concluded, a simple and quiet-looking young gentleman performed a comic song, in a way which, I must confess, inspired me with the utmost melancholy. Seated at the table along with the other professional gents, this young fellow was in nowise to be distinguished from any other young man of fashion: he has a thin, handsome, and rather sad countenance; and appears to be a perfectly sober and meritorious young man. But suddenly (and I daresay every night of his life) he pulls a little flexible grey countryman's hat out of his pocket, and the moment he has put it on, his face assumes an expression of unutterable vacuity and folly, his eyes goggle round savage, and his mouth stretches almost to his ears, as thus:—

WITHOUT HIS HAT. IN HIS COMIC HAT.

and he begins to sing a rustic song.

The battle-song and the sentimental ballad already published are, I trust, sufficiently foolish, and fair specimens of the class of poetry to which they belong; but the folly of the comic country song was so great and matchless, that I am not going to compete for a moment with the author, or to venture to attempt anything like his style of composition. It was something about a man going a coorting Molly, and "feayther," and "kyows," and "peegs," and other rustic produce. The idiotic verse was interspersed with spoken passages, of corresponding imbecility. For the time during which Mr. Grinsby performed this piece, he consented to abnegate altogether his claim to be considered as a reasonable being; utterly to debase himself, in order to make the company laugh; and to forget the rank, dignity, and privileges of a man.

His song made me so profoundly wretched that little Grigg, remarking my depression, declared I was as slow as a Parliamentary train. I was glad they didn't have the song over again. When it was done, Mr. Grinsby put his little grey hat in his pocket, the maniacal grin subsided from his features, and he sate down with his natural sad and rather handsome young countenance.

O Grinsby, thinks I, what a number of people and things in this world do you represent! Though we weary listening to you, we may moralise over you; though you sing a foolish witless song, you poor young melancholy jester, there is some good in it that may be had for the seeking. Perhaps that lad has a family at home dependent on his grinning: I may entertain a reasonable hope that he has despair in his heart; a complete notion of the folly of the business in which he is engaged; a contempt for the fools laughing and guffawing round about at his miserable jokes; and a perfect weariness of mind at their original dullness and continued repetition. What a sinking of spirit must come over that young man, quiet in his chamber or family, orderly and sensible like other mortals, when the thought of tom-fool hour comes across him, and that at a certain time that night, whatever may be his health, or distaste, or mood of mind or body, there he must be, at a table at the Cave of Harmony, uttering insane ballads with an idiotic grin on his face, and hat on his head.

To suppose that Grinsby has any personal pleasure in that song would be to have too low an opinion of human nature: to imagine that the applauses of the multitude of the frequenters of the Cave tickled his vanity or are bestowed upon him deservedly—would be, I say, to think too hardly of him. Look at him. He sits there quite a quiet orderly young fellow. Mark with what an abstracted sad air he joins in the chorus of Mr. Snape's second song, 'The Minaret's bells o'er the Bosphorus toll," and having applauded his comrade at the end of the song (as I have remarked these poor gentlemen always do) moodily resumes the stump of his cigar.

"I wonder, my dear Grigg, how many men there are in the City who follow a similar profession to Grinsby's. What a number of poor rogues, wits in their circle, or bilious, or in debt, or henpecked, or otherwise miserable in their private circumstances, come grinning out to dinner of a night, and laugh and crack, and let off their good stories like yonder professional funny fellow. Why, I once went into the room of that famous dinner-party conversationalist and wit, Horseley Collard; and whilst he was in his dressing-room arranging his wig, just looked over the books on the table before his sofa. There were 'Burton's Anatomy' for the quotations, three of which he let off that very night; 'Spence's Literary Anecdotes,' of which he fortuitously introduced a couple in the course of the evening; 'Baker's Chronicle;' the last new Novel, and a book of Metaphysics, every one of which I heard him quote, besides four stories out of his common-place-book, at which I took a peep under the pillow. He was like Grinsby. Who isn't like Grinsby in life? thought I to myself, examining that young fellow.

"When Bawler goes down to the House of Commons from a meeting with his creditors, and, having been a bankrupt a month before, becomes a patriot all of a sudden, and pours you out an intensely interesting speech upon the West Indies, or the Window Tax, he is no better than that poor gin-and-water practitioner yonder, and performs in his Cave, as Grinsby in his under the Piazza.

"When Sergeant Bluebag fires into a witness, or performs a jocular or a pathetic speech to a jury, in what is he better than Grinsby, except in so far as the amount of gain goes?—than poor Grinsby rapping at the table and cutting professional jokes at half-a-pint-of-whisky fee?

"When Tightrope, the celebrated literary genius, sits down to write and laugh—with the children very likely ill at home—with a strong personal desire to write a tragedy or a sermon, with his wife scolding him, his head racking with pain, his mother-in-law making a noise at his ears and telling him that he is a heartless and abandoned ruffian, his tailor in the passage, vowing that he will not quit that place until his little bill is settled—when, I say, Tightrope writes off, under the most miserable private circumstances, a brilliant funny article, in how much is he morally superior to my friend Grinsby? When Lord Colchicum stands bowing and smiling before his sovereign, with gout in his toes and grief in his heart; when parsons in the pulpit—when editors at their desks—forget their natural griefs, pleasures, opinions, to go through the business of life, the masquerade of existence, in what are they better than Grinsby yonder, who has similarly to perform his buffooning?"

As I was continuing in this moral and interrogatory mood—no doubt boring poor little Grigg, who came to the Cave for pleasure, and not for philosophical discourse—Mr. Bardolph opposite caught a sight of the present writer through the fumes of the cigars, and came across to our table, holding his fourth glass of toddy in his hand. He held out the other to me: it was hot, and gouty, and not particularly clean.

"Deuced queer place this, hay?" said he, pretending to survey it with the air of a stranger. I come here every now and then, on my way home to Lincoln's Inn—from—from parties at the other end of the town. It is frequented by a parcel of queer people—low shop-boys and attorneys' clerks; but hang it, Sir, they know a gentleman when they see one, and not one of those fellows would dare to speak to me—no, not one of 'em, by Jove—if I didn't address him first, by Jove! I don't suppose there's a man in this room could construe a page in the commonest Greek book, Spec. You heard that donkey singing about 'Leonorar' and 'before her'? How Flibber would have given it to us for such rhymes, hay? A parcel of ignoramuses! but hang it, Sir, they *do* know a gentleman!" And here he winked at me, with a vinous bloodshot eye, as much as to intimate that he was infinitely superior to every person in the room.

Now this Bardolph, having had the ill-luck to get a fellowship, and subsequently a small private fortune, has done nothing since the year 1820 but get drunk and read Greek. He despises every man who does not know that language (so that you and I, my dear Sir, come in for a fair share of his contempt). He can still put a slang song into Greek Iambics, or turn a police report into the language of Tacitus or Herodotus; but it is difficult to say what accomplishment beyond this the boozy old mortal possesses. He spends nearly a third part of his life and income at his dinner, or on his whisky at a tavern; more than another third portion is spent in bed. It is past noon before he gets up to breakfast, and to spell over the *Times*, which business of the day being completed, it is time for him to dress and take his walk to the club to dinner. He scorns a man who puts his h's in the wrong place, and spits at a human being who has not had a University education. And yet I am sure that bustling waiter pushing about with a bumper

of cigars; that tallow-faced young comic singer; yonder harmless and happy Snobs, enjoying the conviviality of the evening, (and all the songs are quite modest now, not like the ribald old ditties which they used to sing in former days) are more useful, more honourable, and more worthy men, than that whiskyfied old scholar who looks down upon them and their like.

He said he would have a sixth glass if we would stop: but we didn't; and he took his sixth glass without us. My melancholy young friend had begun another comic song, and I could bear it no more. The market carts were rattling into Covent Garden; and the illuminated clock marked all sorts of small hours as we concluded this night's pleasure. SPEC.

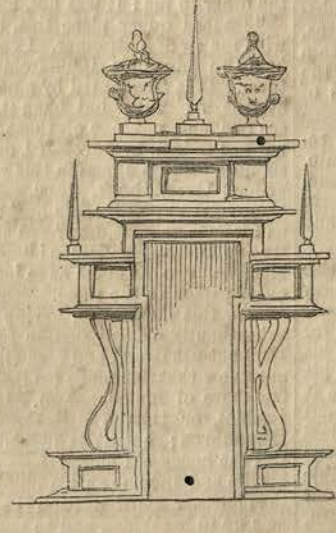
REFORM YOUR SENTRY-BOXES.

THE Fine Arts have been recently applied to everything, from a palace to a pickle-jar. Our Sentry-boxes are the only objects that look as if they belonged to the last century, rather than to the present; and these we call upon the Fine Arts Commissioners to reform. At present, a Sentry-box partakes about equally of the character of the modern dust-bin and the ancient watch-box, with a slight touch of the sedan.

SENTRY-BOX FOR THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SENTRY TO MATCH.

Reformation might be applied with admirable effect to these military receptacles in which many of our gallant veterans pass at least half their days. The Sentry-boxes should exhibit uniformity in style with the buildings to which they are contiguous. In Trafalgar Square, for instance, the Sentry-boxes should resemble pepper-castors, to be in keeping with the massive and dome-like mustard-pot of the National Gallery, whilst the architectural taste for the Elizabethan should be gratified as above, some slight modification of the soldier's uniform might be necessary; but this would be very easily achieved.



WHERE DOES IT ALL COME FROM?

THE *Times* lately, in one of its leading articles, shows in a clear and happy style how "the variety of distant regions by which our every-day comforts and luxuries are supplied, is a geographical lesson familiar to our earliest infancy." Our contemporary proceeds to tell us how the child knows that the tea it is drinking comes from China, that the coffee is grown by Arabs, the sugar extracted from the cane in Jamaica, or by the banks of the Ganges. And thus going cleverly over the breakfast-table, the writer intimates the distant and different sources of the materials and the accessories of our ordinary morning's meal.

This is all quite true of children belonging to persons in easy and respectable circumstances; but supposing the case to be that of some poor infant who has been all its life a witness and a participator in the parental makeshifts, "dodges," and degradations that poverty and bad management will render necessary, the article we allude to would have run somewhat as follows:—

"The child knows that the tea it is drinking came from the bushes of Fulham, and has probably had half the twigs of a birch broom amalgamated with the pound of damaged Pekoe that formed the foundation of the contents of the Chinese-looking chest in the window of the Lambeth grocer. Its coffee was made ponderous by heavy chicory, and its sugar was partly extracted from the sugar cask and partly from the box containing sand, of whose coarseness the Libyan desert might fairly feel ashamed. The morning milk has acquired its present snowy whiteness and cream-like consistency from the combined contributions of the distant chalk-pit, the neighbouring pump, and the local cow. The material of the tea-kettle came from the tin mines of Cornwall, it was manufactured in Birmingham, and had dangled at the door of the Little Dustpan, in Holborn, with a ticket inscribed, 'Look here! You can't believe it, I daresay; but it's a fact—only ninepence,' appended to the handle. The spoon was part of that metal to which BRITANNIA has lent her ennobling name; the blade of the knife came from the New Cut—a guarantee for the sharpness of the instrument—and the haft was boned from some animal who never saw the owner of the weapon. The tablecloth has been a constant traveller up and down the connecting spout between freedom and captivity in the establishment of the pawnbroker, and the carpet is redolent of Venetian romance. The child's frock has passed through the cotton mills of Lancashire, the mangles of Middlesex, and the washing-tubs of London, until its colours have flown; and indeed there is no limit to the number of ingenious speculations that the contents of any apartment, however humble, might not suggest."

LORD GEORGE'S LAMENT.

My clique's at the Marquis of Granby,
A talking so namby and pamby;
Their case is as bad as it can be,
For they won't be ruled by me.

I wonder of what kind the man be,
Who'd the ruler of such a wild band be;
To guide 'em how firm must his hand be!
Since they won't be ruled by me.

He'll find as a leader his stand be
As unsound as bank of dry sand be;
All he says will most bitterly scann'd be,
If he won't be ruled by me.

Mr. Chisholm Anstey and his Monster Motion.

THE Monster Motion of MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY, like the Monster in *Frankenstein*, frightened every one away, and proved fatal at last to its own parent. We understand that had MR. ANSTEY been suffered to proceed, MRS. AUSTIN would have got an injunction against him for an infringement of her copyright in her "Story without an End." The commencement of his speech was the signal for such a simultaneous rush to the door as nothing but a mad bull or MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY could have occasioned. Of course the House could not bear the infliction without being strengthened expressly for it; and as there were only thirty-nine instead of forty present, the Commons were not sufficiently forti—fied to undergo the trial.

CURIOSITIES OF LEAP-YEAR.

CURIOUS facts occur during Leap-year, which, upon no ground whatever, could, or would, or should, occur upon any other year. First of all, those persons who happened to be born on the 29th of February will have a chance of keeping their birthday; a pleasure they can only know once in four years. We hope their parents will make generous allowances for this accident, and, in giving their customary presents, multiply them by four, and wish them four times the usual amount of "many happy returns of the day." Bill-discounters, who charge their interest *per diem*, will get one day's more extortion this year; whilst Editors of Magazines and their contributors will rejoice they have an additional day for sending in copy. Poor job-horses, however, which are let out by the month, will think the extra day a hard pull upon them; and articled clerks and apprentices who are in their last year of bondage, will not be very complimentary or grateful to the 29th of February for perching them one day longer upon their high stools. But all persons whose bills become due on the 1st of March, will rather like the delay; and hares, whose madness always breaks out, it seems, on St. David's Day, will enjoy, this year, twenty-four hours' more sanity than the last; which must be a source of extreme pleasure to all philanthropists and the Animals' Friend Society, to say nothing of the hares themselves. The Ides of March, also, will visit us all the later, and we shall have pancakes, as an Irishman would say, on Shrove Wednesday instead of Tuesday.

As for ourselves, we are married, and so do not dread the dangers of Leap-year. But bachelors must be on their guard, and assume all manner of surliness—that is to say, supposing they have it not—for they should recollect, ladies are entitled to propose in Leap-year. It is deeply to be regretted that such a custom occurs only once every four years, or else the selfish race of bachelors would soon be extinct.

Paying the Piper.

'Tis an Englishman's pride—and it can't be denied
We're a people of mighty resources—
Our dominions are vast, and we're quite unsurpass'd
By the world for our maritime forces.
Then our trade is immense, and in every sense
'Tis allow'd we're a wonderful nation;
But the worst of it is, that to keep up all this,
We've to bear such a load of taxation.
Oh yes! we're a wonderful nation,
A very remarkable nation;
What a thing it would be, if it were not that we
Had to bear such a load of taxation!

Without scruple or doubt, we at once set about
Undertakings most grand and stupendous;
And we care not a bit how ourselves we commit
To expenses, however tremendous.
Thus, in Railways we sank half the wealth of the Bank,
And the upshot of this speculation
Is a horrible mess of commercial distress,
And the prospect of further taxation.
Indeed we're a wonderful nation,
We *are* a most wonderful nation;
Oh that we could be such without paying so much
As we do in the shape of taxation!

The world has no mate to the empire and state
Of the Rose and the Shamrock and Thistle;
But Truth bids us to say that we certainly pay
Most exceedingly dear for our whistle:
That's the thorn in our side; that's the gall to our pride;
That's what spoils all our glorification;
That inordinate drain that our pockets sustain
In our awful amount of taxation.
But still we're a wonderful nation,
By Jove! we're a wonderful nation,
With a wonderful purse, and obliged to disburse
A most wonderful sum in taxation.

TALBOT AND TUAM.

TALBOT, in heraldic language, signifies a dog—not a cur, nor a mongrel, but an animal of a noble, generous race. Such a thoroughbred English TALBOT—a TALBOT of a breed which, for upwards of four hundred years, has been famous for never turning tail—has lately performed as gallant an exploit as was ever achieved by our own *Toby*. He has gone boldly in upon the "Lion of the Fold of Judah," so called—but whom we consider as a much meaner kind of brute in a lion's skin—and has bearded this lion, such as he is, in his den. More correctly, perhaps, we may say that our spirited TALBOT has drawn the badger, or unkennelled the fox, of St. Jarlath's. The creature, on being dragged to light, made a spiteful but ineffectual defence, and then crept back into his hole; whence he has again been dislodged by the bold TALBOT, who has given him a shaking from which it will take him a long time to recover. Thus wrote JOHN M'HALE, of Tuam, to JOHN TALBOT, of Shrewsbury:—

"Had such wayward and extravagant caprices, &c. . . . they should escape from us all notice and observation; but when we find a Catholic Peer come forward, and deliberately assert of an entire National Church, to which his country is so deeply beholden, 'that she is a conniver at injustice, an accessory to crime, a pestilent sore in the commonwealth,' &c. &c. . . . we are actually reminded of the sincerity of HEROD'S homage," &c. &c.

Such, asserts DR. M'HALE, was the deliberate assertion made by the EARL OF SHREWSBURY against the Irish Roman Catholic Church, in the first letter addressed by the EARL to him—M'HALE. Whereas—and JOHN TUAM well knew it—his Lordship merely complained of the ill name which, thanks principally to the said JOHN, that Church has acquired in England. These were the words of the EARL OF SHREWSBURY concerning the Church in question, written to JOHN TUAM aforesaid:—

"*The public voice in England* now pronounces her to be a conniver," &c.

ARCHBISHOP M'HALE compares the EARL OF SHREWSBURY to HEROD. He provokes a retort, which, but that comparisons are odious, his antagonist might have made very appropriately. With HEROD we naturally associate another personage, whom his Lordship might have associated with somebody else. We allude to PILATE, so memorable for his question, "What is Truth?" a thing which was utterly beyond his comprehension, and seems to be as far beyond that of a certain Archbishop.

A Real Invasion.

WHILST we have been talking of providing against a possible invasion, we have had a foe actually ravaging the heart of the Metropolis. The *Times* declares that during six weeks the Influenza interrupted business, and killed 5000 people in London. According to the last quarterly return of the Registrar-General "the epidemic of Influenza killed twice as many people in the insalubrious parts of London as it did in those less unhealthy." It may be all very well to fortify our coasts; but the above statements show that we ought not, in the meantime, to neglect our common shores. It is ridiculous, on the part of BRITANNIA, to boast of ruling the waves, so long as she asserts no sort of control over the gutters.

MORE ATROCITY.

Q. WHY would the *Ghost* in *Hamlet* have been liable to the Window Tax?

Ans. Because he had glazed eyes.

Q. When does the early closing movement become very objectionable?

Ans. When you have placed your finger in a lobster's open claw.

Groom. "That 's another favourite Oss of Master's, Sir; and a good 'un he is, too, Sir, only he aint very quiet."
Mr. Green. "Oh! How do you mean—'Not very quiet?'"
Groom. "Why, Sir, he 'd get you up in a corner and kick yer Brains out in no time. He 's a'most killed two men already."

OLD ISRAEL TO YOUNG ISRAEL.

"My dear Jacob, "*Cursitor Street, Feb.* 12, 1848.

"The second reading is over, and Baron Rothschild may, in a little while, enter the House of Commons, as I may say, with a stamp; that is, very boldly.

"Israel is free! And no doubt on it, there will be dinners given, and thanks said in the Synagogue, and balls in the Minories, and all sorts of rejoicings; but Jacob, don't be deceived; there 's a dark side to the pictur. As for what was called the 'Disabilities' of our people, Jacob, I never found 'em out, 'xcept to make the most on 'em. If the State did put, as I may say, fetters upon us, somehow or other we always managed to make money of the old iron. If we was only 'a remnant,' we never suffered ourselves to go a bit cheaper for that.

"Jacob, you don't know my feelings. Here I sits in this room with the bars afore the windows as if a mockin of me! For arrest for debt 's as good as gone—and what 's the use of a lock-up 'stablishment? Still, I can't for the life of me have them bars taken away; they remind me so of the precious good old times. Oh, them bars afore the windows, Jacob; they seem a part of my very bowels!

"Will the world soon be worth living in? No. When they took away arrest for debt—(ha! them were the times! Then—when I was a courtin your grandmother—when, on an early summer mornin' I used to jump into my gig from a ball, and drive out, with the hedges smellin so sweet, and the doo upon 'em like your grandmother's diamonds, and the larks a singing like winkin in the sky—and then when afore breakfast, I'd make twenty pound on bail-bonds)—but I won't go on in this way; for I should weep as if I was once more in Babylon to think of it.

"Still, Jacob, sitting in this room—which once, alone, I thought would be a fortun to you—I *do* think of old times. For there, in the wainscot, is the names of prisoners cut with their own penknives, while waiting a month for bail; and there, too, on the windows also, is their names writ all over with their diamond rings, afore they sold 'em for brandy and wine to that tender-hearted cretur—who could never let a gentleman with a diamond ring want for anything—your blessed grandmother.

"But, agin I say it, arrest for debt 's as good as gone—and *that*, that was the first blow at our people!

"And *now*, Jacob, now comes the finisher. They 're a going to relieve us of what they call our Disabilities. Ha! Jacob I 'm one of Old Israel, I am; and I say that our Disabilities was our Best Abilities. For look you here, when the Jew isn't treated a bit worse than the Christian, won't he be expected to be just as good, if not better? You 're one of Young Israel, and don't see it; but since they take from us the excuse of working only with our wits, shan't we be obligated to work with our hands? Why, it 's the greatest blow that 's ever been given to our people since Cribb fit with Mendoza!

"What 's to become of Holywell Street? What 's to become of the lemons in the cabbage-nets? What 's to become of the penknives (of five-and-twenty blades) at the Elephant and Castle? Where 's the trade for our boys in black-lead pencils?

"When they did away with arrest for debt—(and how Lord Brougham can turn upon his pillar of a night, and think of the lock-up houses he 's knocked up; the ruin he 's brought upon innocent sheriff's officers' families, *I* don't know)—when they 'bolished that, they give Israel a staggering wipe; but now they 've done away with all the disabilities, they 've as good as ruined us. I've borrowed last week's *Morning Herald* from over the way, and in something that 's written agin us—(I 'd give any money to the writer to pelt mud at Israel from year's end to year's end, if it would only keep us out of Parliament)—the writer says:—

'The admission of Baron Rothschild alone breaks down the principle, and once give that up, it is impossible either for the *Times* or ourselves to say *how many Jews* will follow the example of the worthy Baron, or to what designs wealth, ambition, and the *lust of power, may conduct them.*'

"Yes, Jacob, this is the sort of stuff that I know Young Israel is led away with. Open the House of Commons to 'em, and they 'll make it only a passage, as they think, to the House of Lords. There 'll be peers of Israel. And very fine, no doubt, it will sound to talk of the Duke of Duke's Place, the Marquis of Minories, the Earl of Holywell, and all that: and very grand, too, it will seem to wear coronets of gold and diamonds, and velvet robes, and ostrich-feathers, and blue garters, and Fleecy Hosiery Orders. As a Jew, I musn't call it gammon; but I mean it all the same. Give me the disabilities that lets Old Israel buy the second-hand robes, and not the abilities that lets Young Israel wear 'em.

"Won't it be a shocking thing for our people to go spending their money at all sorts of elections, and wasting their precious time in the House of Commons?—time that ought to be given to bus'ness. Depend upon it, Jacob, this making Israel respectable, will be the 'struction of him.

I'm an old man, and shall be spared the cruel sight. Nevertheless, my eyes do almost swim with tears when I fancy the future Young Israel 'bliged to work like common Christians.

"For I don't know how many hundred years we 've had nothing to do with the 'sweat of the brow;' we 've left all that to the Gentiles. But since they 're going to make us equal, as they call it, they won't stand no shirking.

"As I say, I shall be out of it; still I can't help weeping when I see Young Israel as he will be, making railways and running up ladders—how will you like that, Jacob, with a hod upon your shoulder?—and carrying knots, and cleaning the streets, and 'listing in the army, and going aboard ship like the Christians! Ha! Jacob, I mayn't be here; since they 've 'bolished arrest for debt, and them bars is of no use, I hardly wish it: but mind my words. Afore ten years is over, Baron

THE LAST APPEAL

(AGAINST JEWISH DISABILITIES).

BEING A GREAT LIBERTY TAKEN WITH MR. FRANK STONE'S PICTURE.

THE PART OF THE SWAIN - - - - - - - - *By a Gentleman of the Hebrew Persuasion.*
THE INEXORABLE - - - - - - - - - - *By Sir R—b—t H—rr—y I—ng—s.*

ROTHSCHILD (he'll be so sick of the Commons after the 'Change) the Baron himself, with all our people's names upon parchment, will stand up in Parliament, and ask back all the Disabilities—every one of 'em; and then I only hope they'll get 'em.

"You know, JACOB, what has been said of the monkeys—knowin' creturs? They won't speak, because they shan't be made to work.

"Why wouldn't Young Israel be like the monkeys? But no: he would talk so about his Disabilities as he called 'em, that at last they're to be done away with. And now see, if like a foolish monkey that's took to talking—see if they don't make him work.

"I shan't be here to see it, that's one comfort; still the thought that when the Jew is made as good as the Christian, he must work as hard as the Christian, does—(how should it be otherways?)—sore afflict

"Your affectionate Grandfather, OLD ISRAEL."

"P.S. Afore the Bill is quite passed, and you've got too proud with the Baron in the Commons, I should like to see you about putting off them lettuce-leaf rale Avanahs."

Questions at the Examination for the Admission of Attorneys.

OUR last batch of answers created a sensation among the law-students that can only be described as regularly Niagarian, for cataracts of correspondence have poured in upon us, inquiring why we stopped half-way in our instructive course, and left three of the subjects of examination unnoticed. We have consequently effected another transfer from the columns of our learned contemporary the *Legal Observer*, and have forwarded the remaining portion to MR. BRIEFLESS, requesting him to draw the requisite number of answers, and file his bill—being his account for fees—at his earliest convenience. With his customary promptitude—for the arrow is not more rapid in its flight to the mare's-nest than is the pounce of BRIEFLESS on the brief—he has favoured us with the following answers to the questions under the remaining branches, beginning with

IV. *Equity and Practice of the Courts.*

Q. State some of the principal cases in which relief is to be obtained through a Court of Equity.

A. There are many cases in which parish relief is to be obtained through a Court of Equity; for by pauperising the client it gives him a claim for relief on the parochial funds.

Q. State the principle upon which assets are marshalled in a Court of Equity.

A. The officers of the Court have the first pickings out of the assets; the lawyers have a second claim; and when this is satisfied the assets may be marshalled, if there is anything left to marshal, among the suitors themselves.

Q. Explain the difference between the nature of the relief obtained by mortgage creditors through the medium of a Court of Equity and through that of a Court of Law.

A. When the mortgage-creditors go for relief to either a Court of Law or a Court of Equity, the remedy is often worse than the disease. It would be difficult to point out the difference in the operation, except, perhaps, that Chancery operates slowly, and the patient is allowed to linger, while Law frequently settles him at once.

Q. In what cases is it advisable for the defendant's solicitor to peruse and consider the effect of the bill immediately upon entering appearance, without waiting for the office copy, and for what reason?

A. In all cases it is as well for a solicitor to draw up an imaginary bill, and consider its relative effect upon his own and his client's pocket, by which, of course, is meant the probability of its being paid. If on considering the effect of the bill, he finds it satisfactory, he may go a-head at once without waiting for office copy or anything else.

Q. In what cases is it necessary to resort to a Court of Equity in support of a right which can be established only through a Court of Law?

A. When the fund or property is so plethoric as to render it advisable to consume it by Law and by Equity at once, or in conformity with a common phrase, to set the candle burning away at both ends.

Q. What is the distinction between a bill for discovery and relief, and a bill for discovery only?

A. A bill for discovery and relief is, I take it, a bill sent in soon enough to enable you to discover your error and stop in time. A bill for discovery only, is a bill which prevents you from finding out your mistake until the mischief is all done, and the costs have been all incurred.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

AN affecting instance of reverse of fortune was accidentally brought to our knowledge a few days ago, in the case of a very poor and wretched old joke, that was found crouched up as if ashamed to show its face, in a corner of our letter-box. We recognised the joke as one of our very earliest acquaintances; and on tracing its history, we found it had been introduced to the world by the celebrated SHERIDAN, who obtained for it a most flattering reception at the Theatre, in the best society, and also upon one occasion in Parliament. Time, however, soon began to tell upon the joke, which was glad to find its way into a farce or two, where it was received with much kindness. At length the patience of its best friends began to be exhausted, and the joke was reduced to the painful necessity of sustaining a precarious existence by attendance at evening parties, until at last it sunk down into the deepest depths of dégradation, by rendering itself so familiar that contempt was everywhere felt for it. Ultimately it became evident that no one would take it in, and it was at length found in our letter-box, into which the poor thing had contrived to cram itself. We, of course, discovered its character at once, and forwarded it to an asylum for decayed witticisms, where every care will, no doubt, be taken of it.

A BLACK JOB.

WAS LORD NELSON an Ethiopian? is a question that may be naturally asked by any uninformed person who happens to see the Statue of the hero in its present condition in Trafalgar Square. The countenance of the great naval captain of his age wears a blackness, more like the lowering aspect of SIR LOWRY COLE than that of NELSON'S own physiognomy; though perhaps it is rather in character that he should have become black in the face at the indignity passed upon him by his treatment at the Column. We might excuse his black looks under the circumstances, if we were not aware that NELSON is not personally responsible for the sombre features of his much-neglected effigy. We have only one way in which to account for the darkness of the hero's aspect, and that is by supposing that the whole of the arrangements connected with Trafalgar Square have been managed with such a niggard hand that NELSON himself has at last assumed a nigger'd face to keep them in countenance.

SOMETHING OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

M. the D. of W. presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and thinks the time has now arrived when it has become expedient to announce to him the real reason of his (the D. OF W.'s) fears with regard to an Invasion by the French.

He (the D. OF W.) had long since been in the possession of secret intelligence of the intended ultimate surrender of the Great Emir; and his expectations of an invasion were based on this information. For he clearly perceived that as soon as ABD-EL-KADER should become a prisoner, *Mr. Punch* would remain France's greatest antagonist.

This event has now taken place: *Mr. Punch* will, therefore, inevitably attract all that persevering hostility, which has been so successful in Africa, and direct it upon England. And as the war in Algeria was not with Africa, but with ABD-EL-KADER, so the war in England will not be with Great Britian, but with *Punch*.

He (the D. OF W.) therefore feels it right to warn *Mr. Punch* of the responsible position in which he stands, and to inform him that he (the D. OF W.) considers that the man who brings war upon a nation, should be the first in its defence. In pursuance of this conviction, the D. OF W. hereby officially signifies to *Mr. Punch*, that his (*Mr. P.*'s) baton will henceforth be that of a Field Marshal.

F. M. THE D. OF W., in communicating this intelligence, wishes it to be understood that he by no means approves of his (*Mr. P.*'s) conduct towards himself, but feels that the present is an occasion when his feelings as an individual must not be allowed to interfere with his duty to his country.

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END.

There was one Chisholm Anstey,
And by ill-luck it chanced he
Was sworn to impeach Palmerstone;
But whene'er he began,
The House clear'd to a man,
And hearers poor Anstey got none.

Till, with vicious intendment,
He, as an amendment,
At last brought it on in Committee;
So all business must stay,
Till he had out his say,
And he pitched it all in without pity.

His inquiries begun
Anno Domini One,
And of all of his hearers was not a man
But was praying for patience,
When he reached the foundations
(In three months) of the Empire Ottoman.

The young they grew grey,
And the old died away,
Ere he got through the Middle-age history:
Session followed on Session,
He had always possession
Of the floor—yet the end still was mystery.

He read all ever written
In the name of Great Britain
On each matter of foreign relation;
Discuss'd every report
Upon every sort
Of transaction with every nation.

His papers each day
Came up in a dray [house;
In quires wet from Spottiswoode's ware-
When no Members remained,
He never complained,
But went spouting away to a bare House.

The national debt
Much larger did get,
His returns cost so much in the printing;
Old M.P.'s, deaf and blind,
Crept about, quite resign'd, [hinting.
"Cut it short"—they had long giv'n up

So he thump'd, talk'd, and thunder'd,
Till, when far past a hundred,
He wound up a six-month's peroration;

The man he had worried
Had been long dead and buried,
And the world in the next generation.

FASHIONS FOR 1848.

There is quite a fashion at present for Constitutions. Each petty State is putting on a fresh one. The old ones, in fact, were so worn out that it was high time they should be thrown off and sold for old rags. Prussia first started the fashion, though the Constitution it assumed was of such a patchwork nature that it was not half so becoming as it might have been. The form—the *façon*, as the French term it—was good enough, but the materials were very poor stuff, and most clumsily put together. The fact is, it had been ordered so many years ago, that, when completed, the fashion had quite gone by.

Lucca next tried a Constitution, and succeeded in getting something like a fit; no thanks, however, to its Duke, who absconded after a most glaring case of cabbage. The fashion also has reached Naples, who, there is no doubt, will look much smarter, and move all the quicker, when she gets her new suit of clothes. Let us hope that when it is ready, it will not, like her former Constitutions, follow the national proverb as strictly: "See Naples, and then die." The fashion is spreading fast all through Europe. Denmark even wishes to come into it. France has all the Parisian desire to be in the fashion, but wants the courage; whilst poor Spain occasionally makes an effort, and orders a new Constitution, though the order is always countermanded the next day. Portugal is also anxious to throw off her old habits; and all Lombardy, much to the dislike of Austria, who hides her fears behind a wall of soldiers, is burning to exchange threadbare forms for bran-new ones.

If this rage continue, we must have books of new Constitutions published, like the Fashions, every month, so that a State who wishes for a change may pick and choose for itself. In the meantime, the favourite pattern seems to be the English Constitution. We are glad to see other States cutting their cloth after ours; for really, putting the stains out of sight, and blinding ourselves to the few patches here and there, we don't know where—all vanity apart—they could possibly select a better Constitution for finish, style, and durability, than in England. We say nothing about its cheapness; for people must expect to pay a good price if they want a good article. They might get a cheaper and a more showy thing from France; but it would go in less than a month, and they would only have to come to us after all. In the words of the tea-dealer, we say loudly to all foreign States, "Try our British Constitution, strongly recommended for Family Use." We hope before the Millenium to see all the world (including America) our customers. In the meantime, kings, dukes, viceroys, popes, queens, policemen, beadles, democrats, and parish and German potentates, send up your orders.

The Pride of the City.

Mr. Wakley and other people may inveigh against the filthiness of London; but it is the proud boast of the Corporation, that notwithstanding the late panic and failures that have occurred in the Money Market, the City neither has been, nor ever will be, cleaned out.

EUCLID OUTDONE.

The following proposition is so immensely difficult that we offer a large reward—the particulars of which will be duly announced—to any one by whom the problem is solved. It is as follows: Given, a railway time-table—to find the periods fixed for the starting of the trains.

AN ADAPTATION FROM SHAKSPEARE.

THE British Lion has kicked off LORD GEORGE BENTINCK. This is ungrateful, unnatural conduct in an animal we have been accustomed to consider the type of magnanimity, and the nobler qualities of feline nature.

What! LORD GEORGE, the most daring keeper the creature ever had!—LORD GEORGE, who used to go into his den, hold up before his bars that tempting morsel Protection, set him growling and licking his jaws and lashing his tail with eagerness, and then whip it away—LORD GEORGE, who used to make him jump through the hoop of statistics, and perform the funniest antics—LORD GEORGE, who poked him up—LORD GEORGE, who stroked him down—LORD GEORGE, who made him show his teeth, or offer his peaceful paw—LORD GEORGE turned upon at last!

We have lost our faith in Lions.

But what will LORD GEORGE do now? Let him turn CORIOLANUS—curse his recreant party, betake himself to the hearth of his PEELIUS PERFIDIUS, and there demand hospitality in the name of ancient Parliamentary fisticuffs. Such a proceeding would furnish matter for an imitative tragedy, as affecting as that of SHAKSPEARE, and more appropriate to modern experiences. We beg leave to sketch the action of it from this point:—

LORD GEORGE (*muffled*).

Enter PERFIDIUS.

Per. Whence comest thou? What wouldest thou? Thy name?
Lord G. If, PEELIUS, (*unmuffling*)
Not yet thou knowest me, necessity
Commands me name myself.
Per. What is thy name?
Lord G. My name is LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, who hath stuck
To thee particularly and to all PEELITES,
Like to a Trojan; thereto witness may
My surname, "Stable Mind." The lengthy speeches,
The strange statistics, and the hosts of facts
Crammed for my thankless party, are requited
But with that surname—only the name remains;
The bigotry and blindness of the party,
Seconded by constituencies of counties
Who disapprove my vote upon the Jew Bill,
Have driven me by general desire
To drop my leadership. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth!

And so on. After the march of the play, PEELIUS PERFIDIUS accepts with delight the alliance of his old enemy. They unite their forces, LORD GEORGE having brought MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI with him, and march against the citadel of Protection. They encamp before it. All regular Parliamentary overtures of peace are rudely declined. At length a mourning procession of old women issues from the walls. MR. HERRIES, SIR CHARLES KNIGHTLEY, and MR. NEWDEGATE, the Parliamentary mother, wife, and child of the "Stable Mind," prostrate themselves before him, and implore him to avert his arms from his friends. The age of the first, the inoffensiveness of the second, and the inexperience of the third prevail. The "Stable Mind" gives way. The army retire, and the hero finally falls a victim to PEELIUS PERFIDIUS, and his associates, Political Progress and Common Sense.

OUR LEGAL HEROES.

SINCE the prospect of an Invasion by the French has been spoken of, the entire legal profession has been up in arms, and the Bar has declared with one voice, that every member will shed his last lock of horse-hair, and lay down his last fee if necessary, in defence of his native land. Arrangements are already in progress for completing a forensic corps, calculated to strike terror into the breasts of the bravest foes; and it is not perhaps generally known that a Law Review is about to be established, which will be in fact a periodical, but will consist of powder and shot instead of paper and print. It is in fact intended to call out the legal cohorts to exercise once a-week, by roll of drum, in the precincts of the Rolls. The weapons of this gallant band will consist of those legal instruments with which such deadly havoc is usually committed; and we ask in the utmost confidence, which of us would not fly further and sooner from a writ than from a bayonet or a bullet? The word of command, to "Draw declarations," has something far more terrible in it than the common-place exclamation of "Draw swords," and every one who owes a farthing, though he might listen complacently to the words "Recover arms," would quail like a very wild duck at hearing the ominous cry of "Recover debt and costs." Exercises have already commenced, and the drilling is about to proceed in the garden of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, which is to be fitted up as the Field of the Cloth of Costs. The forensic forces will combine upwards of a thousand rank and file, but there will be a battalion of Barristers called, *par excellence*, the Deep Old Files, by way of distinction from the ordinary soldiers. A few meetings have already been held, for the purpose of organising a regiment of legal volunteers, and the Accountant-General has been invited to accept the office of General in command. SERJEANT WILKINS has been selected on account of his vigour and enthusiasm, to undertake the office of recruiting-sergeant, and we shall no doubt soon see on the doors of Westminster Hall, a notice to the effect that—

"A FEW FINE HIGH-SPIRITED YOUNG JUNIORS

Are wanted immediately, to follow their leaders in a great national cause."

We can imagine the effect that would be produced upon the whole of the back rows in Westminster Hall by

WILKINS'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY,

Adapted to the Air of "Scots wha ha'."

Juniors, who've your clients bled,
Juniors, whom I've often led,
(Though I've found you thick of head,)
On to Victory!

Who would fill a coward's wig,
Who for fame don't care a fig,
Who thinks nothing *infra dig.*—
Let him turn and flee.

Who th' uncertainty of law,
In each document they draw,
Would expose, and find a flaw—
Let him follow me!

There could not be a more appropriate finale to this spirit-stirring song, than a cry of "Make ready costs," followed by an order to "Present bills," and winding up with one tremendous shout of "Charge—Six-and-eightpence!"

Juvenile. "Oh! Charley. If you hear a report that I'm going to be Married to that Girl in black, you can contradict it. There's nothing in it."

THE ADVANCES OF RUSSIA.

The Emperor of Russia, according to the *Morning Post*, has offered to lend the Austrian Government 50,000,000 florins, upon the most liberal terms. Nicholas, surely, must be one of those gentlemen who, notwithstanding the present hard times, are constantly advertising their readiness to lend money to any amount. Of course the Emperor, in return for his advances, requires some little pledge, which, probably, is much less liberal than his offers. *Punch*, in admiration of his Imperial Majesty's generosity, hereby authorises him to adopt the motto and legend of "Money Lent," and to sport two golden balls to the one now in connexion with his sceptre. The Emperor of Russia, in the political drama, is evidently the "Benevolent Uncle" to the distressed Princes of Europe.

The Mouth-Stopper of France.

The Minister of the Interior has declared Reform Banquets illegal. Louis-Philippe evidently disapproves of the too great readiness to help themselves displayed by his subjects at those dinners. So anxious is he to stop the mouths of his people that he now forbids them from dining. But no doubt his paternal views of Government would be fully answered, if his lieges would behave at table like well-regulated children, and eat—but not talk.

ABSURD!

We understand that it is the intention of a certain new Member, whose name we considerately suppress, to move for returns calculated to show what effect the reduction of the duty on French ribbons has produced upon window-sashes.

DOINGS AT A "CERTAIN CHURCH!"

A WARNING TO WOMEN.

We have received a strange tangle of a letter—evidently written in a female hand, and under feelings of great excitement—from which we pick, as well as we may, the following passages:—

At a certain church, which (says our correspondent) she is not yet prepared to name, but which, if she is further provoked, she will most assuredly denounce, to put all her fellow-creatures upon their proper guard (for there never was such a wickedness heard of before!)—

At a certain church—the most extraordinary practice is resorted to; and if she only knew the Bishop of that church, which she will know before many days, or the fault will not be her own—

At a certain church—which ought to be the last place where any experiment of any sort is made; for, hav'n't they hospitals, and surgeries, and lecture-rooms, and who can say what, to play their fal-lal tricks in, which they call the interests of Science (fiddlestick!) as if Science had anything to do with human feelings and human affections, and those sweet emotions of the heart that lead the heart very often to give itself away before it knows where it is; and very often what a very nice return it gets for all its goodness—

At a certain church—and where the clergyman was brought up who can suffer such things, there's nobody can tell; for he ought to know better, or the gown ought to be stripped from over his head, and not another word said upon the matter: whereas, to the contrary, from all that's appeared, he rather gives in to the notion, as it saves him time, and allows him to get home to luncheon earlier, as if people who have duties to perform should think of luncheon before the happiness of their fellow-creatures—

At a certain church, and there—for there can be no doubt of it—the big beadle stands looking and laughing on, instead of taking the culprits up; and the pew-openers do nothing but warm their keys in their hands, instead of running for the police—

At a certain church—and what the feelings of parents who consent to such doings, can be made of, it's more than any Christian can tell—

At a certain church, on certain occasions when weddings take place—and only consider, a wedding, that solemn occasion that seldom happens above once in a person's life, and sometimes never; and after all, perhaps, when it's considered what troubles are in the world, people are much better that are left entirely single than even those that go off again as "relicts"—

At a certain church, and at weddings when people—if at any time of their lives—ought to have all their seven senses about 'em—

At a certain church, when the bride is so much agitated—and any woman who doesn't make it her business to be agitated at such an interesting moment is worse than a post, and doesn't deserve to be married at all—

At a certain church, the marriage ceremony is performed, and the bride, when very timid, is married—under chloroform!

"Only imagine," says our correspondent in a postscript, "that it should ever run in this way in the newspapers:—'At [please put in 'a certain church,' by the Rev. Mr. B* * * *] Miss Mary Jones, under the beneficial effects of chloroform, to Mr. John Smith!'"

In a second and concluding postscript, the writer, with an hysteric flourish of the pen, asks this question: "*Mr. Punch*, what's the Parliament about that it doesn't step in!!!!!!?"

A SPANISH ACHILLES.

Achilles, by having had a plunging-bath in the river Styx, was rendered invulnerable, all but his heel. There is a gentleman in Spain, who has the advantage of the Grecian hero, in being bullet-proof all over. The *Heraldo* states that,

"A man has just arrived at Madrid, whose body bullets cannot enter. He proposes being publicly shot at by the soldiers of the garrison; and if this be not permitted, he will shoot himself by means of a machine which will let off several muskets at the same time. This strange fellow is said to have invented a garment of a tissue which will resist any bullet."

This individual should lose no time in coming to Ireland, and securing his invention by patent. Under the title of the "Anti-Assassin Wrapper, or Tipperary Paletot," it would have a sale which would certainly make his fortune.

Panes and Penalties.

Captain Pechell says that he has tried in vain to get from the Chancellor of the Exchequer what his notion of a window was. What the Chancellor refuses, we will give. The following is our definition of

A WINDOW, ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Anything, however small, which keeps out the light, and lets in the tax.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, February 19th, 1848.

A GAME FANCY FAIR.

JUST now we read a pargraph in the *Stamford Mercury* which has set all our benevolent sympathies in a ferment. We feel much more than we can express in any present known type; and could wish that there was some peculiar lachrymal font cast for the development of extreme sorrow for the MARQUIS OF EXETER. That distinguished man has made for himself a great reputation as a Game Peer. The eagle's feather is the long-acknowledged plume of chieftainship. Now EXETER might wear the pheasant's tail in his coronet; which might further be trimmed with the scut of hares in lieu of ermine; and all as typical of his game ascendancy. He is, so to speak, the Prince of Preserves. Well, the Marquis has of late been unfortunate in business. We feel for the losses of any deserving tradesman; but our grief is, of course, much more poignant when awakened by the sorrows of a Poulterer of Blood. The *Stamford Mercury*, in brief but impressive lines, gives the history of the noble tradesman's recent misfortune:—

"On the 1st inst. he sent to the Sibson railway station, in a cart, as many hares and pheasants as took two horses to draw them, and the carriage of them by the railway to London was charged £3 10*s.*: there were] to pay, besides, the fare and expenses of the gamekeeper who accompanied them; and such was the bad return of the sale, that when the man got back, the noble Marquis was actually 20*s.* out of pocket by the dealing, the London market being exceedingly overstocked."

Overstocked! Why can [there not be unanimity among noble game-dealers, as among aristocratic coal-owners, so that the limited supply should always command a certain return? It would greatly grieve us to find a nobleman in the *Gazette*—that *Colonna Infame* of the newspaper—for reverses in the poultry line. Imagine how it would read:—

"The most noble the MARQUIS OF COCKTAILS, May Fair, dealer in game. Feb, —, at Basinghall Street. Solicitor, MR. WIRES, Hare Court. Official Assignee, MR GROUSE."

We should feel this as almost a national disgrace; and therefore we have to propose a plan that—if carried out—will, we think, have with it the combined charms of novelty and profit.

Why should there not be, about Christmas time, a sort of Game Fancy Fair? It is the glory of JOHN BULL that he loveth a lord. The very presence of aristocracy giveth out an odour. Even the playhouse is made more spicy, more odoriferous, by the passing visits of the Genii of the Red Book. MADAME VESTRIS knoweth this: and therefore, astute lady! are not our eyes gladdened at breakfast-time—gladdened and mightily dazzled at the same moment—by the long list of aristocratic names—a very rope of pearls—whose owners have given the perfume of nobility (*parfum de noblesse*, such is the phrase, is it not, JENKINS?) to the Lyceum Theatre? And there is deep worldly wisdom in such newspaper trumpetings; for when JOHN SIMPSON hears that LORD SCARLETHEELS, with LADY SCARLETHEELS and the HON. MISSES PARROTBILL, have been to the playhouse, JOHN SIMPSON, drysalter, immediately prefers that playhouse, whereto he may carry MRS. SIMPSON and her daughter PEGGY. He will not own it; but there is a something superior in that sort of playhouse. It can hardly be; and yet he cannot tell; nobility, like the measles, may, after all, be catching.

Noble dealers in the poultry of the preserves may, if they will, turn this laudable feeling of the country at large to a very profitable account; and this they may do, as we have already suggested, by instituting a Game Fancy Fair. People who buy such Christmas provender would, of course, give a larger sum for the same commodities if vended by the noble dealers themselves. Hence, if the Marquis would only bring himself to superintend a game-stand for two or three days in the season, he could not but realise considerable profit from the condescension. If, too, noble game-preservers appeared at their stands in their robes, and coronets, and garters, they would no doubt add to the attraction of the solemnity, whilst at the same time they would cast a lustre upon the commerce of the country by such aristocratic decoration. We would, moreover, have the attendance of all gamekeepers distinguished by their wounds and achievements. Men who had killed a poacher should be duly medalled—like the heroes of the line—and men who had suffered wounds and mutilation in defence of that vital institution of the country, the Game-Laws, should also be present, honourably badged, for the ready notice and admiration of all visitors. We think, too, that—could it be obtained—casts of *that* poacher's head, immediately after the receipt of the "punch" upon it, made historical by MR. BERKELEY, might be sold at a moderate price, so as to put the great moral lesson within the possession of all buyers. We believe that if a faithful cast of that most medicinal "punch" could be disseminated throughout the rural districts, so that the humblest field-labourer could not rise in the morning without a "punch" in his eye, a blow—a repeated blow—would be given to poaching that it could not long stand up again This, however, by the way.

Of course, many noble game-preservers would sell the mere raw material:—the birds in their feathers—the hares in their fur. But as ladies at *their* Fancy-Fairs sell the very prettiest manufactured articles, so might the Game-Law Lords have their stands of game pies, &c. &c. Imagine the DUKE OF ATHOL with a row of venison pasties, warranted by the noble tradesman to be made of the flesh of deer, upon whose privacy no Scotch professor, no Southern tourist had dared to intrude. Sacred venison pasties from the sublime solitudes of Glen Tilt!

And there too may be the DUKE OF LEEDS, with *his* venison—his red and roe deer—prepared for all sorts of savoury eating.

And other Lords have their hare pies—and partridge pies—and glazed pheasants—and, in fact, all varieties of game dishes made for the occasion—for the general palate of the profane vulgar.

We have a lively impression that our hint will be acted upon. Yes. Looking towards the early part of next December with prophetic vision, we already see advertised from the Minories: "The Game Fancy Fair. Poulterer's Sleeves and Aprons of the best blue satin at — complete!"

NEWS OF THE COMET.

[*Received by Telegraphic Express.*]

THE Comet is on its travels. It had its passport *viséd* last week at Berlin. It was only 10,000,000 miles distance from the earth, so it may be expected almost every day. Philosophers are still speculating as to the great event it is to foretell. We think England has already been visited with its due share of misfortune. The country must be fastidious indeed, that is not satisfied with a Budget like the one that has just fallen upon us. Talk of your showers of Locusts in Egypt and India!—What are they to the showers of Tax-gatherers which drop upon us regularly four [times a year, coming in greater swarms every shower? The Locusts do not invade your habitations, they merely devour what they find about them; but your Tax-gatherer knocks at your door, and nearly eats you out of house and pantry. Should the British Empire ever decay, we are positive the last representative of its departed greatness will be a Tax-gatherer. He will be found mourning over the ruins of London—a second MARIUS—weeping over the Bank. But we are wandering away from the Comet.

Our dispatches from Potsdam tell us that PROFESSOR DONNERANBLITZ has already traced on the last joint of its tail several black figures, which, when added together, present a very formidable **5**. There is no doubt, therefore, that we are indebted to the Comet for this year's Budget. The sooner some one ties a tea-kettle to its tail, and makes it run, the better. The question is, Who will do it? and the Echo of Westminster Bridge answers, "CHISHOLM ANSTEY."

National Conveyance.

MR. STEWART, of legal celebrity, is about to publish some lectures on "The Means of Facilitating the Transfer of Land." We hope MR. STEWART will not pass unnoticed the American system of conveyance, as "the wise call it"—the simple give it a harsher name, known generally by the title of "annexation."

A BLUNDER-BUS.—One that takes you to Holborn when you want to go to the Bank.

OLD AND NEW TOYS.

THE NEW KITE.

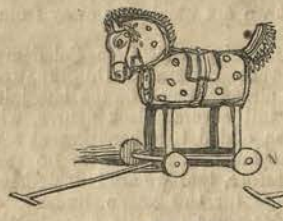
Toys have been in a state of coma for hundreds of years. It is time that Science should pass her gentle hands over them, and unmesmerise them. When everything else is moving, toys should not remain at a stand-still. They must advance with the age. Children are too clever now to be amused with the simple kites that almost lifted us off our little legs in the happy days when we wore no straps. The infant mind has so expanded that it is content with nothing less than a Nassau Balloon. The old rocking-horse, too, with his red wafers and wooden tail, is now voted "slow;" and depend upon it, long before the three years of the Income Tax have expired, that the NIMRODS of the nursery will ride nothing but a Megatherium, or at least a monster steam-engine, worked with real steam.

Fast boys will stipulate for a velocipede instead of a hoop, and the innocent amusement of blowing soap-bubbles will be quite exploded eventually, by the awful gasometer. Nurses will still be subjected to the playfulness of their young charges, only in a more powerful form!

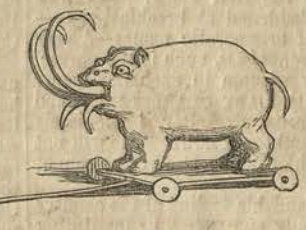
THE OLD.

THE NEW.

Nurseries will be turned into miniature laboratories, and we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that our children, as they grow out of their clothes, are becoming men, or rather hobbedehoys of science, every inch of them. A lesson will be contained in every toy; our



THE OLD.



THE NEW.

lamb's-wool dogs will be taught to bark chemistry; our speaking-dolls be made to talk ten languages, and the most abstruse sciences be made easy to the smallest understanding by the aid of a plaything.

THE NEW ROCKING-HORSE.

Questions at the Examination for Admission of Attorneys.

THERE seems no limit to the excitement which has seized upon the law-students to gain possession of our lucid explanation of the mysterious nuts submitted to them for the operation of cracking. We have accordingly resolved on plundering our able contemporary the *Legal Observer*, for the third and last time, of the questions still remaining to be answered; and we give them with all the beautifully reasoned replies that our standing counsel has appended to them.

V.—*Bankruptcy and Practice of the Courts.*

Q. What description of traders are now liable to the Bankrupt Laws?

A. Recent experience has shown us that no traders are too high or too respectable to be exempt from such a disagreeable liability.

Q. Describe the mode of proceeding to make a debtor a bankrupt.

A. Send him to one of the universities; persuade him to take a theatre; transfer all your railway shares to him; make him a Provisional Committee-man; or encourage him to invent something useful, by which he will be ruined, and large fortunes will be eventually made by his successors, who are literally those who succeed.

VI.—*Criminal Law, and Proceedings before Magistrates.*

Q. State the mode of proceeding to obtain the liberation of a person improperly restrained of his liberty.

A. Bribe the policeman with half-a-crown. If that won't do, try him with half-a-sovereign; but, if that wont do, knock him down, and run off with your captive friend.

Q. What are the material points of evidence in an indictment for perjury?

A. A regular hard swearer, to swear the direct opposite to everything which the alleged perjurer has sworn.

Q. What is the usual course adopted in practice to secure the attendance of witnesses in criminal cases?

A. The usual course is to serve them with the usual order for beer on the public-house nearest to the Court. When the original order is not made out, the witnesses will in general not object to be served with the drafts.

Q. What is the mode of proceeding against a banker or agent for applying to his own use money or securities intrusted to him for a specific purpose?

A. The first step in the proceedings arising out of such a transaction, is usually taken by the banker or agent himself, who proceeds to get out of the country with all possible expedition. The best proceeding the injured party can take, is to run after the delinquent with the utmost speed.

Q. What are the material and necessary points on which evidence is required in such proceedings?

A. The best, though certainly the most unsatisfactory evidence, is to be found in the knowledge of the victimised individual, that his money and his banker or agent are gone.

LEGISLATIVE CANDOUR.

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI was seized, on Friday evening, with a fit of extraordinary candour, or rather, he released the feline animal from the reticule—let the cat out of the bag—in a manner quite astonishing. In speaking against LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S financial propositions, "Young BEN" observed that "war was not produced by Powers that were satisfied; but, as in society, disturbance was created by an individual who did not find himself in that position which he thought his talents entitled him to." This is one of the finest pieces of self-assertion we have heard for some time. The public Estimates are not the only estimates upon which MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI differs from the Government; for the estimate formed of the honourable gentleman himself is the great—or little—matter upon which he seems to be at issue with all parties. Remembering that extremes sometimes meet, there is a remote chance that the breach may be filled up some day or another.

The Printers' Friends.

WE understand that it is contemplated by the printers, generally, to get up a testimonial to the HAMPDEN controversialists, and also to M'HALE, Archbishop of Tuam, for the great exertions of those gentlemen, which have so much redounded to the good of trade.

BEWARE OF THE BAD JOKE.

A HOSIER in Oxford Street, who does occasionally on the sly a little gambling and punning, has purchased lately a most tremendous lot of opera ties. The reason he unblushingly gives for this is because he has learnt from experience at Loo, that "ties always pay the dealer."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

MR. BRIEFLESS IS CALLED TO THE BAR.

CONCEIVING the auspicious moment had now arrived when it became necessary for me to take a hundred pounds out of my pocket, or rather out of a rich uncle's, in order to raise the fees required for my call to the Bar, I waited upon the good old man, who gave me his blessing and a bill-stamp, both of which I readily accepted; and, receiving in exchange a hundred pound note, I flew to the Treasurer of my Inn, who soon relieved me of its charge, and presented me in exchange with a table of expenses payable upon my entry into my profession.

Previously, however, to the ceremony of a call, it is customary—or was in the days when I turned that first preliminary somersault, which will send me vaulting head over heels on to the Woolsack at last—it was, I say, customary to ask your friends to the Hall of your Inn, to take wine with you, in celebration of the auspicious event of the evening. I had issued about half-a-quire of invitations, and three fellow-students, who were to be called on the same night as myself, had each sent forth note-paper to a like amount, and four parties of about a dozen each assembled in the old Hall of Gray's Inn, to do honour to the accession the Bar was about to make to its ranks, in the shape of four new Utters of unutterable promise in the opinion of their respective friends and relatives.

Instead of sitting unsociably at separate tables, in different parts of the Hall, it was arranged that the four parties should join their forces, and kill, as it were, four birds with one stone, by making a single celebration of the four great events of the evening.

I must not, however, omit the ceremony of the call itself, which was performed in the presence of the Benchers, with due solemnity. Each student took—from the hands of the butler—a tremendous oath, engrossed on parchment, and binding the deponent not to stand by and see foreign princes murdered in the street, nor to suffer any bull from Rome to make him draw in his horns, on any pretext whatever. Such were the provisions of this oath, which was washed down by a glass of wine, to drink to the Benchers, who, wishing the new Barristers success, were glad to get them out of the way, and resume the festivities of the evening.

I was now a Barrister, and felt all the weight of my new dignity. My legs seemed animated with a sort of involuntary motion of course, and in the hilarious excitement of the moment, the spirit of Hilary Term seemed to come suddenly over me. Had there been a turnpike-gate in my way, I could have shown my readiness for a trial at bar, by vaulting gracefully on to the other side of it. I felt that I was transmogrified by the magic of the oath, and the fairy-like transmutation of the possession of my uncle's hundred pound note into the hands of the steward. I felt, in fact, that I was now the qualified champion of injured innocence, the recognised advocate of lovely woman in distress, the authorised unmasker of villany, and the privileged tearer out of all those false fronts which are often worn to hide the tremendous blots and stains which disfigure—as the ink besmears the pad—the guilty bosom. I yearned for some victim of oppression, I cared not how humble his sphere—the humbler the better—that I might insist upon justice being done to him.

What would I not have given for some acknowledged heroine of domestic melodrama—some persecuted housemaid, such as I had seen divers of at the Victoria Theatre in the course of my life—some injured creature with a hair-broom in her hand, and an avalanche of injustice on her devoted head—what, I say, would I not have given for such a creature as a client! I would have asked on her behalf, whether the Constitution was to go no further than the drawing-room or dining-room floor, and be refused admission to the kitchen? I would have demanded to know whether virtue is not as respectable in stuff as in silk, and whether the heart encased in muslin should be exempted from the process of mangling, any more than the crushed bosom in a cotton print, or whether we are to hold the feelings in Orleans cloth cheaper than those which are carefully wrapped up in the delicate velvet of Genoa?

As there were four distinct parties amalgamated into one, there might have been some jealousy as to the appointment of a Chairman, had not a friend of my own—an aged junior at the Bar—been unanimously called to the Chair, in compliment to his very palpable black wig, thrown out into relief by the grey hairs straggling from beneath it, and out of respect, no doubt, to a regular field of furrows which the plough of old Time had cut out upon his countenance. This appearance bespoke that if he had failed to reap, it was not for want of the materials to sow, for there was something dreadfully seedy in his aspect. He opened the proceedings of the evening by drinking the health of the newly-called Barrister, and predicting, with much confidence, that he would eventually sit upon the Woolsack. Each of the four candidates rose at once to take to himself the little prophecy about the Woolsack, and each disclaimed, at the same time, the compliment, while each appropriated it, and each was assailed with a burst of "Down, down!" from three sides, and a cry of "Bravo, Go on!" from his own fourth fraction of the company. There were consequently no less than four embryo Lord Chancellors—in their own opinion—talking at once; and indeed a call to the Bar never takes place without the new accession to its ranks taking *ipso facto* a reversionary interest in the Great Seal, according to the notions of his own immediate friends and family. I am sure I have kissed the royal hand, on my elevation to the Woolsack, fifty times at least, in the imagination of those who took an interest in my success; and as every family believes its own scion is destined for the glorious post, there are always, upon an average, some four or five hundred embryo Chancellors in the chambers, garrets, and attics of the great metropolis.

The unlucky *contretemps* that had happened in the commencement of the evening materially marred its harmony. The father—or grandfather—of the Bar drank to such excess, in order to drown animosity, as he said, that he grew extremely sentimental, and alternately wept, shrieked, and speechified. I can scarcely call to mind what passed after this, or how the evening concluded; but I have a vague recollection of my having been dragged to my lodgings on the tips of my toes between two friends, one of whom proclaimed himself averse to going home till morning, while the other administered to me a succession of assaults and batteries, designed to irritate me into an attempt to maintain a perpendicular position. Our respected Chairman was found at five o'clock in the morning, without shoes, coat, or hat, imploring a pump in Gray's-Inn Lane to pour over the affidavit, and allow him to take a rule for a new trial.

REFORM YOUR PREMIER'S BILLS.

THE Budget this year is like the heavy pack which CHRISTIAN carries in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Its contents are of the most disagreeable kind, and it is very like to sink poor JOHN BULL in the Slough of Despond.

"We have to meet a deficiency of three millions," says LORD JOHN.

"How do you propose to meet it?" asks JOHN BULL.

"By adding three millions of Income-Tax," says LORD JOHN.

"You mean by taking off three millions of expenditure?" says JOHN BULL.

"On the contrary, I mean to increase the Ordnance Estimates," says LORD JOHN.

"I won't pay a farthing more," says JOHN BULL.

"We must make both ends meet," says LORD JOHN.

"Granted," says JOHN BULL.

"So I'm obliged to put a strain on the national income," says LORD JOHN.

"Why not put the strain on the national outlay?" says JOHN BULL.

Which question of his fat friend *Punch* begs leave to echo.

Making both ends meet is a process of great toil and torture, which individuals, as well as governments, have been going through pretty generally this Christmas; but when, on looking back, a man finds an alarming gap between his *Dr.* and *Cr.* accounts, he tries to close it up by adding to income what he cuts off from expenditure. It is to be hoped that the country will insist on LORD JOHN following this self-denying principle. No doubt putting a hand in the pocket of J. B., and pulling out three millions additional Income-Tax, is a very simple and satisfactory process for a Minister, but it is by no means so pleasant to J. B.

Mottoes for the Taxes.

THE MINISTER'S MOTTO.	THE TAX-PAYER'S MOTTO.
For the Window-Tax. "Light come, light go."	"Fiat lux."
For the Income-Tax. "Esto perpetua."	"A short life, and a merry one."
For the Tea-Duty. "Neque te ministrum dedecet."	"A te, o cara."
For the Budget. "Tant perd, tant pave." (The greater the deficiency, the greater the expenditure).	"Sauve qui peut." (The utmost possible economy.)

"IF HE HAD A HEART FOR WINDOWS FRAMED."

SHOULD the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER be compelled to take off the Window-Tax, we advise him to try Chloroform, as the best adapted for a *paneless* operation.

LIBERALITY OF RUMOUR.

THERE is something quite extraordinary in the liberality with which Rumour has been bestowing Bishoprics and Archbishoprics within the last few months; and indeed the arrangements of Rumour fully realise the proverb—"*Bis dat qui cito dat;*" for Rumour not only gives away a good thing very quickly, but gives it twice or three times over to different individuals. The Archbishopric of York, vacant a short time back, was good-naturedly given by Rumour to some half-dozen prelates; but stern reality, that terrible wet blanket on Rumour's good intentions, soon interfered to take away from five of the favoured objects the benefit that Rumour had bestowed upon them.

Rumour is, in fact, a great deal like a rich uncle in a play, who goes about scattering purses, which on inspection are found to contain nothing but old benefit cards, and checks for the gallery. No sooner had DR. SUMNER been summoned to accept the See of Canterbury, than Rumour began giving away the vacant Bishopric of Chester to half-a-dozen people at once, though only one could be destined to obtain it. We greatly regret that Rumour is not amenable to a Court of Law, where she might be sued for compensation by those whose hopes have been raised and cruelly disappointed by her valueless generosity.

"HUMILITY."

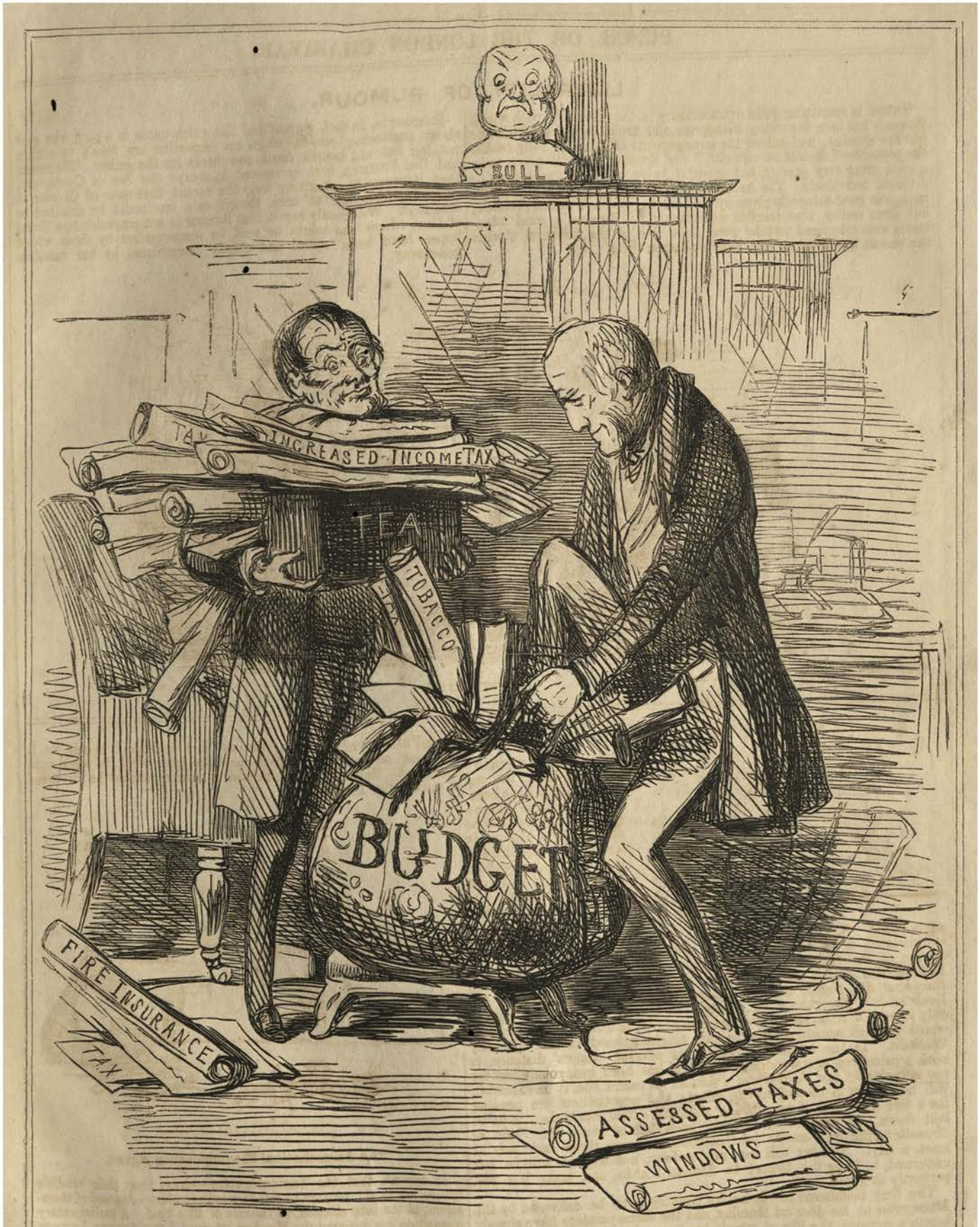
THE PICTURE OF A HOME.

ALL the promises given to ABD-EL-KADER to go to Alexandria have been broken; but the promise pledged to him that he shall have a Mosque in France is—incredible as it may appear—about to be fulfilled. Artists have been despatched to the South with orders to run up one as quickly as possible. CICÉRI, the celebrated scene-painter of the Académie, is intrusted with the decorations, and HORACE VERNET has given a sketch of the Desert, which, on account of its wonderful fidelity to Nature, has drawn tears, from the poor exile who sells the luscious *Racahout des Arabes*, at the corner of the Rue de la Paix, on the Boulevards. Everything for miles is as barren as Leicester Square, only it is not relieved by the luxuriance of thistles and dandelions, which flourish spontaneously in the neighbourhood of the Cockney Walhalla. In the horizon, however, at several leagues' distance, is seen a palm-tree in a wooden box, which has been generously lent for the occasion by the *Jardin des Plantes*. A camel, too, it is expected, will be thrown in to add to the effect; and negotiations are pending for a live goat, and, if possible, a chamois. Real sand, also, is to be laid down, an engagement having been signed with the *Puits de Grenelle* to furnish from its inexhaustible reservoir three cart-loads at least, a day. Nothing will be left undone, not a stone will be left unturned, to bring the Desert to ABD-EL-KADER, and make him feel perfectly at home.

The first instalment of his native country is to be delivered by the *Messageries* at his door on Monday, and the scene-painters have already begun a minaret, the like of which has never been seen in Paris since the palmy days of the Jardin Turc, when JULLIEN used to frighten the *rentiers* of the Marais with his quadrilles of blue and red fire, and his bomb-and-cannon waltzes. A body of Arabs is likewise to be given as a guard of honour to ABD-EL-KADER, as soon as the termination of the Carnival will allow of the dresses being spared for such a purpose. We feel a novel pleasure in recording this honourable fulfilment by LOUIS-PHILIPPE of a solemn promise. Let us hope it is only No. I. of a long series which is to be continued from week to week, until completed. Subscriptions, to be paid in advance, should be forwarded at once to the Tuileries.

The Anæsthetical Electioneering Agent.

IT appears that the Yarmouth votes—whom, from their vendible nature, we might venture to call Yarmouth bloaters—disposed of themselves, at the late election, at the rate of £3 a-head. A parliamentary inquisition has declared the Members returned, LORD ARTHUR LENNOX and OCTAVIUS EDWARD COOPE, ESQ., not duly elected; adding, however, that there is "no evidence to show" that these acts of bribery were committed "with the knowledge and consent" of the gentlemen in question. For the candidates' extraordinary unconciousness of the proceedings of their Committees, we can account only on one supposition, namely, that during their election they were under the influence of chloroform.



LORD JOHN AND THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER PACKING THEIR CARPET BAG.

Lord John. "THAT 'S RIGHT, WOOD, RAM THEM DOWN ; WE MUST MAKE ROOM FOR ALL THESE TOO."

MR. PUNCH FOR REPEAL.

Y DEAR RAY,—If the office of Repeal Warden for the Fleet Street district of London is vacant just now, I would be very glad to offer the humble services of self and paper to forward the good cause which you have at heart. The Repeal ranks, I am happy to tell you, are rapidly increasing in this country. The exertions of your amiable clergy and leaders are procuring a host of converts. By a little judicious management and further perseverance, you may make your favourite measure so popular in England that the best Irish patriots will be surprised, and that the most selfish Saxons among us will desire no longer to baulk you. You have but to continue in a course of resolute begging and cursing, and I make no doubt the desired end will be brought about, and the disgusted Saxon will be anxious to break off from a Union which only brings him back bad language for his money.

I, for my part, confess myself converted. TUAM and GALWAY staggered my belief, and ARCHDEACON LAFFAN uprooted it altogether. I am for a quiet life, and a Parliament where you may compliment one another. What is the use of meddling? It is expensive and not useful. There is a fellow near the National Gallery of London, who keeps what he calls "a happy family," whereas it is a family of slaves the tyrant lords over. They disorderly! I warrant if they were left to themselves, they would be quiet before long. There might be a slight quarrel at first; a few feathers would be scattered about the cage, probably; some members of the family might be missed from their perches; but the end would assuredly be peace.

I calculate that ARCHDEACON LAFFAN, like a venerable worthy Christian as he is, has made the country a present of many scores of thousand pounds. I will put my own case, not for the sake of ostentation but illustration. I give a £5 note to the Irish fund in '46; I am ready with another for the winter of '47. The Archdeacon preaches a eulogy upon the dashing lads of Tipperary, and says that there is no cowardly Englishman of us all that has the pluck to stand behind a hedge and fire a few slugs into a dastard of a landlord. The purse-strings close up. Tipperary shall have no more of it. We can lay it out at better interest in this country.

Of how many well-disposed English gentlefolks of his own persuasion do you suppose the ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM has buttoned up the breeches pockets? No gentleman prefers to be cursed for a scoundrel, or to be abused as a thief and ruffian, when he is coming with the best intentions to relieve an amiable fellow creature in distress. If you take out a plate of broken victuals to a beggar, you do not expect that he will throw them in your face, and condemn the poor innocent eyes into which he flings them. At least (whatever their desires may be) the infernal artifice and shrewdness of English gentlemen in distressed circumstances, induces them to keep their tongues quiet when they are actually on the begging business, and never to curse those from whom they hope to beg again, until they are out of hearing. The English are naturally niggardly and timid villains. We are obliged to coax and wheedle them into charity: they are too glad of a pretext for buttoning up; and the national cowardice of our alms-givers will no more face a little abuse and foul language, than an Italian sailor will put out to sea in rough weather.

We cannot help it. We are—as you kindly and constantly show us—naturally cowardly and deceitful. You are open and courageous in Ireland. I admire the frankness of a man who holds out his hand and says, "For the love of Heaven, you infernal scoundrel, give me your money, and I should like to dash your brains out." I admire him; and that, I say, is why I am and declare myself a Repealer. I am for not being abused, for not having to pay money any more, and for not having my brains dashed out.

I have been led into the above amiable train of thought by looking over one or two late Irish newspapers, and the excellent MR. JOHN O'CONNELL'S letter from Paris to his dear RAY. He went to church, he says, where a funeral oration was pronounced over his late father by the ABBÉ LACORDAIRE, and where ladies, the noblest, the fairest in the land, went round through the immense crowd, when the sermon had concluded, to collect for the relief of the suffering people of Ireland, and even the very poorest there contributed his mite with a willing and an overflowing heart:—

"O how the contrast struck me when I saw the artisan, the humble mechanic, the poor stall-keeper, thus generously and cheerfully giving to the relief of the Irish (with whom his country is bound in no bonds of state connexion), between the conduct of these poor men and the heartlessness of the statesmen, and legislators, and press-writers of wealthy England, who, after plundering us for centuries, refuse us the smallest assistance in the extremity of that misery which has been brought upon us by English misrule!"

It is clear from the above, that the French congregation at Notre Dame subscribed a great deal more than all England; and I wish you joy, my dear RAY, of the handsome sum paid up. It is clear that the English press-writers and others have been plundering MR. J. O'CONNELL and friends for centuries; that we have brought a potato disease upon you and denied you the smallest relief; that four or five hundred thousand pounds paid over honestly, squeezed out of all sorts of pockets—from rich men by hundreds, from men of small means in small remittances, from mechanics, private soldiers, maid-servants, school-children, in sixpences and pennies—is not the smallest relief at all, and, indeed, is a much less sum than five or six thousand francs collected in the plates at Notre Dame.

I don't know, for my part, about having plundered MR. O'CONNELL for centuries; but I suspect that the famous Irish monarch, whose crown was on his royal father's coach panels, might have slept without much fear of robbers: and as for potatoes, beyond eating them, I vow I never did one a harm.

Now you *have* got the French subscription, you will be set up till potato time, and too proud to calculate what you have lost by abuse of us. MR. JOHN O'CONNELL may calculate how much we hav'n't given this year if he likes, and add the sum to the millions which we already owe you. But Oh! my dear RAY, would it not have been more prudent to have taken even an instalment, and to have let in our alms duty free?

With three cheers for the good old cause, I have the honour to inclose my year's subscription, and to remain Yours, Punch.

P.S. The ruffian Saxon Ministry, in bringing forward its measures of finance, has again spared you the Income Tax—another dastardly slight of Old Ireland.

THE MONSTER MOTION.

MR. ANSTEY's motion is a misnomer; for how can we attach the idea of motion to an affair that brings itself and everything else to a dead stand-still. We have a vague recollection of a certain Chartist petition that was wheeled into the House of Commons on a truck, and broke down the table it was ordered to lie upon. MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY's motion is still more ponderous and voluminous; for as it expanded, it fairly pushed everybody out of the House by its extent and ponderosity.

As a curiosity, it is well worth handing over to the Statistical Society, to have a calculation made of the number of words the debate upon it would contain, the buckets of ink that would be required to take it down, and the quantity of cabs necessary to convey it on their united roofs, if it were allowed to swell to the extent to which MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY would carry it.

STEAM CHICKENS.

WE believe it was the benevolent wish of HENRI QUATRE that his poorest subject should have a fowl in his pot. MR. CANTELO promises to realise the philanthropic desire of the royal mind to the benefit of all men. He proposes to prorogue the sittings of poultry *sine die*, and to supply the world with fowls, turkeys, guinea-fowl, and pheasants, by means of hot water. "Millions," says MR. CANTELO, very boldly, "have been spent in fruitless attempts" to relieve female poultry from the cares of a family—by hatching chicks in hot rooms or ovens. Now MR. CANTELO—the eggs granted—will produce any given number of chicks by the application of "top contact heat," conveyed by "a current of warm water flowing over an impermeable water-proof cloth, beneath which eggs are placed." Thus, chickens may be produced beneath a cloth, as multitudinous as mites in a cheese. Consequently, the price of poultry must drop to nothing. The guinea-fowl must change its name, and become at most, a bob-chick. Again, when the process is improved—as of course it will be—we see no reason why the baked potato-men should not hatch poultry in their street ovens, and sell a fine young pullet and a real "kidney" for twopence.

Our only fear of the success of the experiment—as explained by MR. CANTELO—arises from "the artificial mother." We have great fears that the filial affections of the poultry will ever be developed. For how can a chick feel its heart expand and beat towards a "number of warm pipes, about an inch and a quarter in diameter, and about the same distance apart, resting on supports about five inches from the floor?" A step-mother is proverbially careless and indolent. What then may we hope from a steam-mother?

Nevertheless, according to MR. CANTELO, art is above nature. For instance, he charges it against the living mother that she "often tramples on the chickens—this always injures and sometimes destroys them." Again, she is apt to gad about; when, "if the brood is following the hen, it is often over-fatigued, and fewer come home than she took with her!" When hens are made to acknowledge this, how very small they will feel themselves, contemplating the sobriety and maternal love of "a number of warm pipes, about an inch-and-a-quarter in diameter!" With filial yearnings—if they have any at all—towards steam, how curious it will be to watch a brood of chicks nestling about a tea-kettle.

MR. CANTELO has noble Spartan notions touching deformed chickens. We think his ideas on this head quite worthy of attention and practical imitation by Boards of Poor-Law Guardians. For MR. CANTELO with patriotic sternness observes—

"In all cases of deformity, it is *most economical* and humane to destroy the chicken. If a *cross-bill*, it always grows worse, and will finish by not being able to eat at all, and a *stiff-leg* is pulled about, and made miserable by the other chickens; and, inasmuch as a deformed chicken would not have left the nest of the mother, it is not worth while to attempt to do better artificially. I have hatched a duck with three legs, that is, an imperfect and extraordinary one, proceeding from below the root of the tail. This lived and *did well*, as it had *two good legs to stand upon;* but the third one was often pulled at by the others."

How many a lame duck of the Stock-Exchange must envy such a bird—having, at his worst need, two good legs, at least, to stand upon.

We confess to be greatly taken with MR. CANTELO's enthusiasm; nevertheless, the doubts we have must speak out. We fear, then, a great increase of cases of deformity. We fear that, in process of time, poultry thus artificially hatched, will, in their shape, assimilate to nothing but "a number of pipes an inch-and-a-quarter in diameter." Chickens, forlorn things, will be hatched without merrythoughts; and turkeys—like peace-loving "friends"—think drum-sticks quite beneath them. Let not the reader believe our fear fantastic; it is justified by many examples. M. SOLZER remarks of the swine in Normandy that above all other breeds, "they stand very long on their hind legs." And the reason to ourselves is obvious. The swine have, in the course of generations, thus adapted themselves to the wretchedness of Norman roads. They have gradually grown upon stilts for more convenient walking. Again, M. ROULIN declares that certain horses in South America were taught "a peculiar pace, which is a sort of running amble." And what has been the eventual result? Why, "these horses became the sires of a race to which the ambling pace is natural, and requires no teaching."

It is these instances that make us fear for the future figures of our poultry. Instinctively knowing that they are hatched by steam, fowls may bulge into the shape of tea-kettles, and instead of clucking, fizz!

And then we see a difficulty with regard to the Game Laws. Are pheasants hatched by "top contact heat" to be protected by the statute? To be sure, the "top contact" does, in a manner, harmonise with the "punch on the head," which a living Game Chicken holds to be so preservative of preserves. Otherwise we do not see that game hatched by a number of steam "pipes" should only be shot by licensed barrels.

Any way, the scheme of MR. CANTELO is well worthy of consideration. We hear it is proposed to form a company—not, of course, in theatrical parlance, a barn-door company—to carry into fullest execution his fowl object. It is already so well thought of in the City, that a certain distinguished alderman has proposed himself as chairman, with the understanding that—("hours of sitting from ten till four")—he is to hatch any mare's-nest should he be able to find one. At all events, as MR. CANTELO professes not to hatch any sort of water-fowl, shareholders will have this most consoling reflection—they will not be called upon to make ducks and drakes of their money.

THE

CATNACH HEBREW MELODIES.

THE CURLY-HEADED JEW-BOY.

AIR—"*The Curly-headed Ploughboy.*"

A Curly-headed Jew-boy soMe years ago was I,
And through the streetsh of London "Old clo" I used to cry,
But now I am a Member, I speechifies and votes;
I 've giv'n up all my dealinS in left-off hats and coats:
In a creditable manner I hope I fills my sheat,
Though I vonce was but a Jew-boy vot whistled through the street.

I used to turn a penny by doin' little bills,
But, lookin' to the statioN of dignity I fills,
The discount line oF business no longer I pursue,
And bills to serve my country is all the billS I do;
With acceptancE from the nation I trust they 'll always meet,
Though they're drewn by me—a Jew-boy vot whistled thro' the street.

At length, emanshipated, I write myself M.P.,
And worthy of that honour I'll ever strive to be;
The only things I thinks on no More is shent per sHent:
The peoplesh' is the interest on which alone I 'm bent;
I mean *all* the British peoPlesh—believe me, I entreat,
T hough I vonce was but a Jew-boy vot whiStled through the street.

My thanks for my promotion—and Vot can I do less?
With gratitude I offer to our enlightEn'd Press;
And, now a Legislator, my influeNce I 'll use
In aid of toleration, and just and liberal views;
For to them I stand indebted—to them I owe my sheAt,
Who was vonce a little Jew-boy Vot whistled through the *Street*.

Window-Breaking in London.

THE Grand Protection Plate Glass Sash Society met on Monday "for the purpose of adopting measures" to stop the custom—of late much cultivated by paupers—of breaking window-panes. Yesterday, a deputation of the body had an interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer; when the Right Hon. assured them—for their comfort—that in order the better to secure glass, he had no objection to double the present tax on windows. The Deputation are not yet resolved whether to accept the proffered safeguard of the Minister.

GREAT NEWS FOR LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

WE learn from the *Echo de Vesone* that a provincial executioner of France has invented a new kind of guillotine, that will execute any number at the same moment. As the hydra of Reform has just appeared in Paris, we doubt not His Majesty will, if possible, avail himself of the new invention, to cut off the monster's hundred heads at one blow.

Equivocal Insanity.

COUNT MORTIER is declared to be mad. One of the alleged signs of his insanity is his belief that M. GUIZOT is desirous of depriving him of *his skin*. For ourselves, we think there may be some truth in this. For in the present state of things, we believe it likely that M. GUIZOT should wish himself in any other man's skin than his own.

JESUITS IN ENGLAND.

COLONEL SIBTHORP violently protests against the legalised residence of Jesuits in England: inasmuch as he declares that the Jesuits reverse the proverb "their bite being worse than their *bark*."

OLD FORM OF A NEW REMEDY.—The Removal of Jewish disabilities will be an operation anything but painless to a certain party in the House, though brought about by the application of *Old Clo' reform*.

MERCY WITH A VENGEANCE.

PUNCH, seeing the Right Honourable Baronet, SIR GEORGE GREY, in his place, at the head of the Home Office, begs to ask him if the subjoined statement, which has appeared in a newspaper, is true. It relates to one BARBER, a solicitor, who, together with a man named FLETCHER, was transported in 1844 for forging wills:—

"BARBER invariably protested his innocence, which was also asserted by his fellow convict; but they were both sent to Norfolk Island. It is stated (though from what cause we are unable to learn) that a special order was sent from the Home Office, directing the severest treatment to be applied to BARBER, which order was rigorously enforced. This excited the attention of the reverend chaplain of the colony, and others, who instituted an investigation, and hence his liberation. The REV. T. ROGERS, one of the chaplains, certified that the treatment of BARBER was of the most galling severity: he was restricted to the barrack-yard; he was ordered to perform the most loathsome duties; he was deprived of the indulgence granted him by the medical officer; and he was the only prisoner interdicted from writing materials; whilst the physical toil he had to undergo was altogether disproportionate to his strength. . . . This statement is confirmed by the REV. MR. TAYLOR, who gives other particulars of the convict's 'misery and torture.' These statements, and the result of an inquiry made by the officer of the settlement into BARBER'S case, were forwarded to the Home Office, and a reply was received, *announcing a pardon for* BARBER, *on condition that he should never again set his foot in Great Britain*. Within the last week MR. BARBER has arrived in France, having been sent from Sydney by public subscription."

Punch trusts that the Home Secretary will lose no time in giving the above libel—for surely it is such—on the Government, the most unqualified contradiction. So often has the Home Office been accused of granting pardons for nothing, and without indemnification, that people are actually beginning to believe it to be capable of such injustice and absurdity. It has absolutely acquired a bad name through neglecting to clear its character. No doubt many of the public are disposed to regard the present monstrous imputation on it as true. What must they think on that supposition? Why, they will ask, if BARBER is innocent, is he forbidden to return to his country? Not for what he has done, of course; is it, then, for what he has suffered? Would his presence be intolerable to those who, in their fallibility, were the authors of his misery and torture? Is he banished merely as an eyesore? Or is a man to be punished for having been found guilty, no matter whether he is guilty or not? Is it an axiom of the Executive that a convict is a kind of victim, who must on no account be let off altogether? "The quality of mercy is not strained," but the Home Office, at this rate, strains the mercy of the Crown most grievously. Can anything be conceived more unjust, more inhuman, and more absurd than the treatment of unfortunate BARBER? Such will be the questions and such the comments to which the Government will stand exposed, if the Home Secretary will not take the trifling trouble of repelling this apparently serious, but really (of course) perfectly ridiculous accusation.

A "Superior" Pony.

THE following appears in the *Times*:—

EXEMPT from TAX—a superior PONY EQUIPAGE, (lowest price, to prevent trouble, 27 guineas,) late the property of a clergyman *of the Church of England*, by order of the executors. The Pony is young, sound, and quiet,"—&c. &c.

That it is thought expedient to advertise the Pony as the late property of a Clergyman of the Church of England is only—for the avoidance of extra advertisement expense—to roll up every equine virtue into one short sentence. The pony being, as it were, of the Church—that is, having in some measure imbibed the virtues of its master—is not a crib-biter, nor a kicker; he bolteth not; neither doth he shy. Whereas, had the beast belonged to a sectarian, he might have been highly objectionable as a canter. Truly, this is an odd compliment to the Church of England, to couple it thus adroitly with the Mews.

Lola Montez!

[*By Electric Telegraph.*]

DOVER, Feb. 24.—9 A. M. LOLA MONTEZ has just left Boulogne Pier (with a bull-dog, a band-box, and a horse-pistol) for this port.

— 10¼.—LOLA has just arrived, and gone to the Ship. She will be in London at 1; and will immediately proceed to LORD STANLEY'S, to offer herself as Leader of the Protectionists.

THE FRENCH REFORM BANQUET.

THE Deputies only intended to dine; but LOUIS-PHILIPPE—in the event of any noise being made for tea—had all the regiments of the line duly prepared to supply the guests with gunpowder. Besides this, all the guns of the fortifications were heavily shotted, so that the revellers caroused under the inspiration of government grape.

A DEFICIENCY SOMEWHERE.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER deals in so many lamentations about not being able to take off any taxes, that he is known amongst deputations by the name of "He WOOD, if he could."

SURVEY OF LONDON.

CONSIDERABLE alarm has been excited in the minds of some of the Londoners by the appearance of soldiers in sundry high and elevated positions commanding the metropolis, or at least some of the most important parts of it. One of the towers of Westminster Abbey, which immediately overhangs the Houses of Parliament, is at this moment mysteriously manned by a military party, who, it turns out upon inquiry, are engaged in a plan for levelling the Metropolis at the request of the Sanitary Commissioners. Directly this fact was made known, the consternation, particularly that of the lower classes about Tothill Street and its vicinity, increased in a painful degree, for their only idea of the levelling of the Metropolis suggests to them its being levelled with the dust in the ordinary manner. They exclaim that it is the act of an Insanitary rather than a Sanitary Commission to give orders for the levelling of London; and though they have been told that the process includes its triangulation, or reduction to triangles, it has been found impossible to drum into them a just appreciation of what is going forward. Some old women belonging to the party of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON believe that London is already in the hands of the French, and that they are on the top of the Abbey, holding in abey-ance the formidable power they are about to exercise.

It is satisfactory to know from LORD JOHN RUSSELL, that our foreign relations are in an amicable state; though it will be difficult to make the nervous portion of the population believe this, while military men are walking about the streets with a machine that seems like a cross between a telescope and a howitzer.

Engineer. "DON'T BE ALARMED, MA'AM, IT'S ONLY A DUMPY LEVELLER."

Old Lady. "LAW! DEAR NOW! WELL, I'M SURE I THOUGHT IT WAS A BLUNDERBUST. BUT DON'T FIRE IT OFF, YOUNG MAN, TILL I'M GOT BY, FOR I WAS ALWAYS TERRIBLE FEARED OF GUNS."

FINE ARTS.

G. HUDSON, ESQ.: *Madame Tussaud Fecit.*

THE Iron King is the last addition to MADAME TUSSAUD'S unrivalled collection. It is altogether a superb work of art. We should, perhaps, have preferred the figure had it been covered with Dutch metal, as more calculated to strike the vulgar with the awe that all the lower orders ought to feel on the contemplation of a man with a million or two of money. Madame—as we learn from the catalogue—has very judiciously padded the waistcoat of MR. HUDSON with Bank paper; and his coat-tail pockets are filled with real sovereigns, which, upon payment of an extra sixpence, as at the Chamber of Horrors, may be seen and handled (of course, under proper surveillance) by the visitors. Independently of this, there is great elevation of character about the figure. The face is placed towards the Mint, and is possessed with a contemplative, sallow cast of thought, as though arising from an earnest and unceasing study of bullion.

Perhaps throughout the whole collection—composed as it is of the finest specimens of human power and human genius—there is no figure like this, the last, of G. HUDSON, ESQ., so calculated to make a deep and wholesome impression upon the English mind. What, for instance, is JENNY LIND? Only a cherubimic genius. What POPE PIUS IX.? Only a man who has awakened a nation from the stupor of despair. But GEORGE HUDSON, Railway Rex, he is the incarnation of wealth, the man of gold, and as such is to be worshipped by every man who glories in the name of Englishman.

PARLIAMENTARY GRAMMAR.

SOMEBODY—we forget his name—used to stick up his laws with such a tremendously long pole that nobody could read a word of them. If he had lived in our day he would have posted the regulations for omnibus-drivers round NELSON'S cocked-hat in Trafalgar Square, and stuck on the railing of the top gallery of St. Paul's, a little placard prescribing some duty to the citizens of London, who in default would be exposed to a penalty. It is true that we do not indulge in such tricks as these in our own day; but we adopt other means of placing our laws above the comprehension of those who are compelled to abide by them. One of these plans is to wrap them up in such very mysterious language that no one can understand their meaning. The Sanitary measure just introduced by LORD MORPETH has the honesty to avow this error of our Acts, and to remedy it as far as possible by starting off with a grammar and dictionary to assist the peruser of the intended statute. This grammar breaks up all the old connections of relatives and antecedents; tears asunder the ties that have hitherto existed between singular and plural; contains a separation clause between masculine and feminine—like that in the old Poor-law for dividing man and wife; and inflicts a series of other violences upon our ideas of propriety in the art and mystery of authorship.

There is, nevertheless, something straightforward, and so far satisfactory, in saying boldly this shall mean that, and that shall mean the other, however different they may appear, in contradistinction to the old plan of putting into an Act of Parliament a certain number of words without any meaning whatever, and leaving the solution to be arrived at by the lawyers. Every one knows that a law is, in nine cases out of ten, no law at all until it has undergone the process of being interpreted by the Judges; and as this interpretation often varies according to the circumstances of the case, we get that charming variety or glorious uncertainty, for which our laws are remarkable.

Prize Problems.

I. If 5½ yards make a perch, how many will make a trout?

II. If 2 hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

III. If 60 seconds make a minute, how many minutes make a bottle-holder?

IV. If 2 gallons make one peck, how many will make one thirsty?

V. Can you describe a perfect circle without WIDDICOMB?

VI. If 16 drachms make a pennyweight, how many will make a creditor wait?

Whig Cabinet Pictures.

WE suppose the House of Commons (when completed) will have frescoes and sculpture like the House of Lords. We propose as a suggestive subject for one of them, "JOHN BULL having the Budget applied, under the influence of Chloroform." It would come out beautifully as a "*base relief*." A blank might be left to be filled up, some hundred years hence, with a companion picture, whenever the Budget was taken off. This would be a nice opening for a bit of "high relief."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26th, 1848.

THE PUNCH RIFLES.

WANTED, a few high-spirited young men, who have no objection to serve their QUEEN, smoke a prime Havannah, and go in for a sweep for the Derby.

(Though new to this sort of composition, SERGEANT PUNCH has a lively confidence in the propriety of his present Address, it having been revised by SERGEANT CRIMPEM, of the Indefencibles, who—for the fee of two pots of ale—has certified it to be "the true bit of gammon, and no mistake.")

COLOUR-SERGEANT PUNCH may be heard of any day at 85, Fleet Street; having received a commission from his friend the Duke, to raise an invincible Rifle Corps from the fast young fellows of London, to be known as the *Punch Rifles; or the Death's Head and Cross-bone Fascinators.*

At a moment like the present, when the insulting French are marshalling their forces thick as periwinkles on the coast, the young British Lion has (except a loyal payment of the Income-tax) one only duty to fulfil—this is at his over hours to rush to arms; that he may have his bayonet always ready for the haughty stomach of a proud invader.

SERGEANT PUNCH is above addressing himself to the passions of the British youth. Else, he might beg their polite attention to the statue (on horseback) of F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. But no: he scorns to ask 'em—what should prevent them (every one of 'em) from having a horse apiece out of the gratitude of their countrymen? SERGEANT PUNCH would not pander to a low passion for renown, but he cannot help remarking that should the French come—as they certainly will—laurels will be found growing as thick and as green upon Dover beach, as upon the rock of Gibraltar, or the field of Waterloo.

How beautiful is the Bed of Glory, when BRITANNIA—like a weeping Chambermaid—tucks her heroes up to rest!

SERGEANT PUNCH does not wish to inflame the passions of the young men of London; but he feels himself called upon—in the words of a great powder-monkey, that has seen the world, to exclaim—"Open your eyelids—rise upon your legs—or be for ever in the dirt!"

When the Guards quit London *en echellon* by Hyde Park—how gallantly will the Punch Rifles deploy, in a half-moon, by the Regent's Crescent!

Therefore, all young men who are tired of "the governor," rush to SERGEANT PUNCH, 85, Fleet Street. Bounty, *any* amount—and the latch-key up to any hour.

One tier of boxes is engaged at the Opera for the Punch Rifles during the campaign. However, as a slight reward for alacrity, the last fifty who enlist can have no other accommodation than the stalls.

The Morning Roll will be served precisely at eleven. After which, reading the morning papers in close column.

At one, rifle exercise will take place in Trafalgar Square; where a full attendance of nursery maids and others may be confidently expected. (None but the brave deserve the fair.)

At three, the *corps* will march off the ground (in summer, to GRAINGER'S for ices; in winter, for soup).

At five, in summer, the *corps* is expected to show in the Park; horses (BATTY'S best) being provided for the occasion. The medical certificate of a well-known physician can alone excuse from this otherwise indispensable duty.

Dinner at the mess at eight: (tumblers, comic-singers, droll story-tellers, and conjurors, hired to come in with the dessert.)

No furlough above a month for Brighton, or wherever pressing business may call, can at one time be granted. There is no doubt, however, that it will always be renewed upon polite application to head-quarters.

A money-lender is provided at the barracks, to discount the bills of the *corps* to any sum, it being made death by martial law (a sentence to be executed in platoon by the acceptors themselves) should the usurer dare to negotiate the paper!

The uniform of the Punch Rifles will be awfully beautiful, and of the most brilliant colour; in fact showing the force to be the greenest of the green.

The braiding will be very curious and remarkably handsome, being composed of the hair of a number of devoted young women who have shorn themselves in anticipatory admiration of the *Cross-bone Fascinators.*

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, to crown the glory of the *corps*, has, in the handsomest manner, invented a cap for it; having condescended to take as his model, *Punch's* own. It is not yet determined whether the aforesaid cap will have bells; but if so, the *corps* may rest assured they will be of the very best and most melodious silver.

And now, fast young men of London, rush to SERGEANT PUNCH, who, at 85, Fleet Street, sits with open cheque-book. Come, and drink the health of your QUEEN in sparkling Champagne! (N.B. Tokay provided for those who prefer it.)

A fig for all "governors," and hurrah for *Punch's* Rifles!

*** Any spirited body of young tambour-workers may have their own price for a handsome pair of colours.

A CATCH FOR THE CABINET.

AIR—"*Here's a Health to all Good Lasses.*"

THE PREMIER AND THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Come; we'll tax the middling classes;
Load them heavily—passive asses!—
Let us crush them to the ground!
Let us fleece them of their treasure,
Without mercy, without measure,
For in patience they abound!

THE PREMIER.

Fear no rumpus.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

—Grind those classes!

THE PREMIER.

Tax their incomes—

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Passive asses!

OMNES.

Since in patience they abound,
Let us crush them to the ground!

FISTICUFFS AT CAMBRIDGE.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, gown and town riots have been lately very prevalent at Cambridge. The Proctors have been obstructed in the performance of their duty in conveying dissolute characters to the "Spinning House." The townsmen have rallied round the rogues and vagabonds, and the Under-graduates round the Proctors. Saturday has been the great field-day for these skirmishes, owing to the influx into Cambridge on that day of bargees and butchers; in consequence of the preponderance of which description of persons, the scales of victory have generally turned on the side of the butchers. It is much to be wished that these Saturnalia, or Saturday-nalia, could be put a stop to. It may be all very well that Proctors should be Wranglers, but it is rather unseemly that they should also be fighters.

The Worst Come at Last.

SOME idea may be formed of the distressing effect of the new Budget on the public mind, by the following anecdote, for the authenticity of which we pledge our character and our cocked-hat:—An individual who was brooding over the financial statement, suddenly started up with a loud yell of Eureka! and a frantic exclamation that he had caught a pun. The moment the poor fellow's senses had settled down sufficiently to allow him to explain his meaning, he declared that the tax on Income being odious, might be called a very INCOME-ODIOUS Tax indeed. The patient seemed better when this weight was taken off his mind, and he was as well as could be expected when we last inquired.

Fashionable Changes.

THE use of Chloroform has become so general, that we should not wonder at cases of insensibility being brought up before the Magistrates. How horrible it would be to read in the police reports, "MISS TOMKINS fined 5*s.* for being found insensible under the influence of Chloroform." A change has come o'er the spirit of our drams! We no longer drink—we only breathe. Drunkards are led away now literally by the nose. There is no more drunkenness—the word for it is "obliviousness." FATHER MATHEW will have to start a "Total-Chloroform-and-Ether-Abstinence Pledge!

MYSTERIES OF THE INITIALS.

WHO is not acquainted with the second column of the *Times?* It is the spot where fond initials love to discourse; it is the electric telegraph between the most distant letters of the alphabet. It is the whispering-gallery between father and son; the dispassionate mediator between husband and wife. It has other duties, also. It is in the second column generally that parcels, carts, and horses, that have been left too long, appeal to their owners to be taken away, or else they will be sold to pay expenses. Heirs-at-Law, who went to bed last night without a sixpence, find themselves the following morning the owners of thousands, and the second column is the first to bring them the pleasant information. Its generosity does not end here. It is continually offering tempting rewards for information, and giving the best price for old evidence, or mislaid deeds, lost lap-dogs, and absent keys of tea-caddies. It is also the shady lane where parted lovers agree to meet, and plan their little plots against parental despotism.

A beautiful poem, full of romance and sad reality, might be written upon the second column of the *Times*, and if MR. COLBURN will allow us our own terms, we don't mind doing it. We would clothe the naked initials with the most glittering names, dress up the blanks most gorgeously, and ornament those long dashes in the most approved style of fashionable agony. Every "break" should have its due share of pathos, every advertisement its full three volumes. In the meantime, we give a vivid illustration of A. B., who was implored in last Monday's paper to return to his disconsolate friend, and everything would be arranged to his satisfaction. C. D., in the background, is the imploring mediator.

PASTIMES OF THE CITY POLICE.

THE Police in general should be an active body of men; but activity ought to be the peculiar attribute of the City Policemen. ALDERMAN WILSON lately stated, under an official examination, that he "has heard the Police say that it is very difficult to catch a thief in Smithfield, because he jumps into the pens, and they cannot catch him." The City Police must be put under a course of gymnastic exercises, and practised in vaulting and leaping at the bar, in order that they may be enabled to compete with the thieves at this unequal game of hide-and-seek. Perhaps the City authorities would do well to select their constables from the peculiar sect called Jumpers. We did not know till now that one of the "vested interests" of Smithfield consisted in its being a playground for thieves and policemen. This, however, is one of those interests which we would respect; and we would therefore have the cattle-market and pens removed, that the parties might play at prisoners' base with a little more chance of prisoners being taken.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. WHIG.

WE regret to announce the sudden demise of this respected gentleman, that took place a few days ago at his residence, *Morning Chronicle* Office, No. 332, Strand. He had been for some time in a delicate state of health; and it was plain to his oldest friends and acquaintance that his mind had, for some time past, been somewhat wandering and unsettled upon topics, which, for many years, he had discussed with considerable energy and straightforwardness.

All circumstances reviewed, the end of the deceased may be considered somewhat sudden; and though no inquest was held upon his remains, there is a suspicion rife in the neighbourhood and elsewhere, that he did not come to his end by fair means. It is, indeed, very loudly whispered that his brains were knocked out by a bag of money. The truth of this, however, time will develop.

The business of the deceased continues to be carried on by *another party*. It is honourable to the feelings of the successors of the departed, that they did not attempt to interfere with the expression of woe indulged in by the household of the defunct, all of whom have been presented with decent weepers, tastefully borrowed from the back numbers of the *Chronicle*. And in these days of political tergiversation, it is peculiarly grateful to record the devotion of one mourner—a gentleman from the sister-isle—who, upon hearing of the decease of MR. WHIG, and of the succession of the purchaser of the effects of the defunct, instantly drank off the contents of his inkstand, shivered the vessel to atoms upon the floor, cut his goose-quill, took his hat, and rushed for ever from the premises.

"THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG."

IT seems generally admitted that there is one thing more dangerous in railway travelling than either a long-bodied engine, a leaky boiler, a broken rail, or a drunken engineer. This monster danger is the presence of KING HUDSON in the train. His Majesty is, it appears, in the habit of stopping in his royal progresses for odd jobs, official gossips, hasty snacks, receiving addresses, laying foundation-stones, &c., and the time consumed in these stoppages is made up by a tremendous increase of pace, which often ends in a smash, as appears from two or three recent newspaper accounts of accidents so caused. The Iron King, no doubt, trusts to the hardness of his material, and perhaps confides in the monarchical principle "The King never dies." But his subjects have no such comfort or confidence. "*Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi;*" or in English, "Passengers suffer for the absurdity of kings."

We beg to suggest that a Royal Train should be kept exclusively for His Majesty and suite, as, after all, kingship should always be a limited monarchy, and cannot extend, with any safety to Constitutions, over the lives and limbs of persons subject to be smashed. At present no man ever starts on a railway trip with KING HUDSON, without anticipating a premature arrival at that terminus from which there are no "passenger-returns."

THE ST. JAMES'S CLOCK.

THIS disreputable *horloge* is continuing its irregularities notwithstanding the kindly notice we have taken from time to time of the vagaries it has been in the habit of practising. Latterly it has become actually incoherent in its speech, and when it proceeds to make itself heard, it goes on at such an extraordinary rate that a few days ago it repeated the hour of twelve twice over, in a manner far more striking than comprehensible. The inhabitants were of course very much disgusted and puzzled by this twice-told tale with which the clock had been misleading its auditors.

We have made inquiries into the circumstances of this unhappy clock, and find that extreme old age may account for the trembling of its hand, the garrulous uncertainty of its clapper, or tongue, and other melancholy symptoms. The clock was, in fact, presented to the parish by QUEEN ANNE, and if that is the case, the case must be worn out, while the minute dots marking the minutes, may be regarded as the signs of second dotage.

Workhouse Wine.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* states that in the Sussex Union three paupers

"were ordered port wine by the surgeon of the Union, and in each case home-made port only was allowed by the Board of Guardians—the home-made port being 'a species of sloe-juice,' which was procured at the grocer's shop, at 1*s.* 6*d.* the bottle."

Of course. What can be more in accordance with the workhouse system than the harshness of the sloe? What more incompatible with it than the generosity of the grape?

THE DETOXICANT.

A DISCOVERY of an article called a Detoxicant has just been made; but what a Detoxicant is, we are at present quite incapable of determining. As far as lexicography can assist us, a Detoxicant seems to be something exactly opposite to an intoxicant, and is doubtless of a nature to de-toxicate any one already labouring under some intoxicating influence. If we are correct in our surmise, the detoxicant ought to be placed in the hands of every member of the police force, for the purpose of facilitating the management and subjugation of those refractory persons who happen to be excited by too much drink. The detoxicant is doubtless some liquid of the chloroform nature, and will be the best substitute for the violent action of the stretcher that can possibly be conceived. The annexed illustrations show the repentant individual soothed by the detoxicant, in contrast to the furious drunkard, whom a stretcher is necessary to control and remove.

THE "FRIAR LAURENCE" OF TUAM.

THE BISHOP OF TUAM, in another long letter—reeled off like twine from a roller—to the EARL OF SHREWSBURY, gives the following simples as the materials from which his lordship has extracted public opinion in England:—

"The hemlock of the *Times*, the nettles of the *Examiner*, the docks of the *Morning Post*, and the poppies of the *Morning Chronicle*."

The meek and pious man of St. Jarlath's mightily reminds us of *Friar Laurence*, "with a basket," about to turn over the leaves of *his* morning simples:—

"Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers."

And the Friar of St. Jarlath's, having culled the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Chronicle*—with an occasional picking from the *Examiner*—casts the simples into the alembic of his own malice, and therefrom extracts the "leprous distilment" wherewith he writes his Christian communications!

Chloroform at Billingsgate.

IN the shop of the benevolent and poetic TAYLOR, of Lombard Street, there is—we learn from a correspondent—this benign notice:—"Oysters opened, and their beards taken off, under the influence of Chloroform!" A greater wonder, however, is achieved at Billingsgate; for there eels are skinned under the like circumstances; and, in the words of our correspondent (evidently a female), "they are skinned, and know no more of having their coats taken off than a 'toxicated husband." The simile is alike flattering to eels *and* husbands.

AS BROAD AS IT IS LONG.—MR. ANSTEY'S Motion would have formed a capital barricade at Paris, as we have not heard of a single person who has been able to get over it.

THE MARKETS.

IT is a saying no less trite than true, that song can elevate the lowest themes, and that metre, if it is only gas metre or coal metre, gives dignity to the subject to which it is applied. Acting on this impression, we have endeavoured to impart an interest even to the state of the Markets, by throwing them into verse. We imagine a mercantile man attempting to entice the votary of pleasure to the pursuits of business by calling his attention to the prices of the day, through the captivating medium of song.

AIR—"*The Light Guitar.*"

Oh leave the gay, the festive scene,
Casino's dazzling light,
And come with me, for now I mean
My City news to write.
And as I note the oats and hays,
The iron—pig or bar,
The pork, the barley, and the maize,
I'll say what prices are.

I'll tell thee how the mutton leapt
From five to six the stone,
And how inferior beef was kept
At rates before made known;
I'll tell thee how fat lambs were high—
As fat lambs always are;
And if the tail you'd wish to buy,
I'd get thee one at par.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.

ONE of the most remarkable of natural phenomena is the wonderful effect produced upon the age of a child by its becoming a passenger by a railway or on board a steam-boat. In the earlier stages of juvenility it is a singular fact that infants who have for some time maintained a respectable footing, relapse suddenly into the position of children in arms, for whom, it will be remembered, no fare is payable. Perhaps, however, the most astounding result is shown in the variableness of the human stature amongst children under ten years of age, as exemplified by the payment of half fares at railway stations and on steam-boats. It is of course impossible to doubt the assertions made by the parties on these occasions; but we think it might be made a *sine quâ non* with every boy under ten, whose height is above five feet, to produce the register of the date of his birth, before being entitled to travel as a half-price passenger.

There ought really to be some Statute of Limitations passed in favour of steamboat and railway Directors, so that the half-fare regulation should be confined to individuals not exceeding a certain height; or the Company—like the cabmen—might have the option of charging either by time or by measurement. Some arrangement of the kind is imperatively called for, now that the season for locomotion is coming on, or the traffic accounts will suffer by the deception of those who, from their high standing, ought to be above a practice worthy only of littleness.

THE WINDOW-TAX.

OOD MR. PUNCH,

THE Opera has begun: and allow me to suggest to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, that, if he is still determined to make the poor pay for their window-glass, that the rich ought to be taxed for their opera-glass. Neither do I see why people wearing spectacles ought not to pay the window-tax.

"Yours,
PHILO-JENKINS."

The Question of the Day.

MR. BRIGHT, in his place in the House of Commons, asked the following question, which we print, as it ought to be printed, in capital letters:—

"WHY WAS MERE INCOME FROM TRADE TO BE CHARGEABLE IN AN EQUAL DEGREE WITH THE INCOME DRAWN FROM REAL PROPERTY?"

Ans. Because it is the owners of Real Property who regulate the charge upon Income from Trade.

LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE STATESMEN.

In Words of One Syllable.

THE BAD BOY WHO SAID HE DIDN'T CARE.

THERE was once a Boy, who was a Small, but a Good Boy, and his name was JACK. Now JACK had a snug Place, but he had a great deal of Work to do in his Place, that he might keep it, which it was hard to do at all Times, for there were some who would have been glad to get him out. But though JACK was a Good Boy, he was rash, and when he had the wish to do a thing on which he had set his Heart, he would make up his Mind that, let who would say "Nay" to him, he would go on with his Work, and run all Risks to gain his Point. No one could blame JACK for this, when he was right, but it might chance that he would be wrong; and still he would say all the same, "That he did not care, for he would try and get his Way for all that." So, once on a Time, he met with a fine Brute,* who would roar out and grow fierce if a Slight were to be put on him. But JACK was so rash that he made up his Mind to fly in the Face of this fine Brute, who was, in fact, the King of Beasts, and whose Roar was so loud and so fierce as to strike all who heard it with great Awe. But JACK, who thought the King of Beasts had put on a fierce Look, and set up a fierce Roar in a mere Joke, did still say he did not care, till once JACK came right Face to Face with the King of Beasts, who was in a great Rage, and Poor JACK, who felt he was too weak to brave the Rage of a Brute so bold and so strong, did run back in time from the Course in which he had set out. At least we hope that the Boy JACK will be a Good Boy, and will be so wise as to take our hint, for JACK ought to know by this time that "Don't Care came to a Bad End."

CHARMING SIMPLICITY.

A YOUNG gentleman, seeing several tickets in a haberdasher's window, announcing *Men's Woollen Comforters, Stout Men's Night Caps*, and *Superior Cotton Men's Hose*, went into the shop to inquire whether he could be provided with any of the *Mens conscia recti*, which he understood to be the best comforter in the world.

* The British Lion.

FASHIONABLE LABORATORIES

CHEMICAL evening parties now are all the rage. About a year ago nothing was heard of in fashionable circles but gun-cotton. Ether then was introduced after coffee, and flirtations carried on without either party being sensible—as is often the case in such matters—of what they were saying. Now Chloroform has invaded our parlours and our drawing-rooms. It is the inspiration of all our balls, and it is almost dangerous to talk at a *soirée* now; for at the very first breath you may forget yourself and behave in the most senseless manner. It will be the etiquette this season, we suppose, to ask a young lady, not to take an ice, but "a glass of Chloroform;" and after-supper speeches will be conducted by the host inquiring of his guests, "Now, gentlemen, are you all Chloroformed?" and then he will deliver his toast, to the very great relief, probably, of the company.

This chemical joviality, however, must be a very great saving. We don't know the exact price of Chloroform, but a whole hogshead of it cannot be so expensive, we imagine, as cold chickens and barley-sugar pagodas, to say nothing of *bonbon* mottoes and crackers, for a hundred people. We doubt if FARADAY would charge for a supper as much as GUNTER; though, in enjoying our midnight meal we must say that the economy of it is the very last thing that enters into our thoughts, or mouth, either. We would sooner have one tumbler of champagne than the very best bottle of Chloroform you could offer us. If we are to be insensible, we prefer choosing our own way of becoming so.

Female Disabilities.

WE wonder that the ladies, who are so easily agitated, have not participated in the agitation for removing Parliamentary Disabilities. There is much to be said in behalf of their claims to Membership of the House of Commons. They constitute a large number of important interests; for instance, the Silk interest, the Leghorn interest, and the French glove and shoe interest are almost exclusively composed of them. It is obviously absurd to pretend that they would be unable to speak; the contrary objection, indeed, would be better founded; but from no female tongue in England, we will undertake to say, would the House ever endure such an infliction as that which it suffered the other night from MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY'S.

SYMPATHY.

Omnibus Driver. "THIS IS ORRIBLE VURK IN PARIS, SIR. VY, THEY TELL ME THEY'VE BIN AND BURNT ALL THE BUSSES!"

Affecting Incident.

ON a recent trial, MR. FITZBALL, the lyric poet, was examined as a witness; and, on being asked what was the period of the year at which some event occurred, he said, with singular pathos, "It was the summer-time; for, I remember, the flowers were in bloom." How beautiful is this lingering of the poet's recollections round the flower-pots of other days! How charming the picture of MR. FITZBALL'S fancy, packed up in a mignionette-box, or climbing up a piece of string towards the full-blown scarlet bean! We have shed nearly a gill of genuine tears over this truly affecting point in the poet's evidence.

Eheu! Eheu! Nos miserrimos!

SHAMEFUL ATTEMPT AT OVERCHARGE.

Mr. Bull (*a Commercial Gentleman*). "HALLO, WAITER! 5 PER CENT. INCOME TAX! WHY, IT WAS ONLY 3 PER CENT. LAST YEAR. YOUR MISTRESS DON'T KNOW OF THIS, I 'M SURE. YOU 'D BETTER MIND WHAT YOU 'RE ABOUT!"

John (*the Waiter*). "WELL, SIR, IF YOU THINK IT TOO MUCH, WE 'LL TAKE IT OFF THE BILL."

POST-OFFICE LABOURS.

THERE is something pitiable in the probable position of the postmen, who upon the new regulation coming into force for the transmission of books by post, will be obliged to walk about with whole libraries upon their shoulders. The ordinary little leathern bag will be rendered utterly useless; and nothing short of a porter's knot will suffice for the new burdens the postmen will have to bear.

We do not, in fact, see how one man can accomplish a delivery under the new arrangement; and it will be necessary for the Post-Office to provide trucks immediately, to be drawn by two or more postmen, in order to convey the piles and packages of printed volumes that will be forwarded through the post.

We are not very desirous to see an increase of the Estimates; but we do hope, that since it has been determined to require a combination of the strength of HERCULES with the activity of MERCURY, the poor postman will get some addition to his present paltry salary.

A GENUINE "DOO."

THE subscribers of the Art-Union were surprised last week with the distribution of a print which has been due we cannot tell how long. Many could scarcely believe their eyes; others sent it back as a mistake; whilst a few looked upon it in the light of a large Valentine, the title and picture very much helping that impression. They could not understand why a soldier should have chosen a large roll of flannel to sit upon in the open air. We have taken the trouble to look at the print twice, and must say, it does not appear anything like a riddle to us, for it is just as bad as any of the prints that have preceded it. We could trace a great deal that was unfinished—as if the engraving had been done in too great a hurry. We implore the Committee to take more time over their next specimen. It is a pity a print should be spoilt for the want of a few years to perfect it. The "Convalescent" ought never to have come out, properly, before 1858, and we are sure many subscribers would have been better pleased if it had been deferred even later. We are sorry to see such a fine Society hastening its own ruin. We are loth to condemn, but it must be recollected we have proofs of the very blackest dye before us.

The Queen of Spain a Jewess.

WE learn that at a late grand fancy ball at Madrid, the QUEEN OF SPAIN appeared sumptuously drest and diamonded as a Jewess. BARON ROTHSCHILD, had he seen her, would, it is thought, have lent money enough upon Her Majesty wherewith to satisfy all the English bondholders. There are various reasons given for this assumption of the Hebrew lady by Her Majesty. The one best authenticated is the following:—She appeared as a Jewess, having no fear that her matrimonial happiness would ever induce her to claim the Flitch of Bacon.

"A SEWING MACHINE."

THIS invention has been recently exhibited at the Royal Institution. The stitches, larger or smaller, are made by "turning a screw." Is there anything new in this? On the contrary: have not English shirt-makers—sewing-machines of flesh and blood—been made to work for farthings, and only by "turning a screw?"

FASHIONS FORETOLD FOR THE FAIR.

THE Ladies are sadly puzzled to understand the articles appearing in the newspapers under the heading "Money-Market and City Intelligence." They wonder how the prospects of the country can be affected by a dull row of digits and confused fractions. "What has the War with France to do," they ask, "with 'Reduced 3 per Cents. at $72\frac{272}{284}$, steady buyers?'"

But though all this is Greek to them, yet the Ladies have their revenge. Is there a man in England bold enough to declare that he thoroughly comprehends the monthly descriptions of "The Fashions?" Our vain search for such a man had well-nigh lapsed into silent despair, when an individual presented himself who asserted that he had discovered the secret of these mysterious compositions. *Punch* is too patriotic to patent the discovery; and in order triumphantly to convince his fair readers that the cabalistic paragraphs alluded to, are now perfectly intelligible to any gentleman who peruses them, he begs to subjoin a specimen by the inventor of this new mode.

It will be observed that the author has no difficulty in prescribing Fashions for a period in advance. Indeed this wonderful man confessed to us, that the chief direction to be attended to, was to interlard the sentences well with French—never minding, of course, whether the foreign terms were apposite or not.

MARCH FASHIONS.

Morning Attire.—Gimp is as much in request as last month for the bodies of sleeves and morning dresses. Skirts generally *critique*, and flounced with *ticken* of some lively hue, as puce, or *apropos*. The head-dress sometimes finished with a *berthe*.

Walking Costume.—Dimity boas are now quite in fashion. Gowns should be of the elegant shape called *trousseaux*, or looped with *attachè*. Ladies moving in the highest circles are not unfrequently seen in bonnets of *rechauffé* trimmed with corduroy to match. A light scarf of *quilted crenoline*, or a shawl lined with *artiste* or *coupè*, gives a graceful finish to a good figure. *Coup d'œuil* is not so much in vogue for muffs; but those made of *blasé*, are beginning to be the rage. Parasols, to be in the highest fashion, should be of *bombazine à la récherché*, but we have noticed a few of the beautiful fabric *carte blanche*.

Evening Dress.—The hair should be dressed *à la papier mâché* for young persons; but those who wear caps should have them high in the *stomacher*, which looks well when made of printed *toffeta*. Gingham is now the favourite colour for trimmings, and the *bias* should be wholly of *brown Holland*, and placed *cap-à-pied*, the *curtains* being *dependant* from the *point d'appui* of the *gusset*. A distinguished belle, a leader of *ton*, lately appeared in the ball-room carrying a *tuck* in her hand. *Mauvais sujet* is in high favour for handkerchiefs; but *papillots* for shoes are quite gone out.

RIVAL MONSTERS.

Two Exhibitions of a somewhat similar nature have taken place in London during the same week. We mean the Whale at the Fox-under-the-Hill, and MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY'S Monster Motion. They have both been exhibited on the banks of the Thames. The first measures fifty-six feet; and, though no one has had the patience to measure the second, still there is not the smallest doubt that it is longer, if anything, than the first. It is just the same dead lumber, also—nothing but a large, heavy mass of useless matter, scarcely worth the cutting up. It is lucky the same process of preserving it has not been tried by means of the diodorizing fluid, or else it might have encumbered the floor of the House of Commons for months, and have obstructed the regular current of business.

We propose that the two monster curiosities be exhibited side by side, so that their gigantic proportions may be viewed together, just for the absurdity of the thing. We are inclined to believe that MR. ANSTEY'S Monster Motion would decidedly win by several lengths, as it is well known that the jaw of the whale is exceedingly small. In fact, several Members have declared the impeachment of LORD PALMERSTON to be so excessively "like a whale," that if it were extended along the one now lying near Hungerford Bridge, that competent judges would really be puzzled to say which was which, and which of the two lied to the greater extent.

Episcopal.

IT is not often that the BISHOP OF EXETER treats himself to a harmless jest. He is, constitutionally, much too serious for that. Within these few days, however, DOCTOR PHILPOTTS has perpetrated a joke of the sardonic order. When the BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S avowed that he saw no harm in the POPE'S title of "Sovereign Pontiff," the BISHOP OF EXETER, with pointed allusion to his Welsh brother, declared "that it was no wonder the boat of the Church was in danger of sinking, with so large a *leak* in it!"

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

THERE is always something melancholy about nobility in reduced circumstances; but the present distressed state of the British Lion is one of the saddest spectacles of fallen greatness that ever was known. Unhappily the British Lion is quite unable to turn his hand to anything to enable him to get an honest livelihood, and he has not even the art of caligraphy to resort to for the purpose of embellishing the pavement with the words, "I am starving," or any other similar appeal to the sympathies of the public at large. The Protectionist party can do nothing for him, and have ceased to value even his roar, though we cannot blame them on this account, for a mere roarer is rather an unprofitable sort of animal after all. We wish there were some place at which the British Lion could be at once "taken in and done for," since it is next to impossible that the poor brute could have its damaged constitution freshened up, for it is evidently beyond all hope of repair. The feebleness of the beast prevents him from becoming dangerous, or some provision might be made for him, under the pretext of its being unsafe to let him remain at large.

LORD DUNCAN'S PROTECTIVES.

LORD DUNCAN, in moving for the repeal of the Window Tax, is reported to have proposed, as a measure of economy, that instead of keeping up the 5000 men who were coming home from the East and West Indies, we should put a musket into the hands of each member of the Metropolitan Police Force, and thus render that Force a military defence for the Metropolis in case of invasion.

There certainly is something in this proposal for boiling our civil *testacea*—making the blue one red—for the uniform, of course, would change to the military, with the metamorphosis of the truncheon into the musket. The Police are not unpractised in desperate charges: besides, they have long been accustomed to defend our hearths and homes from burglars. At all events, they would greatly embarrass the French; who, as their late insurrectionary movements clearly show, have no notion of what it is to cope with an effective Police.

Beauty of the Budget.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has been very much abused for his Budget. Certainly it is the evil reward of statesmen to have the world lynx-eyed and mole-eared to their shortcomings, but blind and deaf to their good works.

Everybody, we say, abuses the Budget. This is too bad. True it is, LORD JOHN claps five per cent. upon working JOHN BULL, as civilly as though five per cent. were a fillet of roses. JOHN must pay a shilling in the pound Income Tax. Well, is the evil unaccompanied by good? Does not LORD JOHN take the duty off copper? Thus, if our number of shillings be smaller, mayn't we reasonably hope that the size of our farthings may be bigger? What, then, matters an increase of taxes, if farthings are made the larger to pay it with?

ART AMONG THE LAMP-POSTS.

THE love of Art is, we are delighted to perceive, manifesting itself in every direction, and a demand is now made for its application to the lamp-posts of the metropolis. We have no objection to the cry of "*A la lanterne*" for such an object as this, and we hope to see Smith Street illuminated with blazonry appropriate to the house of SMITH, and Elizabeth Row adorned with Elizabethan lamp-posts. The neighbourhood of such Temples of Art as Her Majesty's Theatre might be embellished with appropriate arrangements for lighting, after the accompanying exquisite design—

and our old favourite, Golden Square, should have a gigantic DANAE in the centre—vice GEORGE THE FIRST, Macadamised—and shedding a radius of gas-lamps in the form of a shower of gold.

IMPORTANT QUERY.

Q. WHEN may a man be said to rise with the occasion?
A. When he goes up in a balloon!

"THE THREE BIRTHS OF FRANCE."

UP from the coast post follows post; each minute brings its tale;
Rumour meets rumour open-mouthed, and feverish and pale:
Along the wires electric fires flash tidings to and fro;
A great world-birth is breeding—France is again in throe.

Two such births she had borne before—the first, an awful birth,
A giant with a bloody hand, its stamp still stains the earth;
For blood, not milk, his mother's breasts he tore with hunger keen,
His lullaby the Carmagnole, his toy the guillotine.

But races twain met in his strain with adverse workings strong,
An angel and a devil—pure Right, and hideous Wrong:
This urged his red right hand to slay, that moved his left to save,
Half murderer, half martyr, half hero, and half slave.

The tomb that closed upon him closed on his evil too;
But the good bore fruit and flourished, and gave birth to good anew;
And the world sees in his memory, with wonder and with awe,
How bannings grew to blessings, and lawlessness to law.

The great light of the future was gathered in his gloom;
The great tree of the future hath its roots within his tomb.
And the wisdom of the wise has taught how, in that wintry morn
Of the closing eighteenth century, a mighty child was born.

And forty years had sped away, and in the summer prime
France was in child-birth pangs again, as in that earlier time;
And Europe watched around the bed where that fair mother lay,
And a second Revolution came to the light of day.

A milder, meeker, gentler child than that first giant he,
No blood-stain on his hand was seen, to check the gossips' glee;
Yet stern of look, and sinewy, more mighty, as more mild,
Was he the world then welcomed, a bland and blameless child.

No *Ca Ira* rang round his bed, no red cap decked his brow,
And the world said, "Surely France will be a happy mother now!"
He had all his brother's beauty, but nothing of his frown,
More than his strength for building up, if less for pulling down.

And for a nursing father they gave the child a king,
And they girt him round with charters, and laws, a stately ring,
And they looked to see him grow to man in free, unchecked advance,
To be a blessing to the world, a glory unto France.

A wily man that fosterer was—he had lessons learnt enow,
And men read Right and Law and Truth, writ on his wrinkled brow.
And much he talked of honour, and much of Peace did phrase,
That Monarch of the Barricades, King of the glorious Days.

"I'll rear this child on truth," he said. He reared it all on lies.
"Its freedom I will strengthen." He sapped its liberties.
"I live for it and France." Both France and it lived but for him.
"I'll make its name all glorious." He stained its honour dim.

For the guard of law about the child, he placed a guard of swords,
Its craving for realities he fed with hollow words;
For its loving friends of liberty he paid to despots court,
And when it asked for guarantees, he built it up a fort.

Whenever he said Principle, behold it turned to Pelf;
Whenever he said Country, behold it turned to Self.
Till the infant's strength grew weakness, its constitution shrunk,
And helot-like it walked the world, with wine of falsehood drunk.

No wonder that the child grew sad and sickened, day by day;
No wonder those who loved it fell, one by one, away;
No wonder all the hopes that smiled around it at its birth
Sunk, slow and silent, from its path, and left its heart a dearth.

We heard the tale with sorrow—yet dreamed we nought the more
That the last hour was nigh at hand, the footstep at the door;
But so it is—its drink, its meat, empoisoned all with lies,
That second child, at bare seventeen, a rotten carcase dies!

And France is in the throes again, and who upon the earth
May say what frame and feature will mark this latest birth?
But take warning, anguished mother, from the sad tale we have told,
Beware such kings for fosterers—kings who love lies and gold.

A Bank of Character and Skill.

No one can deny the Scotch credit for being at least an ingenious people; and if any proof of their being so were desired, it would be found in the title at the head of this article. Some gentlemen at Glasgow are trying to start a "Bank of Character and Skill," into which any one may pay in what Character he possesses, and draw it out again as he happens to want it. It seems to be proposed that every customer of the Bank should draw bills upon himself, or give promissory notes in his own favour, and that these should be discounted by the establishment upon no other security than the bonus he pays by way of entrance-fee. This bonus is regulated in a style that says much for the odd appreciation our Scotch friends have of the value of reputation in different capacities. A gamekeeper is put on a par with a governess, for the fee expected from each, on opening an account with the Bank of Character, is five shillings.

Of course the fee is proportioned to the value of the article; and we think therefore the railway world ought to rise up and protest against the estimate of "half-a-crown to five shillings," at which the Bank of Character has rated them, the former sum being the same as that demanded from "a footman of the first class," if he should be disposed to pay in his Character to the Bank in question.

There is one portion of the operations of the Bank that puzzles us a great deal; namely, how the department for the deposit of Skill is to be conducted. We are at a loss to perceive in what shape such deposits can be effected. Is a lady's-maid, for instance, to send in to the Bank a portrait of her mistress dressed for a Ball? or is a nurse expected to deposit an infant with the Bank as a proof of her Skill in looking after it? A first-class footman could perhaps deposit a mould of his false calves, in which his Skill might be satisfactorily shown; but when we get to gamekeepers, cooks, ship-masters, and Government officials, the shape their deposits of Skill would assume puzzles us exceedingly. Perhaps some of the Directors will give us some information on this head, and at all events let us know whether a deposit of this article with the Bank, as a specimen of the author's literary Skill, will be sufficient to obtain for him a thousand a year as a contributor to a solvent, well-paying, liberal periodical. We shall have no objection to keep a balance of a couple of conundrums, or a five-pun note, in the hands of the Directors, if they can insure for us, by way of interest, an income of a few hundreds a year as perpetual punster to one of the Quarterlies.

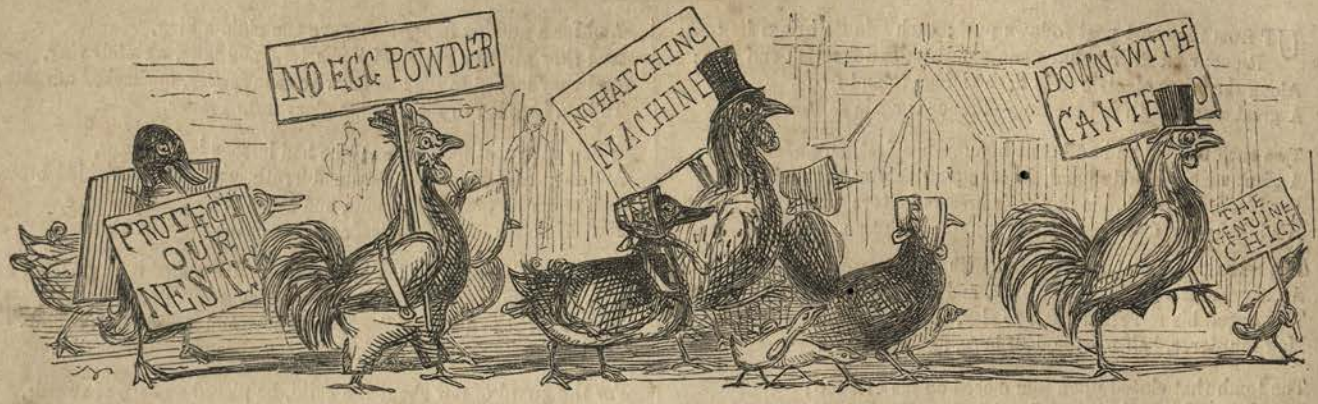
A Compliment to our Neighbours.

BARBER, the attorney found guilty of forging a will, and transported for life, has felt the eccentric mercy of the Home Office. He has been conditionally pardoned, that he does not return to England. He is now in France. Surely something must be wrong here. Either the man is innocent, and ought to be welcomed with every sympathy to his native country, or he is guilty, and ought—considering the gravity of his offence—ought to remain still a convict. But the Home Office temporizes, suffering the man to go anywhere but home. He is now in Paris. Very well. The Home Office—it is a compliment—may think him honest enough for France, but not sufficiently honest for England.

SOFT YOU! A WORD OR TWO.

MR. ANSTEY'S impeachment of LORD PALMERSTON is the most complete realisation of SHAKSPEARE'S idea of a "soft impeachment," for it is certainly the softest impeachment that was ever known.

FLUTTERING OF THE FEATHERED TRIBE.



THE birds have been thrown into a state of the utmost consternation by the proceedings of MR. CANTELO, who has overturned, or threatens to overturn, the nests and other cherished institutions of the feathered tribe. A meeting has been held, which we are sorry old ÆSOP is not alive to report, and several resolutions have been agreed to against the new hatching system, which is calculated to stifle some of the best feelings of henhood and chickenhood, by severing the parental ties, and placing an old tea-kettle *in loco parentis* for the goslings, ducklings, pullets, and others, who inhabit the world of poultry. We find we were mistaken in thinking that steam is the agent that has thrown the bird creation into the vapours, and though warm water is, in fact, employed by MR. CANTELO, the poultry complain bitterly of being called into existence by such wishy-washy means.

It is quite evident by the perturbation among the birds, that there is something hatching in opposition to MR. CANTELO'S hydro-incubation, which has caused a perfect hydrophobia among even the geese and ducks, many of whom refuse to enter the water, for fear it should be upon the boil.

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

OUR daily contemporaries have been making the most of the morsels of intelligence coming from Paris, and have dealt it out in doses of truly homœopathic dimensions to their respective subscribers. Each day we have had Second Editions, in which a quarter of a column has been made up of tremendous type, forming a variety of catch-lines similar to the following:—

SECOND EDITION.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

FRESH INTELLIGENCE!

DISTURBANCES IN PARIS!!

OUTBREAK IN THE CAPITAL OF FRANCE.

COLLISION WITH THE TROOPS!!!

RENCONTRE WITH THE SOLDIERS.

CONTEST WITH THE MILITARY!!!!

All this works exceedingly well, as far as the sale of our contemporaries' papers may go; but it has been rather tantalising to the numerous purchasers, who thought they were going to get something extraordinary for their money, instead of an Extraordinary Express with the same thing over and over again in it.

Who Harbours Another Man's Dog?

Two little boys—we cull the story from the *Stamford Mercury*—having enticed a valuable dog, not their own, into Easton Wood, set it upon a rabbit. The boys were fined for poachers; and the dog was sent to Burghley, to LORD EXETER, that he might have a look at the quadruped offender. The dog has been applied for, but has not been returned to the owner. And, for our part, we trust it never will. As boys of twelve and fourteen are fined under the Game-Laws, we do not see wherefore a valuable dog, offending against the statute, should not be duly castigated. "Love me, love my dog," says the proverb. "Fine boys, and confine their pointer," implies a game-preserving nobleman.

HINTS FOR MR. ANSTEY'S NEXT MONSTER MOTION.

WE do hope that on the next occasion upon which MR. ANSTEY may favour the world with a Monster Motion, he will dress it up in a manner somewhat more attractive than that with which he has invested his recent exhibition. The following style, for instance, would have been far more telling than the common-place twaddle he thought proper to adopt, while the truth would have been adhered to almost as closely as it was in the honourable Member's statement. The following is a brief outline of such a speech as he might have spoken:—

MR. ANSTEY, in moving for papers, condemned the policy of LORD PALMERSTON, as a policy that had not only destroyed the present, blighted the future, and with retrospective infamy tarnished the glories of the past. Italy he had unnecessarily meddled with; and by having too many Italian irons in the fire, he had burnt his fingers at last. As to Turkey, he had so truckled to the northern autocrat, that Turkey had not a drumstick it could call its own.

He (MR. ANSTEY) would now turn to Egypt, and he would then ask the House to look at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, and then say whether LORD PALMERSTON ought to show his face again. His treatment of Circassia has completely stopped the growth of that promising trade in Circassian Cream, which gave luxuriance to our crops. When these charges were all responded to, he (MR. ANSTEY) should have another wheelbarrow full of documents to read to the House; but in the meantime he would give LORD PALMERSTON an opportunity of answering the accusations now made.

Statistics of Torture.

A PARLIAMENTARY return, quoted by the *Times*, states that "the total number of persons subjected to the punishment of flogging in the Royal Navy, in the year 1847, amounted to 860, and the number of lashes inflicted upon them to 26,228." The compilers of the return, we suppose, were not arithmeticians enough to express in figures the corresponding amount of human agony. That, however, may be left safely to the imagination.

SHAKSPEARE IN THE CITY.

A CONSIDERABLE majority of the Common Council negatived a motion made by MR. LOTT to pay fifty guineas in aid of the purchase-money of SHAKSPEARE'S House. Many of the Council defended their vote by reason that they had never heard of SHAKSPEARE before, and that if they voted money for strangers in one instance, "there would soon be no end of SHAKSPEARES in the City."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MARCH 4th, 1848.

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A CLUB IN AN UPROAR.

THE appearance of a London Club at a time of great excitement is well worthy the remark of a traveller in this city. The Megatherium has been in a monstrous state of frenzy during the past days. What a queer book it would be which should chronicle all the stories which have been told, or all the opinions which have been uttered there.

As a Revolution brings out into light of day, and into the streets of the convulsed capital, swarms of people who are invisible but in such times of agitation, and retreat into their obscurity as soon as the earthquake is over, so you may remark in Clubs, that the stirring of any great news brings forth the most wonderful and hitherto unheard of members, of whose faces not the *habitués*, not even the hall-porters, have any knowledge. The excitement over, they vanish, and are seen no more until the next turmoil calls them forth.

During the past week, our beloved Megatherium has been as crowded as they say HER MAJESTY'S Palace of Pimlico at present is, where distressed foreigners, fugitives, and other COBURGS are crowded two or three in a room; and where it has been reported during the whole of the past week that LOUIS-PHILIPPE himself, in disguise, was quartered in the famous garden pavilion, and plates of dinner sent out to him from HER MAJESTY'S table. I had the story from BOWYER of the Megatherium, who had seen and recognised the ex-king as he was looking into the palace garden from a house in Grosvenor place opposite. We have had other wonderful stories too, whereof it is our present purpose to say a word or two.

The Club, in fact, has been in a state of perfect uproar, to the disgust of the coffee-room *habitués*, of the quiet library arm-chair occupiers, and of the newspaper-room students, who could not get their accustomed broad-sheets. Old DOCTOR POKEY (who is in the habit of secreting newspapers about his person, and going off to peruse them in recondite corners of the building) has been wandering about, in vain endeavouring to seize hold of a few. They say that a *Morning Chronicle* was actually pulled from under his arm during the last week's excitement. The rush for second editions and evening papers is terrific. Members pounce on the news-boys and rob them. Decorum is overcome.

All the decencies of society are forgotten during this excitement. Men speak to each other without being introduced. I saw a man in ill-made trowsers and with strong red whiskers and a strong northern accent, go up to Colonel the HONOURABLE OTTO DILLWATER of the Guards, and make some dreadful remark about LOUIS FEELIP, which caused the Colonel to turn pale with anger. I saw a Bishop, an Under Secretary of State, and GENERAL DE BOOTS, listening with the utmost gravity and eagerness to little BOB NODDY, who pretended to have brought some news from the City, where they say he is a Clerk in a Fire Office.

I saw all sorts of portents and wonders. On the great Saturday night (the 26th ult.), when the news was rifest, and messenger after messenger came rushing in with wild rumours, men were seen up at midnight who were always known to go to bed at ten. A man dined in the Club who is married, and who has never been allowed to eat there for eighteen years. On Sunday, old MR. PUGH himself, who moved that the house should be shut, no papers taken in, and the waiters marched to church under the inspection of the Steward, actually came down and was seen reading the *Observer*, so eager was the curiosity which the great events excited.

In the smoking-room of the establishment, where you ordinarily meet a very small and silent party, there was hardly any seeing for the smoke, any sitting for the crowd, or any hearing in consequence of the prodigious bawling and disputing. The men uttered the most furious contradictory statements there. Young BIFFIN was praying that the rascally mob might be cut down to a man; while GULLET was bellowing out that the safety of France required the re-establishment of the guillotine, and that four heads must be had, or that the Revolution was not complete.

In the card-room, on the great night in question, there was only one whist-table, and at that even they were obliged to have a dummy. CAPTAIN TRUMPINGTON could not be brought to play that night; and PAMM himself trumped his partner's lead, and the best heart; such was the agitation which the great European events excited. When DICKY CUFF came in, from HIS EXCELLENCY LORD PILGRIMSTONE'S evening party, a rush was made upon him for news, as if he had come from battle. Even the waiters appeared to be interested, and seemed to try to overhear the conversation.

Every man had his story, and his private information; and several of these tales I took down.

"*Saturday, five o'clock.* JAWKINS has just come from the City. The French ROTHSCHILD has arrived. He escaped in a water-butt as far as Amiens, whence he went on in a coffin. A *fourgon* containing two hundred and twenty-two thousand two hundred sovereigns, and nine-and-fourpence in silver, was upset in the Rue Saint Denis. The coin was picked up, and the whole sum, with the exception of the fourpenny piece, was paid over to the Commissioners at the Hotel de Ville.

"Some say it was a quarter-franc. It was found sticking, afterwards, to the *sabot* of an Auvergnat, and brought in safety to the Provisional Government.

"BLANKLEY comes in. He made his fortune last year by the railroads, has realised, and is in a frantic state of terror. 'The miscreants!' he says. 'The whole population is in arms. They are pouring down to the English coast; the *sans-culottes* will be upon us to-morrow, and we shall have them upon—upon my estate in Sussex, by Jove! COBDEN was in a league with the Revolutionary government, when he said there would be no war—laying a trap to lull us into security, and so give free ingress to the infernal revolutionary villains. There are not a thousand men in the country to resist them, and we shall all be butchered before a week is out—butchered, and our property confiscated. COBDEN ought to be impeached and hanged. LORD JOHN RUSSELL ought to be impeached and hanged. Hopes GUIZOT will be guillotined for not having used cannon, and slaughtered the ruffians before the Revolution came to a head.' N.B. BLANKLEY was a liberal before he made his money, and had a picture of TOM PAINE in his study.

"TOWZER arrives. A messenger has just come to the Foreign Office wounded in three places, and in the disguise of a fishwoman. Paris is in flames in twenty-four quarters—the mob and pikemen raging through it. LAMARTINE has been beheaded. The forts have declared for the King and are bombarding the town. All the English have been massacred.

"CAPTAIN SHINDY says, 'Nonsense! no such thing.' A messenger has come to the French Embassy. The King and Family are at Versailles. The two Chambers have followed them thither, and MARSHAL BUGEAUD has rallied a hundred and twenty thousand men. The Parisians have three days' warning: and if at the end of that time they do not yield, seven hundred guns will open on the dogs, and the whole *canaille* will be hurled to perdition.

"PIPKINSON arrives. The English in Paris are congregated in the Protestant Churches; a guard is placed over them. It is with the greatest difficulty that the rabble are prevented from massacring them. LADY LUNCHINGTON only escaped by writing 'Veuve d' O'Connell' on her door. It is perfectly certain that GUIZOT is killed. LAMARTINE and the rest of the Provisional Government have but a few days to live: the Communists will destroy them infallibly; and universal blood, terror, and anarchy will prevail over France, over Europe, over the world.

"BOUNCER—on the best authority. Thirty thousand French entered Brussels under LAMORICIÈRE. No harm has been done to LEOPOLD. The united French and Belgian army march on the Rhine on Monday. Rhenish Prussia is declared to form a part of the Republic. A division under GENERAL BEDEAU will enter Savoy, and penetrate into Lombardy. The Pope abdicates his temporal authority. The Russians will cross the Prussian frontier with four hundred thousand men.

"BOWYER has just come from MIVART'S, and says that rooms are taken there for the Pope, who has fled from his dominions, for the COUNTESS OF LANDSFELD, for the KING OF BAVARIA, who is sure to follow immediately, and for all the French Princes, and their suite and families."

It was in this way that Rumour was chattering last week, while the great events were pending. But oh, my friends! wild and strange as these stories were, were they so wonderful as the truth?—as an army of a hundred thousand men subdued by a rising of bare-handed mechanics; as a great monarch, a minister notorious for wisdom, and a great monarchy blown into annihilation by a blast of national breath; as a magnificent dynasty slinking out of existence in a cab; as a gallant prince, with an army at his back, never so much as drawing a sword, but at a summons from a citizen of the National Guard, turning tail and sneaking away; as a poet braving the pikes which had scared away a family of kings and princes, and standing forward, wise, brave, sensible and merciful, undismayed on the tottering pinnacle of popular power? Was there ever a day since the beginning of history, where

small men were so great, and great ones so little? What satirist could ever have dared to invent such a story as that of the brave and famous race of Orleans flying, with nobody at their backs; of wives and husbands separating, and the deuce take the hindmost; of ULYSSES shaving his whiskers off, and flinging away even his wig? It is the shamefullest chapter in history—a consummation too base for ridicule.

One can't laugh at anything so miserably mean. All the Courts in Europe ought to go into mourning, or wear sackcloth. The catastrophe is too degrading. It sullies the cause of all kings, as the misconduct of a regiment does an army. It tarnishes all crowns. And if it points no other moral, and indicates no future consequences, why, Progress is a mere humbug: Railroads lead to nothing, and Signs point nowhere: and there is no To-morrow for the world. SPEC.

THE ART OF RECEIVING A DEPUTATION.

RISE as it enters. Beg of it to be seated. Throw yourself into your arm-chair, cross your arms and legs, and listen most attentively. Take especial care that no expression escapes your countenance. Admit nothing; but just nod occasionally. Beware of a direct answer. The less you know of a subject the better; if you are wise you are lost. Let every one talk as much as he pleases; let the whole deputation talk together if it likes. It flatters them and protects you from accidents. In fact, say as little as you can. Show all your zeal in listening and taking notes. Dispute nothing. If facts are rather too strong for you, only express your surprise. A well-timed "Indeed!" is frequently the saving of an hour. All arguments are dangerous; they only waste time; you do not want to be convinced, and as for convincing the Deputation, it is hopeless—it comes already convinced. If pressed for an opinion, express your sympathy with the important cause, and make a note in your memorandum-book to give it your earliest consideration. If the Deputation does not retire, call in the Revenue to your aid, enlarge on its deficiency, run largely into imports and exports, and wind up with a sharp flourish about the British Constitution and the interests of the community.

At this point your servant should announce some important visitor. Rise, and bow your Deputation to the door, after thanking it profusely for its trouble and intelligent advice. Shake one or two gentlemen by the hand, and the next morning's account of the Deputation will inform you that "every one was highly delighted with the extreme courtesy and affability of the Honourable Lord." Don't look in the glass, however, for fear of laughing.

The Political Barometer.

THE Whigs by their Budget were only inclin'd
To hit on a project for raising the wind;
But they little expected by rapid degrees
The wind would be raised to a regular breeze.
And had they persisted, we venture to say,
A storm was approaching to sweep them away.

A Contrast.

PARIS.

Amidst the fire and shot of a Paris Revolution, the Provisional Government do not forget the interests of Art. See the State document, in which it is ordered—

"All that appertains to the direction of the Fine Arts and Museums, and was formerly under the control of the Civil List, will constitute a division of the ministry of the interior. The jury charged with the reception of pictures at the annual exhibitions, will be named by election."

This is France!

LONDON.

In peaceful, gluttonous, turtle-cramming London, a Common-councilman proposes that the sum of £50 (how many hundreds have been given to soldiers in gold boxes?) should be subscribed towards the purchase of the house of SHAKESPEARE. "And the proposition," say the newspapers, "is negatived by a large majority."—

This is England!

AWFUL POSITION OF MR. DUNUP AT BOULOGNE.

OUR departed friend, MR. DUNUP, who, as all the world, and especially his creditors, well know, departed by the boat for Boulogne about two months back, has been placed in a most awful position by the French Revolution. Bayonets were urging him from behind; but if he looked towards England, writs were threatening him in front; and, turn which way he would, his case seemed a hopeless one. Nothing, since the celebrated case of the Soldier, who was proprietor of a certain popular tear, which he "wiped away," can be compared to the touching dilemma—for touching it would have been, if he had allowed the bailiffs to fraternise with him—of MR. DUNUP. We have placed the whole matter in the hands of our Poet, who has drawn up the following version of the affecting incident:—

Upon the pier he turn'd
To take a mental look
At his credit and his creditors,
Whom basely he forsook.
He conjured up the sound,
So familiar to his ear,
Of "Please to settle this account;"
And answer'd with a sneer.

He reach'd his lodging-door—
A trembling took his knees;
He found in Paris there had been
A most tremendous breeze.
"*A bas les Anglais!*" roar'd
Directly in his ear,
Told him there was not time to pause—
He sought again the pier.

He look'd on board the boat—
Oh! do not deem him weak;
For desperate was DUNUP'S game,
The game of hide-and-seek.
Go watch him at Boulogne,
You'll find him on the pier;
He'd rather risk the bayonets there,
Than brave the bailiffs here!

A Truth for Louis-Philippe.

"I HOLD France in my hand; I know how to manage them," said LOUIS-PHILIPPE, according to the *Morning Post*, on the day previous to his overthrow. He certainly did hold France in his hand—for he has let her slip through his fingers.

A JOKE AS GOOD AS NEW.

THE "Chamber of Peers" at Paris is for ever abolished. It would be as well if Westminster Bridge were also, for really it is almost as *pier-less*.

HEROIC SACRIFICE.

THE MARQUIS DAVY DE LA PAILLETERIE, better known as ALEXANDRE DUMAS, has given up his title and the crown of his ancestors.

HOUSE OF CALL FOR EX-EMPERORS, EX-KINGS, AND EX-ROYALTY IN GENERAL.

J. E. MIVART presents his humble respects to the Crowned Heads of the Continent, and to the various branches of Foreign Royalty in general, and begs to be allowed to inform his Royal Patrons that his Hotel, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, continues to be the favoured House of Call for Dethroned Potentates in general.

Animated by the sincerest feelings of gratitude for all favours past, J. E. MIVART begs to assure his Imperial and Royal Patrons that nothing shall be wanting on his part to continue to secure that patronage which has already made his humble Hotel an historical edifice in the annals of the political world.

With these feelings, J. E. MIVART has, in the handsomest and most commodious manner, decorated, furnished, and generally fitted up his Establishment, in order that his Imperial and Royal Guests may, as completely as circumstances will permit, continue, though exiled, to feel themselves whilst in his house upon their old thrones at home.

J. E. MIVART ventures to believe that passing events will justify a somewhat detailed description of the peculiar domestic conveniences offered at his Hotel to Royalty upon its travels. And this, the more especially, as this card is intended for European circulation.—(N.B. A liberal allowance made to all Queen's messengers.)

The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—should events not necessary to be more particularly alluded to induce him to come to London—will find MIVART'S Hotel a most delightful place of sojourn. A magnificent suite of rooms is furnished precisely after the Imperial apartments of Vienna; and Views of the Prater, the Danube, &c., &c., painted in the most brilliant style of Art by CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A. And further to carry out the illusion, MR. CANTELO has received orders to hatch a supply of Double-Headed Eagles. And, that no gratification may be wanting to the Imperial Heart, a proof copy of the *Morning Post* (arrangements having been made with the proprietors) will be forwarded every morning to the Hotel, that his Imperial Majesty may continue his paternal censorship of the Press, by occasionally cutting it to ribands.

FURNITURE OF THE KING OF BAVARIA'S ROOM.

His Majesty LOUIS-CHARLES OF BAVARIA, may also feel assured that in the event of his quitting Munich—he will find himself quite at home in Brook Street; which is only a convenient distance from the Opera. J. E. MIVART, however—intending not the least offence—feels it only due to himself, and to the high and spotless character of his Establishment, to inform the KING OF BAVARIA in proper time that—*no followers are permitted*, and the *bolero* danced under no pretence whatever.

To his Majesty KING OF NAPLES and already EX-KING OF SICILY, J. E. MIVART very confidently recommends his superior macaroni. J. E. M. has moreover given a commission to MR. BRADWELL to produce—within a fortnight from the present time—a very handsome model of Vesuvius (to be put in the back yard), with an eruption ready at a minutes' notice. J. E. M. confidently hopes that the superior quality of the brimstone will tend to make His Majesty feel himself quite at home.

Her Majesty QUEEN ISABELLA of Spain may depend upon the most perfect and delightful accommodation under MR. MIVART'S roof; inasmuch as J. E. M. pledges himself, as a man and a Briton, not to receive (at any amount of rent whatever) DON FRANCISCO; and further to obtain for QUEEN CHRISTINA a sleeping-room out.

Tickets for Masked Balls to be had at all the Booksellers. J. E. M.'s house is also within a comfortable ride of the Surrey Fox-hounds.

His Majesty LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS will, at J. E. MIVART'S, find himself (should it be necessary for him to make the trial) on the very best Brussels. N.B. French spoken by the waiters.

J. E. MIVART feels that he might extend the contents of this card: he thinks, however, that he has said enough to convince an enlightened Royalty (delicate and difficult as is sometimes the task) that his premises in Brook Street will be found admirably adapted for Majesty out of place.

*** OMNIBUSES (IN CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE HOTEL) CONTINUALLY RUNNING FROM THE DOVER RAILWAY.

N.B. Beds at any hour. Porter sits up all night.

RULES FOR LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

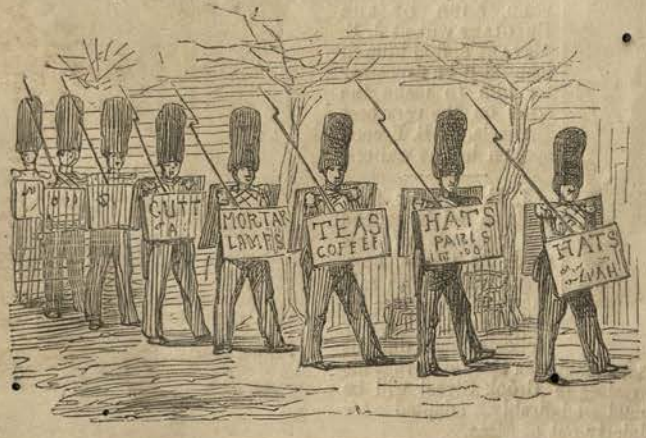
THE following note has been forwarded to LORD JOHN RUSSELL:—

"MY LORD,—We, the undersigned, understanding that your Lordship is at a loss to adjust the Income-Tax in equitable proportions to the interest of landed and funded property, and to professional and mercantile profits respectively, hereby tender you our assistance in the performance of this very simple process. We are well aware that we have not, at present, the honour of being known to your Lordship; but we are sure that a slight acquaintance with us will remove all your difficulties. (Signed) MULTIPLICATION.
DIVISION.
PRACTICE.
RULE OF THREE.
INTEREST, SIMPLE and COMPOUND.
VULGAR FRACTIONS.
DECIMALS."

*** We observe that the foregoing signatures do not include ADDITION and SUBTRACTION. With ADDITION his Lordship has evinced a perfect familiarity, in his alacrity in increasing the national burdens; and his proposal to deduct five per cent. from our incomes shows that he is more than sufficiently conversant with SUBTRACTION.

Hints for the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

As the Military Estimates may be considered as among the heaviest causes of the deficiency of revenue, we are sure the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will feel exceedingly grateful to us for any suggestion by which the gap occasioned by the cost of the Army may be even partially supplied. If the soldiery, who are just now useless—and we hope will long continue useless—for warlike purposes, were to be devoted to the interests of commerce, by becoming the placard bearers of the metropolis, the tradesmen of London would not hesitate to support a *corps* of such real value to the commercial community. The annexed sketches will convey an idea of our intention; and who, we confidently ask, would not be delighted to see the blood-stained banner superseded by the ink-smeared posting-bill? Gutta Percha would look very well on a regimental flag; and it would be easy to convert Peninsula into Paletot, on those standards which at present bear the former of these titles.



An enormous revenue could be collected from the source of income which we point out; and as the Ministers confess the difficulty they have in finding a substitute for the too simple plan of doubling an existing most obnoxious tax, we hope they will not be too proud to take a lesson from those who have no objection to teach them.

HISTORY OF THE INCOME-TAX.

THIS little History, which was to have been finished in three years, promises to be carried over as many years as one of ALEXANDRE DUMAS'S novels. When every one thinks it is wound up, and must finish, a continuation is announced, and we are obliged to go on for another three years. It does not stop then. Another continuation is soon published, and the interest of it is found to be so absorbing, that we are obliged to continue it whether we like it or no. Our grandchildren will still be taking in a work, the prospectus of which stated was to have been finished in three annual volumes. Let us run through the several chapters which have already been published of this interesting little periodical.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

1842.—The Income-Tax first announced, in a long preface by SIR ROBERT PEEL. It is issued, and millions subscribe to it, in the faith that it is to be completed in three years. This chapter was very popular, and was eagerly devoured by all those who could afford it. Even those whose means could not command the luxury looked on, and were happy in the content of others.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

This was published in 1845, under the superintendence of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who had already proved his ability in similar productions. This chapter by no means enjoyed the great popularity of the first. This, however, was known to be the usual fate of any continuation of a popular series, and caused, therefore, no great astonishment. The circulation still kept up the same, for those who had taken in the first series did not like to discontinue the second. Numbers, accordingly, were sold, and it must be acknowledged that the second chapter did not fall off from the first. It was full of the same strong effects, and took immensely.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

1847-8.—This chapter is still in course of publication; and it would not be fair on our parts to anticipate its contents. The Income-Tax is the last thing in the chapter of events that one would wish to anticipate. We can safely say this much, that the enthusiasm for the work has quite died away, and that strong measures have been adopted by the publishers to increase the falling interest. These have not succeeded; and measures are at present being debated, to establish the Income-Tax on a permanent footing, to be issued regularly like the *Punch* volumes, every year.

Where this History will end, no one can tell. As future chapters are published, we will give a small *résumé* of them. Wagers are now pending which of the two will finish first—the new series of the Income-Tax, or that of MR. G. P. R. JAMES'S works? Endless as the collection appears, we should almost be inclined to bet in favour of MR. JAMES'S series.

CITIZENSHIP MADE EASY.—The citizens of Paris take up their freedom with—paving-stones.

OUR EXTRAORDINARY EXPRESSES.

Our daily contemporaries have been in such a state of vigorous activity with their Expresses during the last week or two, and have published such rapid successions of editions, that we never could find out whether we were reading the paper of to-day, yesterday, or to-morrow. We caught ourselves frequently reading the same thing over and over again, having omitted, in our hurry, to take notice of the announcement at the top, that "All of this important intelligence was given in our yesterday's edition," or that "The whole of these interesting particulars will be found at length in our paper of to-morrow."

We may compliment most of our contemporaries on their activity, though we have occasionally been doomed to find more cry than wool in the relays of "latest intelligence," whose announcement has beguiled our pockets of sundry sixpences. In some instances we have been informed by Extraordinary Express that "our correspondent has nothing new to communicate;" but a sort of compromise is made with us for our disappointment, by the intimation that "if anything fresh should occur it will be communicated in a later edition." The "later edition" is, of course, eagerly bought, and frequently with the same result, or perhaps with the more tantalising intimation that "Important Intelligence is believed to be delayed by bad weather; but if the wind should abate in time for the next edition, there will be something to communicate."

Some of our contemporaries have published fresh editions to state that "there is nothing fresh" except the breeze, "but a steamer is waiting in case of anything occurring worth transmission, when details will be published in a later edition."

We have a great mind to announce that we have the brains of a contributor in a state of eruption, emitting jokes as fast as the fire is sent forth from Mount Vesuvius, and that we have a boy stationed at the door to bring us the reports or explosions of his turbulent intellect. We might easily get up a tremendous excitement about a discharge of puns, and intimate that the

FIRING HAS COMMENCED,

in the usual effective capitals. After favouring the public with a quantity of bon-mots devoting a "later edition" to every new sally as it came forth, we might publish finally the intelligence that

THE FIRING HAS CEASED!

TRANQUILLITY REIGNS!!

AND

ALL IS QUIET!!!

We had some idea of imitating one of our evening contemporaries, and sending a man on horseback at full gallop down Holywell Street every five minutes, with a boy stationed at each end of the thoroughfare to exclaim, "There goes the *Punch* Express!" but as our contemporary has to pay more for inquests and accidents, caused by riding over the populace, than he can hope to realise by the extra sale of his journal, we relinquished the ostentatious enterprise. We had the notion at one time of copying a "dodge" of one of our pictorial contemporaries, who keeps a gang of foreign-looking persons at the door all day long, in the act of furnishing "authentic sketches, taken on the spot," which are promised in placards filling the windows; but as we thought our window might be seen through, we avoided even this harmless subterfuge.

We pretend, therefore, neither to steam-packets, extraordinary couriers, pilot-boats, or anything else, nor do we even keep a man in readiness to break his neck with the earliest news or no-news that may arrive; but we think of starting a "life-buoy" at the foot of Blackfriar's Bridge, by way of experiment. We do not expect that it will do much, but it will afford us at all events the right to talk about our communications from the coast, which our contemporaries are all so mad about.

Mrs. Glass's History of France.

The Reform Banquet.—It consisted of but one dish, but that was most deliciously cooked—the Goose of Louis-Philippe.

FINANCIAL DEFINITION.

The "glorious simplicity of the Three per Cents." is defined by Lord John Russell to be the simple subtraction of three per cent. from all incomes, irrespectively of their origin.

Romance of History.—Who would have thought that the "Coming man" would have been Louis-Philippe?

THE MYSTERY UNRAVELLED.

An earnest appeal was made the other day, through the second column of the *Times*, to the writer of a Valentine containing the line

"I long'd an Afric's slave to be,"

to come forward and "unravel the mystery." As we are wholesale unravellers of mysteries in general, we have set to work upon the matter, and have procured a copy of the original Valentine, which we subjoin, and which, it will be seen, presents a mystery that rather requires unravelling. Such was the hieroglyphic that formed the Valentine in question, and the meaning of which is certainly quite latent enough to justify a demand that the sender of it should come forward and "unravel the mystery."

The following poem, which accompanied the tableau, does not much tend to the elucidation which was called for in the advertisement:—

When the gay bulbul, light of wing,
Bore in its mouth the wedding-ring—
When o'er the church it flew with glee,
Nor stopp'd to perch on neighbouring tree—
When heart was closely joined to heart
By Cupid's skewer-resembling dart—
When with the breath he gently drew,
The fire of love the urchin blew—
In lovers' knots when ringdoves bound
Were softly cooing on the ground—
When sights like these I chanced to see,
"I long'd an Afric's slave to be."

Thus far the Valentine; but now for the unravelling of the mystery. The fact then is, that the contemplation of so much happiness in which he could not participate, was more than the writer could bear, and he accordingly

"long'd an Afric's slave to be,"

in order that he might get away from it.

"LE COMMENCEMENT DE LA FIN."

All that is now left of the French "Nobilité" is the initial syllable "No." A bad beginning, but a worse end.

[*A recollection of G. Cruikshank's "Illustrations of Time."*]

Mr. Bull. "HOLLO! YOU SIR! WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT INCREASED INCOME-TAX?" *John Russell.* "BOCK AGIN."

Punch's Maxims Moralised.

I.—A Cat may look at a King.

THIS is a very ancient maxim; but, if kings do not take care, it will become obsolete, for though it may be always true that a cat may look at a king, the time may come when a cat must look very sharp indeed to find one. We hope, nevertheless, that a cat may long enjoy the privilege of looking at a Queen, and that the feline animal may, throughout the whole of its nine lives, have our own VICTORIA to look upon.

II.—Aching teeth are ill tenants.

They are indeed, and an ejectment is the best treatment such tenants should experience. Stopping ought not to be allowed, for the tenants will only become worse, and must eventually be got rid of.

III.—A contented mind is a continual feast.

It may be so; but it is somewhat of a Barmecide's feast unless allied with more substantial articles. Nevertheless, on the whole we should be disposed to recommend mental tranquillity *au naturel*, in preference to many dishes of more substantial materials.

IV.—A fool and his money are soon parted.

It would seem, however, that they "part to meet again;" for the instances of union between folly and wealth are very numerous.

V.—A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Is he indeed? Perhaps he may be; but the difficulty of following the necessary direction to "first catch your friend," renders the testing of this maxim almost impossible.

VI.—A Miss is as good as a mile.

We know many a Miss whose tongue is better than a mile, for there is really no end to it.

VII.—An hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon.

It is probable that the author of this maxim was not a frequenter of the Coal Hole, the Cider Cellars, or other places of the same description, where an hour in the morning would not have impressed him with any great idea of its superior value.

VIII.—An oak is not felled with one blow.

It is not; nor will it always move when civilly requested, for it often requires a good deal of axing. (If antiquity is a merit, this remark must be as valuable—for it is certainly nearly as old—as the maxim itself.)

The Bo-Peep of the Bourbons.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE
Has lost his sheep,
And never again will find 'em:
The people of France
Have made an advance,
And left their King behind 'em.

COUNTERFEIT COIN.

IT is evident that much counterfeit money must of late have been put in circulation, for during many days the people at Dover, Southampton, and other sea-side places, have been keeping a sharp look-out for nothing but a bad sovereign.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE *MORNING CHRONICLE*?

WHY has the poor dear old *Chronicle* written so poetically since its change?—Because it is *worsified*.—Ed. *M. Herald.*

THE WORST CUT OF ALL.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE, the Ex-King turned out of France and scorned by all Europe, incurs the pity of MR. DISRAELI. They say this cut up the Ex-King more than any other of his mishaps.

PUT OUT!

126517

KING O'PHILLIPS FOR IRELAND!

CH—S—LM A—ST—Y TO JOHN O'CONNELL, M.P.

"SIR—ALTHOUGH I have not yet made it a part of my impeachment of LORD PALMERSTON, I intend to do so. Yes: The accusation—I have to prefer—will be continued in my next. In the meantime, I take the widest, the strongest, and the deepest means (need I allude to the pages of *Punch?*) to inform all Ireland of the chains that at this moment are being forged for her; forged by the traitorous Foreign Secretary, to whom treason is a labour of affection.

"For many days, the whereabout of the EX-KING OF THE FRENCH has been kept a secret. He has been at Dreux—at Eu—at Tréport—at Herne Bay. Such have been the conflicting rumours of a venal press. All, of course, to put the world upon a wrong scent until the iniquity, for some days hatching, shall receive portentous birth.

"Now, Sir, prepare to be astonished; for I am about to inform you and the bamboozled world at large, of the real hiding-place of the late KING OF THE FRENCH. Know, then, that his Ex-Majesty is at this moment—and has been for some days past—at No. 3, Carlton-House Terrace. Yes; in legal phrase, he is there "harboured and comforted" by VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, the Foreign Secretary!

"I am the last man to suggest any intrusion upon the privacy of fallen greatness; but—if you doubt the veracity of my information—I have only to direct you to the above address. Knock at the door, rush by the porter, run up-stairs; and on the third-pair back (turning to the right, you will see a cut-glass handle to the door) you will find the royal fugitive. There he is, seated in an arm-chair covered with Russia leather, which (stuffed with Russian bank-paper) was a grateful present of NICHOLAS, for work done, to the Foreign Secretary. There is the Ex-King, in that Russian chair, with his feet upon a Turkey carpet, the bribe of the Sultan; there he is, with a Persian cat (the *souvenir* of the Shah) bridling at his royal knee; with his royal but exiled elbow leaning on a Spanish mahogany table, the gift of CHRISTINA for winking at the Spanish marriage. There is the King, Sir (at the hour I write) with a cup of tea before him—the tea the gift of the EMPEROR OF CHINA, in recompense for a certain foreign treaty that sacrificed the interests of the English merchant; the tea sweetened by the sugar of Brazil, originally sent in a loaf, to purchase the destruction of the West Indies—milked from a Brahmin cow (the gift of the East India Company)—and stirred by a spoon, a small item of the extensive service of plate manufactured at the mine's mouth in Peru, to buy the Foreign Secretary to the interests of the republic. I might, Sir, give many other particulars touching the furniture of that back-room—nay, of every moveable of No. 3—but I am the last man to be personal.

"Well, Sir, you will ask wherefore should LORD PALMERSTON—the Foreign Secretary of England—give an asylum to the castaway LOUIS-PHILIPPE. Listen.

"The KING OF THE FRENCH cannot leave off a crown. After wearing one for nearly eighteen years, it is—he declares—as needful to his health as flannel.

"The KING OF THE FRENCH is desirous to purchase another kingdom—to lay down so much ready money for it—and, Sir, (now prepare to shriek)—LORD PALMERSTON PROPOSES TO SELL HIM IRELAND!

"Yes! You clench your patriotic hand—you strike it on your heart (I knew you would)—you gaze towards the ceiling and—no, you are too much of a gentleman—you *don't* swear.

"For these past three days, whilst even the *Chronicle*—a public organ that LORD PALMERSTON has ceased to grind—has preached of LOUIS-PHILIPPE's wanderings in France, his Majesty has—I repeat it—been lodged at No. 3, Carlton House Terrace, bargaining for the purchase of the 'first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea;' and they are now—after much haggling on the king's part—sold to him as though the flower was of no more worth than a daisy, and the gem as common as Margate shingle.

"'Ireland *was* PEEL's difficulty'—said PALMERSTON to a friend I *could* name—'but I have turned it into ready cash. We are the first Ministry who ever made a penny by it.'

"I have not yet made my mind up to publish the precise sum paid by LOUIS-PHILIPPE for the throne of Ireland; but I shall be quite prepared—when the time comes—to summon to the bar of the Commons the identical clerk from COUTTS's who cashed his Majesty's cheque.

"I shall also be quite ready to call MR. —— to the bar, to prove that he received instructions to make out the conveyance deeds. This much I will, however, venture to state without further hesitation.

"Of course, Ministers said nothing of the transaction. It was their selfish policy to keep it secret until they secured the Income-Tax.

"It is not yet settled when his Majesty will take possession of Ireland, but I think I may venture to predict that it will be on the very earliest day of April.

"The king—in order that certain passages of his Paris life may be forgotten—proposes to cast aside his present name as he would change dirty linen, and to mount the throne (which in this case he has ordered of cast-iron, not to be consumed by fire) under the title of O'PHILLIPS THE FIRST!

"I can assure you that the King re-enters upon Majesty with the greatest vigour, and in the highest spirits. MR. SHIEL, the Master of the Mint, has already been to advise with him respecting his new coinage: and already MR. JOHN LEECH and MR. RICHARD DOYLE have been solicited to supply designs for the Five Pat Piece and the O'PHILLIPS-D'OR. (A hand closing an umbrella, for the obverse, has been suggested, as significant of the brevity of the royal reign.)

"MESSRS. STORR & MORTIMER have taken the king's hat to measure for the new crown (of gilt silver); a light, tasteful thing composed of shamrocks, and enriched with polished fragments of the real Blarney Stone.

"MR. MOSES, from the Minories, has been honoured with an order to make the royal robes of the very best cotton velvet, to be trimmed with real fox. MR. MOSES was, I am informed, kept in ignorance of the rank of his customer; LORD PALMERSTON, in his wily way, assuring the single-hearted tailor that 'the old gentleman was a bit of a character, and only wanted the robes for the purpose of a masquerade.'

"And now, Sir, having communicated to you a part of the designs of LORD PALMERSTON, it is for you, as the Patriot of Erin, to determine for the seven millions who look all the way up to you; it is for you to say whether you will take the Son of Gaul in exchange for the hated Saxon. I will not tell you the name I have already heard as determined upon by KING O'PHILLIPS as his Prime Minister for life; but it begins with O'C.

"Again, it cannot be denied that KING O'PHILLIPS comes with a ready-made royal family. There is NEMOURS, and D'AUMALE, and MONTPENSIER, each ready to head an Irish invading army; whilst ADMIRAL JOINVILLE, in command of the Armada of the Liffy, may pour his thunder on either side of the Thames. This, it must be confessed, will be revenge on the blood-thirsty Saxon—revenge sweet and unctuous as butter-milk!

"That Ireland will benefit by the change—that the country which has been blighted by the rule of the Saxon, will run with oil and honey under the beneficent auspices of the Gaul—is not to be doubted. Nevertheless, be assured that the corrupt and avaricious statesman who has transacted the bargain—selling a whole nation for a bank-cheque—will, in the proper place, namely, the House of Commons, at the bar of the country, be duly impeached by

"Your obedient servant,

"*J. O'Connell, Esq., M.P.*" "CH—S—LM A—ST—Y."

"P.S. It is a small matter, but I have just learned that LOUIS-PHILIPPE binds himself and his heirs for ever, to supply for the same time, mountain-dew and potatoes to the cellar and the kitchen of a certain mansion in Carlton House Terrace."

RESIGNATION OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

"AH! C'EST CE BON TRICOLOR! TU NE VAUX PLUS RIEN, MON AMI, COMME DRAPEAU—N'IMPORTE! TU NE ME QUITTERAS JAMAIS—COMME MOUCHOIR."

THE DELECTABLE BALLAD OF THE FOUR KINGS OF ITALY;

SHOWING HOW THEY EACH TOOK HIS ROUGH DRAUGHT OF A CONSTITUTION, AND HOW IT SORE MISLIKED SOME OF THEM.

The Pope. "I FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR MY DOSE, AND I THINK YOUR MAJESTIES CANNOT DO BETTER THAN FOLLOW MY EXAMPLE."
King of Naples. "TAKE AWAY THAT NASTY COMPOUND."
King of Sardinia. "AS NAPLES IS TAKING IT, I MAY AS WELL."
King of Denmark. "I SUPPOSE THERE IS NO HELP FOR IT, SO HERE GOES!"
King of Prussia. "I MIXED MINE MYSELF, AND SO I KNOW IT'S ALL RIGHT."

It was four kings into the South,
And oh, they were brave to see;
Three of them had a crown a-piece,
But the fourth, oh he had three.

The first he was KING OF SARDINIA;
The next, DUKE OF TUSCANIE;
The third, he was the POPE OF ROME;
And NAPLES, the fourth was he.

SARDINIA he nodded 'twixt wink and wake,
And TUSCANY shut one eye;
But NAPLES he slept as fast as a church,
With his crown set all awry.

Then it 's up and spake POPE PIUS,
That was ware and wakeful too,
"Oh rouse ye, rouse ye, my cousins,
For there is work to do.

"I hear a bird that sings strangely,
And the burden of his song
Is aye 'Up with the rule of Right,
And down with the rule of Wrong.'"

At SARDINIA he lugged, and at NAPLES tugged,
With TUSCANY struggled sore,
But the more he strove to rouse them,
The louder those kings did snore;
Till at last—were Popes not holy men—
I had said his Reverence swore.

Then it 's up and spake a little foot-page,
That sat below the board,
"I hear the clash as of musquet-buts,
And the clank as of a sword."

And it 's in came a Lord High Chamberlain,
And oh but he was pale:
"Now leave off your bowing and scraping, my lord,
And straight unfold your tale.

"Excuse this rude waking, Sir Kings," he said,
"And say will ye fight or flee?
Here comes young SARDINIA, young NAPLES,
In fact all young ITALY.

"'Come peace, come fight, he 'll have his right;
To humbug him you 're not to hope;
He 'll take no chaff from TUSCANY straw;
He 'll have no NAPLES soap;

"'SARDINIA may keep his oil
For pickling his own Sardines.'—
So he says, and, please your Majesties,
What he says I think he means."

Then a lusty knock came to the gate,
And a tirling at the pin;
And with bonnet on brow, and never a bow,
Young ITALY he walked in.

He louted him low before the POPE:
"A blessing, LORD POPE, I crave;"
And then he looked the three kings in the face,
And I trow the three kings were grave.

For they saw the red glow in his eye,
And the long sword at his side,
And they heard the tramp of his weary men,
As they entered the court so wide.

"'Tis an ugly dream," quoth NAPLES,
When he saw his brethren quake;
And 'twas not till he pinched himself black and blue,
That he felt he was awake.

Young ITALY took four cups of gold,
Ycarven quaint and fair;
"Now pledge me ye kings, ere hence I go,
In a draught though rough that 's rare.

"The draught is mixed of precious things,
Long kept under bar and ban;
Its strength is Right—that mighty wine
Makes glad the heart of man.

"Its bitter is Water from the well
Where Truth hides from man's blindness;
Its sweet is Mercy's honey-dew,
With milk of human kindness.

"Old Egypt's queen quaffed melted pearls,
Plucked from her diadem;
So have we melted in our draught
Justice—that priceless gem.

"And the draught I tend, as the health 'twill mend,
Is 'a Constitution' hight;
They use it in merry England most,
And it makes them wise and wight."

Quoth the POPE, "Your host will allow me a toast:
'Here 's luck to the triple crown!'"
The cup was full that he took up;
'Twas empty that he set down.

Then TUSCANY and SARDINIA
Drained their draughts with a gulp and a sigh.
"I like it much," quoth TUSCANY;
Quoth SARDINIA "And so do I."

But NAPLES! it was a sorry sight
To see him over his cup;
Thrice he tried with a sob and a scunner,
And thrice he gave it up.

He tried it in spoonfuls and in sips,
And with holding of his nose;
As ye see a boy with the rhubarb toy,
Or with the sable dose.

Then TUSCANY and SARDINIA
At their brother sore did scoff;
"I 'll count twenty," quoth young ITALY,
"And *then*, if it 's not drunk off——!"

He scarce had reached eighteen, eighteen,
Eighteen and barely one,
When NAPLES he made a desperate plunge,
And lo, the trick was done!

He turned him over on his side,
Well nigh slipped off his throne;
"I 'm gone, my friends; the business ends;
Oh—leave me—do—alone."

"Now nay—now nay—thou silly king,
It will but do thee good."
So said they all, till he was fain
To agree he thought it would.

Since then those kings are all alive,
Tho' NAPLES at times *will* snore;
They admit that what Constitutions were
They never knew before.

And the POPE he leads a happy life,
And bids them bless the day
That young ITALY did physic them,
Whether they would or nay.

A DANGEROUS LITTLE MAN. LORD JOHN TRYING IT ON.

Lord John. "You see, my dear Mr. Bull, it 's a mere form; you accept this little Bill, and pay it when it becomes due."

POLICE INTELLIGENCE. "DROPPING A BILL."

A little man named John Russell, was brought up yesterday before the Magistrate at Bow Street, charged by Mr. Bull with an attempt to inveigle him into the acceptance of a certain bill, which would have rendered him liable to the payment of 1*s.* in the pound on the whole annual amount of his income. Mr. Bull, it appears, is already responsible for a similar bill at 7*d.* in the pound, into accepting which, he said he had been swindled by the fraudulent representations of one Peel, not in custody.

Mr. Bull stated that he met the defendant (Russell) near Westminster Abbey; when he was persuaded by him to accompany him to a public house in the neighbourhood, called "The Commons." Defendant and some parties supposed to be his confederates called for returns, and for measures, which appeared to be half-and-half. Some general talk ensued, when presently Russell said he had a sum to make up, and asked complainant what he would stand towards it? He (Mr. Bull) said that times were very bad just now; but he would see. They then had some conversation about the National Defences; after which defendant proposed to him (Mr. Bull) to pull out his money. Complainant accordingly produced his purse, which contained some loose sovereigns, a bank note or two, and some silver; and expressed his willingness to accommodate defendant with as much as he could reasonably afford. Russell said that would not do, and requested him to accept a little bill, which he placed before him, telling him that it was only a matter of form, and that he had nothing to do but to put his name to it, and pay it when it became due.

To the proposal complainant demurred; when Russell made several artful representations, since proved delusive, to induce him to agree to it; and, finding these ineffectual, intimated that he must procure his signature by main force. He (Mr. Bull) then cried out lustily; upon which prisoner called to his companions, who surrounded him, and endeavoured to stop his mouth. Had no doubt their intention was to "burke" him. But at this juncture a cry arose in the street, of "Police!" mingled with cheers and shouts of "A Revolution in France!" One of the prisoner's associates then said, "It 's no go, Johnny;" and another exclaimed, in an under tone, "There 's a pressure from without." Upon this, Russell becoming alarmed, let his Bill drop, which was instantly seized by complainant. Mr. Bull here handed the document to the Magistrate. Complainant added, that having succeeded in getting out of the house, he applied to a policeman, who subsequently took the prisoner into custody.

The Magistrate asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself?

Russell, with great effrontery, contended that his conduct had been perfectly legal, and said that he was in the service of an illustrious lady, who would be put to great inconvenience by his detention.

The Magistrate observed that after what had been proved against him, he had better take care, or his mistress would certainly dismiss him from his situation. He would remand him, and in the mean time direct the Police to keep a sharp look-out after his accomplices.

AN UNREASONABLE REQUEST.

Mr. B. Cochrane is reported to have moved for "certain diplomatic correspondence that had passed on the subject of the affairs of Greece." This demand is really one of the most extravagant that could possibly be made; for who ever heard of "*certain* diplomatic correspondence," when the very essence of all such correspondence is its uncertainty.

THE LOST GAME.

At cards a sly and an old man played
With a nation across the sea,
And oaths were taken, and bets were made
As to whose the game should be.

They played so long, and they played so well,
It was difficult to scan
If the sly old man should the people "sell,"
Or the people the sly old man.

The *people* were "flush" of "clubs" and "spades,"
And played as if in despair;
And "diamonds" *he* had, in all their grades,
But never a "heart" was there.

The last "heat" came of the game I sing,
And the people played pêle-mêle;
But the old man lost, tho' he played the "king,"
For he played the "knave" as well.

Patriotism at a Discount.

Marshal Bugeaud has had the politeness to offer his services to the Provisional Government of France. The Government does not at present —and we hope it never will—want anything in the Marshal's line; but thanks him as much as if it did. Prince Louis-Napoleon has had the impudence to make the same offer, proposing to lend his assistance in restoring order; an employment for which the hero of Boulogne must be finely qualified. The French Government has displayed a nice appreciation of his ability to serve his country, in requesting him to oblige it by—keeping out of the way.

OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!

Though Monsieur de Lamartine can sit through a sitting of sixty hours, Citizen Anstey backs himself to make a speech against the Frenchman, and to give him twenty-four hours in. The money is posted at Bellamy's, and the umpires will be named when found.

Curious Coincidence.

It is singular that Mr. Horsman, who proposed the amendment for the equitable adjustment of the Income-Tax, should have been the Member for Cockermouth. No mouth could have been so competent to speak to Lord John Russell on that subject as the mouth of Cocker.

CITIZEN LOUIS-PHILIPPE IN PARIS.

Such is the confidence of the French Republicans in the durability of their form of Government that, it is said, in a very little time they will allow all the Orleans family to return to Paris to enjoy the comforts of private citizenship. Louis-Philippe, we understand, proposes to set up in business as a money-changer.

THE THREE GLORIOUS DAYS OF PRINCE LOUIS-NAPOLEON.

Feb. 26*th.* I left London for Paris.
" 27*th.* I reached Paris.
" 28*th.* I left Paris, and reached London.

Moral.—I came; I saw; but somehow did not conquer.—Cæsar, *(a little altered).*

OMINOUS.

This is the second time that titles have been abolished in France. The rule in Lindley Murray says, "Two negatives make an affirmative;" but, as the French are not particularly fond of English rule, there is still hope left for the French nobility.

PERPETUAL INVASION.

THERE are old persons who allow themselves to be carried away with an invasion from abroad, and yet the same thing is continually being done at home, and not a single hair of their heads—or rather their wigs—stands on end. Good-humour and a little common sense, aided by a good strong fleet, will easily keep the French away; but the difficulty is, how are we to defend ourselves against the invasion of Tax-gatherers, which the Whigs invariably bring with them directly they come into power?

We advise Englishmen, therefore, to turn their backs for the present upon France. The French have quite enough to do at present, without troubling themselves about us. There is no fear of an invasion from them. Our advice, therefore, is, to make every defence against this army of Tax-gatherers, which the Whigs are collecting to invade us, and to raise every cry and barricade against the Income-tax, which peace, liberty, fair-play, and the Beadle, will allow. *A bas l'Income Tax. Vive Punch!*

FIVE MINUTES' ADVICE ON RAILWAY ROYALTY.

WE advise the Railway King to take warning by the fate of LOUIS-PHILIPPE. If he does not make timely concessions, he may fall just as rapidly. Railway passengers are naturally good-tempered. They will bear a great deal; but there is a terminus to all subjects' patience. The KING OF THE FRENCH fell by the weakness of his troops, particularly *La Ligne*. Can the King of the Rails depend upon the strength of his line? The National Guard turned at Paris. May not the guards on the Eastern Counties turn in the same way, and force MR. HUDSON to abdicate? A banquet was the first cause of the French Revolution. The frequent banquets of the Railway King may cause a similar rising in his dominions. His subjects may not relish his breakfasting when he pleases, or his stopping to dine or lunch at what hour or what place he likes, especially when they may have not breakfasted or dined or lunched themselves, and are anxious to get to their journey's end to fulfil those pleasant duties. His numerous stoppages, too, at each trip, may ultimately put a stoppage to his own career.

A railway is a dangerous game, which, if kings were wise, they would not play with too recklessly, for it may become a mighty engine of destruction, and fly in its sovereign's face. The throne of the Tuilleries is now but a heap of cinders, at the bottom probably of the *hotte* of some *chiffonier* of Paris. Let the autocrat of the Eastern Counties beware lest his own diadem ornament the brow of some scavanger in the employ of MESSRS. JOHNSON AND PRICE!!!!

UN-ENGLISH CONDUCT AT MILAN.

"LETTERS from Vienna," says the *Morning Post*, "state that so great was the hatred at Milan of anything German, that the people rose and left the La Scala Theatre as soon as FANNY ELLSLER made her first bound on the stage, although she had hitherto been adored there." We sympathise with the Milanese in their intolerance of foreign domination; but cannot say we admire the manifestation of it above recorded. The tyranny of Austria, one would think, is a petticoat-government, and FANNY ELLSLER its representative, considering the animosity which they displayed towards her. After this demonstration against German capers, we suppose they will next vent their fury on German sausages. No *pas* executed by FANNY ELLSLER has consisted in trampling on the necks of the people of Milan; her bounds have never exceeded those of their Constitution; nor has she ever polked upon their rights, or pirouetted over their liberties. She has not enslaved the Milanese; and if, like many other continental townsfolk, they have harnessed themselves to the chariot of the *danseuse*, it has been their voluntary act. Let them express their patriotic indignation like men—which they certainly have not done by outpouring it in an insult to a lady.

THE PATENTEES OF GOVERNMENT.

WE are so profoundly convinced that no Ministry can survive for a week unless it is compounded of the Nobility, that we have the most serious alarms for the duration of the Provisional Government at Paris. Why, there is not a single Lord amongst them! It is true that the members are all men of genius, every one of whom has distinguished himself, more or less, by his talents—but what has that to do with Government? No! Give us the *Red Book* before all other books, be they histories, or the best works on political economy, or the cleverest book you like. What is a man like LAMARTINE to a Marquis? How can a person like LOUIS BLANC, much less the editor of a newspaper, know as much about statesmanship as an Earl, or a Viscount, or even a Right Honourable? No; the probability is absurd. The race of statesmen are all born with coronets. It is a breed of itself. The branches of Government, to flourish, must be covered with strawberry-leaves. For a country to be happy, to be free from debt, to be prosperous, the Ministers that guide it must be selected on the golden rule of "NOBILITY BEFORE ABILITY."

The preference reads rather absurd, but the thing has been proved so often in England, that the justice of it must be true: and are we not particularly happy?—Look to the Income-Tax. Are we not free from debt?—Only refer to the National Debt. And are we not prosperous?—But it is useless solving these questions when we have a Whig Ministry. The Genius of Statesmanship abides only in Heralds' College.

ST. HELENA THE SECOND.

THE NAPOLEON OF PEACE has worked out his resemblance to his namesake. He now only wants a St. Helena, which we hope he will find at Claremont, where, upon his two millions in the British Funds, he will be enabled to rough it quietly for the remainder of his days.

FAST MAN'S PROVERB.—It is your early bird that catches the early purl.

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

YESTERDAY *Mr. Punch* had a dream, which was not all a dream. *Mr. P.* was reading the *Morning Herald* at the Club, and he fell asleep thereover, and he dreamed that a great revolution had been accomplished, and an ancient monarchy topsyturvyfied, and that the *Morning Herald* was the Government paper, and contained as follows:—

This day the Citizen President of the Republic, and Minister of Foreign Affairs, took possession of the palace of the nation.

His Excellency's Ministry is composed as follows:—

Minister of Foreign Affairs, President of the Council, and Poet Laureate, CITIZEN MONCKTON MILNES.

Minister of the Interior - -	CITIZEN BENJAMIN DISRAELI.
High Chancellor - - -	CITIZEN SAMUEL WARREN, with "Ten Thousand a Year" for salary.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	CITIZEN FEARGUS O'CONNOR.
Minister of Education - -	CITIZEN HARRISON AINSWORTH.
Minister of the Colonies -	CITIZEN BULWER LYTTON.
Minister at War - - -	CITIZEN COBDEN.
Minister of Ireland - - -	CITIZEN STAFFORD, who resumed with pride the name of O'BRIEN.
Master of the Mint - -	CITIZEN DUNCOMBE.
Paymaster-General - - -	CITIZEN BORTHWICK.
Archbishop of Canterbury -	CITIZEN BRIGHT.
Commander-in-Chief - -	CITIZEN MACHALE.
Master of the Horse - -	CITIZEN WIDDICOMBE.

CITIZEN PUNCH was sent Ambassador to Paris, where the arrival of H. E. was greeted with frantic applause.

CITIZEN URQUHART has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Mare's Nest Islands, and has sailed in quest of his Government.

CITIZEN ANSTEY took leave, as Consul-General of Jericho. He addressed a parting allocution to the President of the Republic, which he performed, for about three days, in a private room.

CITIZEN JOHN RUSSELL is quieter to-day. Since the glorious events of Fructidor, in which he behaved with so much mistaken gallantry, the Citizen's head has wandered considerably, and, it is supposed, has not recovered from the blow inflicted on it at the storming of Downing-street, when engaged in single combat with the intrepid CITIZEN KEELEY. He still imagines that there are Whigs left in the country.

CITIZEN LANDSEER goes Ambassador to Vienna. CITIZENNESS GEORGE SAND, Ambassadress from the French Republic, had an audience, yesterday, of his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The wife of his Excellency was present during the interview.

The Citizeness, wife of the President of the Republic, took an airing yesterday in her pony-chaise, accompanied by her children on donkeys, and attended by the CITIZENS PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET.

The CITIZENESS MONTPENSIER gave her Excellency's children lessons on the Spanish guitar. There is no foundation for the report that the CITIZEN NEMOURS is to replace CITIZEN NATHAN as dancing-master to the family of the first magistrate, it being the intention of the Government to support native talent as far as possible.

CITIZEN PEEL, whose services at the head of his regiment on the great day of the Revolution were so brilliant, has been appointed Major-General.

A large amount of specie arrived yesterday at Liverpool, on board the Irish Imperial steamer *Tareanouns*, in payment of the debt of ten millions contracted during the time of the famine. The Council of the Kings of that country assembled at Dublin last week, and were magnificently entertained by the Emperor at his palace of Stoneybatter. Her Imperial Majesty is progressing very favourably, and rumour says, that a marriage is in contemplation between their Majesties' nineteenth daughter GAVANINA, and a prince of the Royal house of MULLIGAN.

MERCY FOR ANNETTE MEYERS.

"Sentenced to death; and awaiting execution, ANNETTE MEYERS.—*Newspaper Report.*"

URGED, outraged, by the basest wrong
That ever madden'd brain,
A woman, in her frenzy strong,
Her paramour hath slain.
The law that blood for blood demands
Hath seal'd her for the hangman's hands.

Yet, 'ere the irrevocable hour
Of death hath pass'd away,
Consider well, ye men of power,
Will ye that creature slay?
Can mercy find no reason why
The wretched being should not die?

Oh! cruel was the injury,
Envenom'd was the dart
Which wrung her soul to agony,
And rankled in her heart;
Betray'd, deserted, scorn'd, she had
Thus cause enough to drive her mad.

Yet more—the villain for whose sake
She turn'd her steps astray;
The hound—the miscreant—sought to make
A booty of his prey.
He bade her go and sin, that he
Might batten on her infamy.

She slew the caitiff where he stood,
She murder'd him, 'tis true;
We know she did a deed of blood,
And nought can change its hue.
She crush'd a reptile—still she trod
Upon the image of her GOD.

Insulted honour is no plea,
No privilege to kill:
Such is the law, so let it be—
Murder is murder still.
Yet she may hold her blood-stain'd hand
Up with the noblest of the land.

Ye who from slander's slightest breath
Would purge your precious fame,
Who would avenge unto the death
An insult to your name,
What would you do—have done, in fact—
Less than the frantic woman's act?

VICTORIA, in thy courtly train
The duellist goes free,
One hast thou pardon'd in thy reign,
Spite of the law's decree;
Pity and precedent may strive
To save this erring soul alive.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I AM a reporter attached to the press, and can boast, notwithstanding, of a gentlemanly exterior. This, which you would fancy ought to have proved the greatest advancement in my profession, has turned out my greatest drawback. Whenever there is a ball, I am selected; as often as there is a grand dinner, I am the chosen victim. I happen to be respectable, and have to suffer for it accordingly. However, I do not complain of this so much as the awful expense it entails. I like a dinner as well as most people, especially when there is nothing to pay for it; but I must say I am not fond of the numerous little expensive items which genteel society saddles upon a good-looking young man. White kid gloves, do as you will, will not last more than two nights; and polished leather boots are apt to crack, when you are compelled by necessity to walk to and from the different scenes of gaiety you are sent to report upon. I have represented these things to my proprietors, and asked for a small increase of salary. An extra pound a week is all I ask, and to be allowed my cab-fare on wet nights. Will you believe it, the mercenary wretches refuse it?

"A word from you, I think, would remedy the abuse. My pride will not allow me to go to a *soirée* in black kids, and my means will not permit me to throw up my situation. It's a terrible thing, but do you know I often wish I had been born with red hair.

"Yours, *au désespoir*,

"PELHAM J-NK-NS."

FRANTIC DELIGHT OF MESSRS. SMITH, BROWN, AND ROBINSON AT THE ARRIVAL OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

L. P. "Ah! my dear Mr. Smith! I perfectly recollect that name when I was in England before. I'm glad that I'm on English ground again, Mr. Smith!"

THE POLITICAL BROTHERS.

The Siamese Twins are about to send in their adhesion, also, to the French Government. Their motto, henceforth, is to be "*Union, Force, Fraternité.*" Their *Union* promises, at all events, to be binding; and no one can dispute that their *Fraternité* is upon an equal footing, which is more than can be said for that which has been lately displayed at Rouen, and other places where the English workmen have been expelled. Let us hope, if *Fraternité* is to bind England and France together, that it will resemble that of the Siamese Twins, and be equally strong on both sides, and that they will march together, leaning one upon the other, keeping the same step and movement, and having but one impulse, one soul between them, and then they may safely defy the efforts of all the world to make them fall out, or to separate them by any division, without doing equal injury to both. This would be something like a *Fraternité!*

Wanted a President.

The Marquis of Northampton retires from the Presidency of the Royal Society—we bet a thousand to one that another Lord is elected in his place! Who 'll take it? The wager is perfectly safe; for it is a well-known and painful truth, that there is not a single scientific man in England—not one literary person in the whole kingdom—who is worthy to represent a scientific and literary body. The Peerage alone can supply the deficiency. *Vive le Flunkeyisme!*

THE ART OF MAKING YOURSELF UNPOPULAR.

There are a thousand different ways which a man, who has a genius that way, may practise with success one after another; but at present we will only take the political way. This is easy enough, and may, if persevered in, win you the hurrahs of two or three unwashed adherents, and the condemnation of every sensible person.

First of all, make yourself a busybody in your parish. Attend every meeting. If there is no meeting going on, start one. If the meeting is prohibited, keep away: never mind about the consequences. Of course you are very sorry; but it was no fault of yours; *you* were not there. Don't be put down, however: start another meeting to-morrow. You are bound to make yourself unpopular, and you cannot do better than by constantly getting up meetings wherever they are likely to lead to disturbances, and interrupt business.

If windows are broken, all the better for you. People talk about you, and blame you for it, and this materially heightens your unpopularity. If you have no meeting of your own, interrupt somebody else's; you are an Englishman, and have a right to be heard. Get on the platform and propose counter-resolutions—or a vote of censure on the Chairman is not bad. It creates a row, and stupid editors rave about it the next morning. Persons exclaim, "There 's that fellow again;" and if you are very lucky, a song about you will be sung in the streets. Threaten all sorts of prosecutions, and never lose a chance of writing a letter to the newspapers; it all tends to keep your name alive, aed that is your great object. If you have nothing to do, go to the Workhouse. Taste the soup. Give the crossing-sweepers a lift; and mind you abuse everybody, but particularly the rich. Attend the Vestry regularly. Doubt everything; deny everything; oppose everything. You are sure to be right sometimes; and your conduct proves annoying in any case. You don't attend to please people. Get half-a-dozen men to follow you about, and cheer you. A shilling a-piece—six shillings a day—will do it handsomely. They must make a deal of noise for the money, however, and you must stop every now and then, and address them about the Income-Tax. Write your Memoirs, and introduce everybody,—ladies, servants, char-women, and every one you know. Do all this boldly, unblushingly, and perseveringly, and you will not only succeed in achieving a moderate degree of unpopularity, but the chances are, that you will become, in time, The Most Unpopular Man of the Day.

Singular Unity in Two Kings.

Charles the Tenth, when he entered France, is said to have exclaimed, "*Il n'y a qu'un Français de plus!*"

Louis-Philippe might exclaim, with almost as much truth, "There is nothing changed in France—there is only a Frenchman the less!"

Tremendous Feat.

The *Morning Chronicle*, in its account of the Munich disturbances, says—"Public curiosity was on tiptoe, in which position it remained all day." We imagine that Public Curiosity must have been fairly tired out before the evening came. Affairs on the Continent must be on a curious footing when Public Curiosity remains for twelve hours at a time on tiptoe. We always thought Madame Fuoco was the most celebrated for standing the longest on her toes, but she has not a leg to stand upon by the side of her rival at Munich.

ÆSOP IN LONDON.

A royal dog of poodle breed,
A very hungry dog indeed,
Bore in his mouth a regal crown,
Snapp'd up when it had tumbled down;
Dispute the ownership one might,
Who took too strict a view of right;
But all agreed to shut their eyes
Upon the title to the prize,
While the old dog, all tricks above,
A trusty guardian should prove.
One day, while ran Time's rapid stream,
He in it saw a bauble gleam—
The vague reflection of a crown,
The shadowy likeness of his own.
"I have a son who 'd gladly wear
The treasure that lies glittering there;
When its effulgence I behold,
It looks to me like Spanish gold.
Temptation I'll no more resist!"
He made a snap, the prize he miss'd.
The shadow now was lost to view,
But he had dropp'd the substance too,
And in a current fierce and strong
The crown he had was borne along;
Upon the angry billows toss'd,
In Revolution's storm 'twas lost.
"Unhappy dog," the poodle cried,
As he survey'd the foaming tide,
"In grasping at the shade below,
Alas! I've let the substance go."

Q. E. D.—The nutmeg is certainly the strongest proof of the mathematical axiom, that "the less is always contained in the *grater*."

A DISTURBER OF PUBLIC PEACE AND COMFORT FLOORED.

Cochranite. "I SAY, OLD FELLER, OF COURSE YOU'LL FRATERNISE WITH US, AND COME AND BREAK SOME VINDERS."

Soldier. OF COURSE I WON'T; BUT I'LL PUNCH YOUR HEAD IF YOU DON'T MOVE OFF."

THE TRUSTEE.

A TRUE STORY.

IT is not often that the law is susceptible of romance; and indeed we know of nothing in connection with legal pursuits that is particularly touching, except the fingers of a bailiff. There has, however, lately come to our knowledge an incident, or rather a series of incidents, replete with the tenderest pathos. The subject is that of a Trustee, who had been persuaded to accept a trust under the persuasion that as a mere trustee of property, the enjoyment of which he has nothing to do with, no liability of any kind can possibly attach to him. The simplicity with which he adheres to the impression of his being only a trustee, while suits at Law and in Equity, with their consequent costs, shower down upon him, will remind the reader of the innocent exclamation of "We are Seven!" so affectingly persisted in by the little child in the famous poem of WORDSWORTH.

A simple creature GAFFER JONES,
A Court he never saw;
An income adequate he owns;
What should he know of Law?

He had a quiet stupid air,
And he was richly clad;
I thought if he's got cash to spare,
'Tis easy to be had.

A suit I heard was 'gainst him brought,
Which must expensive be.
"Expense!" he cried; "Pooh pooh, 'tis nought;
I'm only a trustee."

"But how is that? I pray you tell."
He answered, "Don't you see?
I'd got some property to sell—
Only as a trustee.

"Two purchasers they did apply,
Whilst, to prevent all bother,
When one hung back I by and by
Concluded with the other.

"The first from Chancery got a writ,
And served it straight on me;
But why am I to care a bit?—
I'm only a trustee."

"You say in Chancery you are thrown;
Great the expense will be;
And since the fault has been your own,
The costs will fall on thee."

Then did the simpleton reply,
"'Tis true the first vendee
Has filed a bill—I can't tell why—
I'm only a trustee."

"You're in a mess, my little man,
As sure as you're alive,
Unless to hit upon a plan
For safety you contrive."

"You're rather green, it may be seen,"
The silly man replied;
"The purchase-money paid has been,
The fund I did divide;

"And when I'd parted with it, Sir,
Another suit they brought;
Because, they said, I'd sold it for
Less money than I ought.

"First, the original vendee
Had filed a bill to say,
His purchase-money paid would be,
Upon a certain day.

"But as it happen'd, I'd been paid
By number two, and I
To him had the estate consign'd,
Passing the first one by;

"And as I did not better know
With whom I ought to side,
I've let the money from me go—
The fund I did divide.

"So the executors have brought
An action 'gainst me, too,
Yet I've proceeded as I thought
'Twere best for me to do."

"How many suits must you defend,
In numbers odd or even?"
Said he, "To say I can't pretend:
I think, though, there are seven.

"But then, you know, you'll understand
It matters not to me;
For though no fund I've got in hand,
I still am a trustee."

"The cash is gone, the suits run on,
Each day requires a fee!"
'Twas waste of argument, for still
He said, "I've not to pay a bill,
I'm only a trustee."

A PLEASANT DAY'S WORK.

THE *Morning Chronicle* says that "Honour undeserved, is twice degrading—it degrades both those who offer, and him who takes it." It would be a pleasant calculation, as pleasant as calculating the fly-spots on a pastrycook's ceiling, to ascertain, with the above scale, the awful amount of degradation there must exist in England! Look to the occupiers of rotten boroughs, Lords' nominees—what a large share they would contribute! Turn your eyes towards the Government appointments, the endless shoeblacks of Ministers, or the accidental possessors of a title—what an incalculable proportion of degradation they would subscribe to the national stock! Count up the sinecures; add to them all the genteel paupers who are snugly domiciled for life on the Pension List; and pray don't forget the Six-Clerks' Office, and the immense mass of corrupt honours its death gave birth to. Ascertain the sum total of all this, if you have the heart and stomach to do it; multiply the result of degradation by two, and then sit down to dinner with what appetite you may. We are beginning, as we get more philosophic, to believe that appointments and all the great points of life are won, according to our present game of society, infinitely more by "tricks" than "honours."

THE NELSON COLUMN ÉMEUTE

RECITATIVE.

O'ER NELSON'S Column, by a hoard concealed,
All London cried to have the base revealed;
Those dismal hoards have shut it in for years,
Washed by two ginger-beer-like fountains' tears.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar Square,
We saw the blackguards there:
Each scamp was busy then.
A frothy noodle spoke,
They turned his words to joke,
Both the boys and the men.
To'ards NELSON'S Column rolled the wave,
Three cheers the little blackguards gave,
A roar devoid of beauty;
To Scotland Yard the signal ran,
For MAYNE expects that every man
This day will be on duty.

And now the urchins roar
More wildly than before:
Young SNOBKIN led the way.
His hand a stone has aimed,
And a policeman, maimed,
Is useless for the day.
That broken head was dearly bought,
For SNOBKIN from a truncheon caught
A crack that spoiled his beauty;
He roared, as from the scene he ran,
"I'm a poor boy, and that 'ere man
Has been and done his duty!"

The base of NELSON'S shaft
A flight of stones received;
Good taste was on the side
Of those who push'd and shied,
And thundering brickbats heav'd.
The sticks and stones flew thick and fast;
The ugly hoarding fell at last:
'Twas void of use or beauty;
It tumbled with a crash and bang;
The Square with the confession rang—
"The scamps have done their duty!"

THE EXCITEMENT OF NELSON ON FINDING HIS HOARDING REMOVED.

A Financial Question answered by Mr. Dunup.

A. HAS given a Bill to B., and A. finds himself without a shilling when the Bill has only two days to run. Now what is A. to do under such circumstances?

Answer. If the Bill has two days to run, A. has of course two days to run also, and he had better run accordingly.

RAILWAY REPORTS.

EVEN Railways have their reckonings, and this is the time of year selected to compel them to disgorge their gains. Meetings are reluctantly summoned by the Directors, and crowds of hungry shareholders are squeezed together "by five hours at a time."

The chairman pronounces a report, which is second only to a speech from the throne in vagueness, generality, and mystification. Anon comes the secretary, redolent of new shares, and he thickens the mist by a jumble of accounts, a hotch-potch of loans, debentures, calls, and balances, and generally winds up his abstruse financial puzzles by a prophetic announcement that the traffic next year is sure to be unprecedented and immense.

All this is Greek to the poor shareholders, who really understand but one word in the whole Railway vocabulary—the welcome sound of "dividend;" but the fear of being thought a commercial nincompoop compels each one to look perfectly up to snuff, and wondrous wise. It is amusing, moreover, to observe how the Directors manage (notwithstanding the impertinent interruptions of some inconveniently acute shareholder, whose sayings are recorded as those of "A voice") somehow or other so to mix up this word dividend with other complicated details, as to leave the unhappy shareholders unable at the end to say whether they have to receive money or to pay it.

How refreshing, then, to find that the reports of our own pet line are untainted by the faults alluded to! The public should know this; and, as a pattern to other Companies, we subjoin some extracts from the last

"REPORT OF THE HUM AND DIDDLESEX RAILWAY.

"The Chairman would now refer to their finance statement. (*Hear!*) He felt bound to say it would be found most satisfactory. £7000 had been mortgaged on annuities at par, and their debentures were wholly independent of their stock of engines (*Cheers*). The permanent way was now in trust for the increased debits on the gradients (*Hear! hear!*) From this it was clear that there was £4000 balance per contrà on the new half shares. (A voice, 'What's the receipts?') The chairman could not be expected to go into such details. They had lately opened six miles of the 'Navvey and Stoker Extension branch,' which he had no doubt would pay well when a town had arisen at each end, and traffic was induced between them. (A voice, 'What's the expenditure?') The Chairman begged not to be interrupted. The Meeting would observe one little item of £56,000 for law expenses. They had triumphed over their opponents. True, they had incurred some trifling expense—but were they, he asked, to be insulted by the Grand Gumption? ('*No!*') or by any other line? ('*No, no!*' *and cheers.*) Then as to the dividend—(*Hear, hear, hear!*)—the secretary had recommended a nett dividend of 10 per cent. (*Hear!*) on the deficit, and this, after paying the surplus and Directors' salaries (which, he was glad to say, had been raised £500 each per annum), left the 4 per cent. incidental expenses as money in hand, which would render it necessary for the shareholders at once to pay up the late £20 calls. (Sensation. A voice, 'What *is* the dividend to be?') The Chairman put it to the Meeting whether the gentleman's question had not already been distinctly answered, and after some confusion he vacated the chair, and the meeting separated."

Mitchell "at Home."

FROM the advertisements we learn that shortly there is to be an "ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS" erected. It would not make a bad publishing office for the *United Irishman*. The whole editorial staff might, also, be transferred, and be put under kind medical treatment, as long as they madly persisted in writing. Each number of the paper might have stamped upon it: "*Entered at the Asylum for Idiots*," as a voucher of its correctness. We have no doubt that all the articles would be perfectly up to the mark.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF A REPUBLICAN.

SUCH is the unanimity amongst all bodies for the new form of Government in France, that the BŒUF GRAS, previous to his last sigh at the abattoir, was heard most distinctly to murmur the republican tune of "*Mourir pour la Patrie.*" He departed into beef in the most perfect peace.

Sympathy.

TWELVE thousand five-franc pieces have been struck at the Mint of the French Republic. This was no sooner known, than every *employé* connected with the late Government immediately sent in his adhesion. We need not say that their patriotic devotion has not yet been put to the touch.

A SPECIAL ENGINE.

THE NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

During the late rush of French news, several of our contemporaries have been boasting of their "special engine." Are we to understand by this, that each newspaper has its own particular boiler? We shall look anxiously for them the next visit we pay to the Dover Railway. Some of these engines, however, get through a quantity of writing. The one on the *Morning Post* ran last week through two columns of print, and turned the corner of the third. M. de Lamartine has said "The days of fictions are over;" but still we imagine that a few of these "special engines," are kept at home, where they are supplied with ink instead of boiling water, and, once set going, make at least fifty "Revolutions" an hour, and every one of them turn out to be a greater fiction than ever was invented by Alexandre Dumas, or even that great "special engine" of fiction, Mr. G. P. R. James. We should not at all wonder that the name of the *Morning Post's* "special engine" was Jenkins.

"SATISFACTION" FROM SIR ROBERT INGLIS.

It is not often that we have the pleasure of agreeing with Sir Robert Inglis. Most cordially, however, do we approve of his views on the subject of duelling, as expressed the other evening, in reply to a certain hint from Mr. Sheil. Sir Robert Inglis is reported to have thus spoken:—

"I trust I should have acted as a gentleman, and a Christian gentleman, ought to do. The right honourable and learned gentleman knows very well—at least, I hope he does—that while it is not my habit or wish ever to give offence, it would not be consistent with my principles to give the satisfaction which he seems to indicate."

We are sorry that our typographical resources will not allow us to print the foregoing words in letters of gold. Sir Robert Inglis, whatever he is, assuredly is—not by courtesy alone—an honourable gentleman. As such—by his public repudiation of duelling—he has done much to discourage that asinine and savage practice. For once, at least, we can cry Hear, hear! to what has fallen from the Member for Oxford. From whomsoever he may have withheld satisfaction, he has given great satisfaction to *Punch*.

A Minister for the Interior.

We emphatically advise Monsieur de Lamartine, at the very first vacancy, or even signs of sinking amongst his *corps*, to call in the services of the Bœuf Gras, and without mincing the matter, appoint him to fill the Interior. His substance and weight in the country could not fail to strengthen materially a Provision-al Committee in the eyes of all France, and we are sure that thousands who now hold aloof, would quickly rally round it, with such a member at the head of the Republican Board.

THE POLITICAL LAUGHING CHORUS.

TO BE SUNG AT ALL CABINET COUNCILS.

(Air.—"*The Laughing Chorus*" *in Der Freyschutz.*)

Lord John Russell.

Why, good people of the nation,
Call so loud for fair taxation?
Don't you wish—ye Britons free—
You may get it? Ha ha he!
Ho ho ho ho, ha ha he!

Chorus of Ministers *and their Majority.*

Ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho!
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!
Ho ho ha ha!
Ho ho ha ha!
Ho ho ho ho, ha ha he!
Ho ho ho ho, ha ha ha ha he!

Just alike—for all heart-burnings—
We'll tax interest, rent, and earnings.
You may grumble—what care we?
Not a button! Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

Incomes, well we know, are various,
Some are certain—some precarious;
Fully we admit the plea.
Here's our answer—Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho, ho! &c.

Profits die with money-makers,
Income lives with funds and acres;
Plain although that truth may be,
We'll ignore it. Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

Tradesmen, lawyers, and physicians,
We've considered your petitions;
That your case is hard, we see.
Granted. Very. Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

Taxes we, in equal measure,
Did it suit our will and pleasure,
Might adjust quite easily.
It don't suit us. Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

We, of lands and funds possessors,
Of ourselves our own assessors,
Tax ourselves in just degree?
Very likely! Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

All your vain exasperation
At our partial legislation,
Serves but to excite our glee.
We deride you! Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

The Great Window-Breaker.

We wonder if Mr. Cochrane has any particular friend or relation who is a glazier? We ask this question, seeing the immense quantity of broken glass in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square. He has a curious notion, if he fancies he can get into Parliament through a broken window. The immense pains he has taken to be a Member, have been smashed all in one day. It would serve him right if he were made to pay for every sheet of glass that has been broken in consequence of the late riots. Talk of the "Star of Brunswick!" why, it's nothing to the "Great Star of Cochrane." Swan & Edgar's shop-window has one exhibited almost in each pane. No actor ever "starred it" on such an extensive scale as the rejected M.P. for Westminster!

NOT BAD FOR A MANAGER.

The Manager of a London Theatre calls the rows at Trafalgar Square, got up in childish imitation of the Paris Revolution, "The bad translation of a French piece."

To the Nobility in General.

WANTED, A NOBLEMAN who will undertake to dispense once a month, upon rather a liberal scale, tea, lemonade, and biscuits, for a large assembly. The company is select, and he will be allowed to mix with some of the greatest men in England.—Sealed Tenders, stating most liberal terms, to be sent in to the Royal Society, marked "President." No scientific or literary man need apply.

THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE REVOLUTION.

Monday, the 6th of March, 1848, was ushered in much as usual, by the striking of clocks, the cries of "Milk below!" the shouts of "Dust O, dust!" and the shrill shrieks of "Hareskins, cook!" but nothing seemed to betoken that a Revolution was at hand. An individual named Cochrane, impressed with an ardent desire for equality, had conceived the desperate idea of making everybody else in London as great a fool as himself; and, strange to say, he succeeded to some extent in his bold experiment. This person, who aspires to the title of the Windmill Street Washington, but to whom the name of the Cockney Cinna would be more appropriate, had called a meeting of his friends to petition against the Income-Tax. It is ever thus that a good cause is injured by the intrusion of Tom-Noddies, who, like blue-bottles on a gilt frame, deface that to which they add neither use nor ornament.

It having been intimated to Cochrane that the contemplated meeting was illegal, and that if he attended it the police would teach him to know his proper place, by putting him in an appropriate Station, the Champion of the People's Liberties made arrangements for preserving his own, by stopping away from the gathering. The intended hero of the day was understood to be concealed in one of the receptacles for soup, he having run into his own kitchen to "beg a copper," that he might be out of the way during the period of danger.

Some hundreds of vagabonds and boys were on the spot at an early hour, and though their burning enthusiasm did not allow them to continue cool, they were certainly collected—but such a collection it would be difficult to furnish an accurate description of. For a considerable time there was little stir, except when an occasional juvenile immersed his unaccustomed hands in the waters of the Trafalgar Square basins.

At length, in the absence of Mr. Cochrane, a person who was understood to be a literary gent from Holywell Street, declared himself ready to preside over the meeting. He was accordingly hoisted on to the top of a balustrade, which he called the pinnacle of human greatness, and began to hold forth on the necessity for abolishing everything, and uniting mankind in one great elastic Indian-rubber band of universal brotherhood. He wanted to see all men equal; and the majority of the mob, in pursuance of this liberal maxim, commenced equalising the contents of each others' pockets, and taking from their neighbours a purse, a watch, or a handkerchief, as a token of fraternity. The Revolution had now fairly started, and we give from an eye-witness of the occurrences of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, an account of the events of the

THREE GLORIOUS DAYS

devoted to the Trafalgar Square Revolution.

Monday, March 6th.

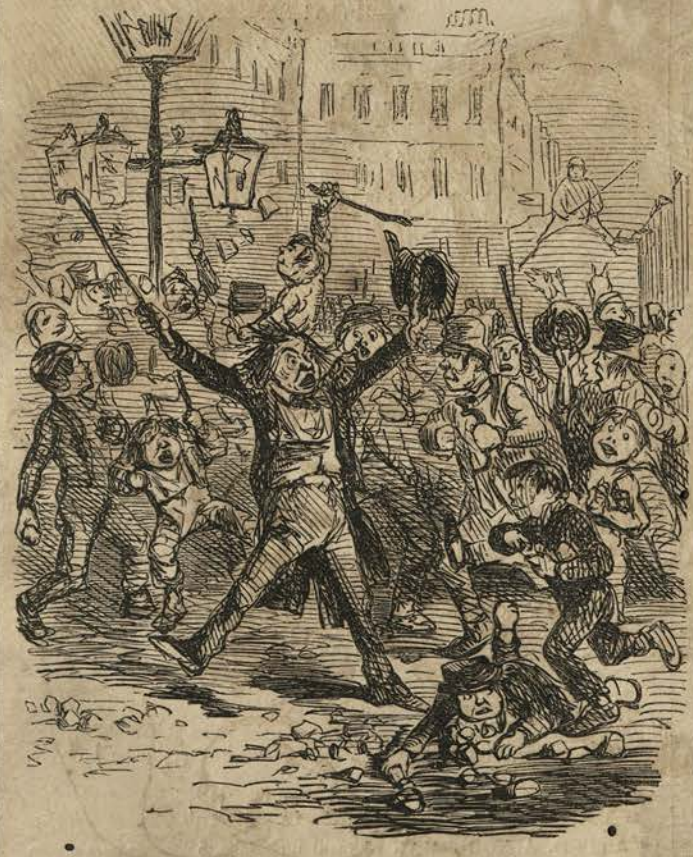
Charing Cross is occupied by a crowd of juveniles, a sprinkling of thieves, and a mass of idlers. The up omnibus from Kensington is locked—wheels within wheels—with the Putney down, and further collisions are expected. The passengers, in a state of alarm, are fraternising with the cad, and the cad is, in his turn, fraternising with a policeman, who, if the former is prepared to treat, is quite ready to listen.

While Inspector A is considering whether he shall make a splash or cause a movement in the back-ground to create a diversion, he is suddenly pitched into the left-hand basin, to the delight of the insurgents.

While this incident occurs, the rebels seem to be seized with a desire to select their colours, and for this purpose they adopt the silk handkerchiefs, which they tear from the pocket nearest at hand, without regard to price or pattern. They evince a determination to support liberty, by a general making free, and they tear off the chains—watches included—from their surrounding brethren.

As night advances, Brown fraternises with Jones, and Jones with Robinson. They resolve to show their Republicanism by breaking all the crown-glass that they can get a shot at unseen by the authorities. White, who, as a tailor, may be supposed to have prepared his measures, takes from his pocket a pair of military epaulettes, and exclaiming "Let's harm ourselves!" gets a blow from a policeman's staff, and, roaring out "It ain't me, Sir," surrenders, in a voice choked with tears, the command he had undertaken. Tomkins, of the London

TABLEAU I.



Cochranite. "Hooray! Veeve ler Liberty!! Harm yourselves!! To the Pallis!! Down with heaverythink!!!!"

TABLEAU II.

Cochranite. "Oh, Sir—please, Sir—It aint me, Sir—I'm for 'God Save the King' and 'Rule Brittannier.' Boo—Hoo—Oh dear! Oh dear!!" (*Bursts into tears.*)

"GENTLEMEN! MAKE YOUR GAME WHILE THE BALL IS ROLLING."

Light Fingery, has attempted to form a barricade of an apple-stall, and begins by confiscating the whole of the halfpence found on the top of the barrow, paying the amount into his own pocket, to the credit of the movement. He hurries along, followed by a few adherents, and raising a cry "To the Palace!" where he is about to throw a stone at the lamp over the gate, shouting "No Monomaniarchy!" "Veeve ler publics!" when, seeing one of the military on guard, TOMKINS takes to his heels, with the whole of his comrades, who prove themselves to be indeed the "movement party," by the speed with which they evaporate.

Being out of sight of the soldier, and meeting with no police, TOMKINS rallies his band, and perceiving a baker's shop with a little girl behind the counter, they rush in, demanding bread and butter. The little girl, having placed the shelves at their disposal, they pitch all the white loaves into the street, and pouncing on the till, make it evident that the browns, rather than the whites, are the objects of their anxiety.

Tuesday, March 7th.

It is clear from the beginning of the day that the Revolution will be continued, for all the rogues and vagabonds, boys and idlers from the suburbs, have fraternised with the insurgents in London. The shops at Charing Cross are closed, and a tobacconist having had his windows broken and his snuff stolen the day before, deals out rappee with a liberal hand and a thick staff on the heads of the Revolutionists. Hitherto much uncertainty had prevailed as to the object of the *émeute*, but the mystery was now cleared up by an attack on the permanent hoard established for some time past at the base of the Nelson Column. This irritating piece of exclusiveness, at which the loyal, constitutional, and rational *Mr. Punch* himself had often expressed his disapprobation,

was more than the populace could continue to bear, and the Revolution, until now apparently purposeless, found an object in the demolition of the hoarding round the foot of the Trafalgar Square monument. Not even LOUIS-PHILIPPE was more completely deserted by his friends, parasites, and servants, than was this unpopular wood-work abandoned at the instant of its becoming the subject of obvious hostility. Even the police, who had acted excellently in defending all our other institutions, declined to draw a truncheon in defence of this remnant of barbarism, which was swept off as unceremoniously and helplessly as the late French monarchy.

Upon this event the Revolution seems to have accomplished what little purpose it may have had in view, and the whole metropolis was animated by a determination to put down any further attempts at insurrection; nevertheless the boys, thieves, and rabble continued during

Tuesday and the day following to proceed with their designs, which instead of having for their object the framing of a new Constitution, were aimed unquestionably at the new framing—and glazing—of the windows of the metropolis.

The Revolution is at an end. We did not hear of a single instance of adhesion, excepting on the part of a quantity of sticking plaister, which gave in its adhesion to the heads of the rioters. Many of them will have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the practice, if not with the theory of Revolutions, by an introduction to the treadmill, where they will have the common wheel at their feet for a limited period.

(ANOTHER ACCOUNT.)

Trafalgar Square, Monday, 11 A.M.

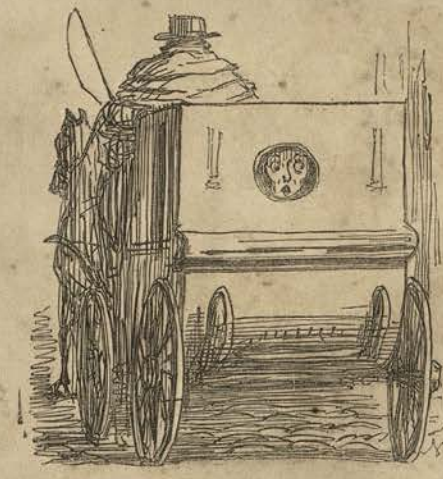
THE Square is full. The manifestation against the Income Tax will be volcanic, for the annual income of the sovereign people assembled, would not amount to £150 if put together. MR. ODILLON BARROT COCHRANE is expected every minute. The authorities have declared their intention of interfering. Should a collision take place, I shall immediately take a cab and bring you the intelligence. The consequences will be frightful! The mob are well provided with the munitions of war: balls (brandy) are being openly sold at three a penny! Several *caissons* of powder (egg or curry, I am not sure which) are just passing through Cockspur Street to FORTNUM & MASON'S. I tremble lest the mob should plunder it.

11h. 15½m. A.M.

A frightful yell has this instant burst from the crowd. It is occasioned by a placard—ODILLON BARROT COCHRANE has deserted the people! The banquet of broken heads, the feast of fogles, is to be put off. He has issued a bill, telling the sovereign mob to respect the police, and disperse. As the various groups read this manifesto, they exclaim—"Stupid!" "Muff!" "Cur!" "Gherkin!" A friend has just rushed up from Scotland Yard, to inform your Own Correspondent that the Municipal Guard, with their Staff, are in marching order.

11h. 17½m. A. M.

The police have formed in the Square, and all the cabs have driven away! [P.S. Should anything happen to "Your Own," please send his salary to his widow in Somer's Town.]



OUR ARTIST MAKING SKETCHES OF THE REVOLUTION IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

12h. 5m. P. M.

"Weave lay Republick!" resounds from all quarters; and a man in epaulettes, who is holding by the horse's tail of GEORGE THE FOURTH'S statue, is calling on several gentlemen for the "Mar-sell-loys," but none of 'em know it, and the only response is the blood-thirsty cry of 'Brandy-balls three a penny!" Missiles are flying in every direction,

and your Own Correspondent is obliged to close his despatch abruptly, the pen having been knocked out of his hand by a rotten apple. [P.S. You will, of course, send MRS. O. C. salary for *two* weeks, should anything more serious happen.]

1h. 1m. P.M.

A multitude has just arrived from the Faubourg St. Giles's. The Municipal Guard are trying to stave them off with their truncheons. Stones darken the air.

3h. 6½m. P.M.

Glorious news! They are going to demolish the National Gallery; but express a benevolent determination to restore the pictures. It is to be hoped they will do it better than it was done this time twelvemonth. They say they have put up with the building long enough, and are resolved to pull it down.

4½ P.M.

Alas! they have changed their minds! They are smashing the police instead. The Foot Guards have been called out, and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON sent for.

5 P.M.

Several of the rioters have expressed their intention of going home to tea.

6h. 15m. P.M.

Fourteen lamps have been smashed, and an express has arrived from Apsley House with these remarkable words, "Up, Guards, and at 'im!" I hear, however, that the soldiers are wavering.

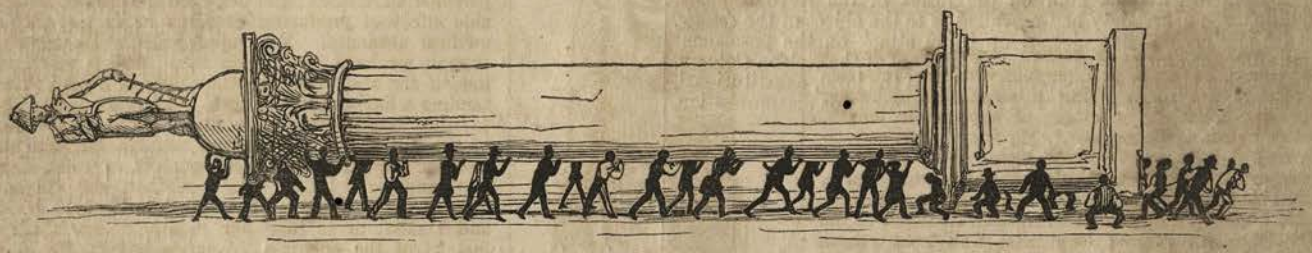
HERE 'S THE POLICE.

7 P. M.

Punch and the People are lost! THE FOOT GUARDS HAVE FRATERNISED!

7½ P. M.

No they haven't! The mistake occurred in consequence of a general (postman) in uniform tumbling over a chimney-sweep, and in the dusk they were mistaken for a fusilier and a patriot embracing. The *rappel* is, however, beating in Castle Street. The people have carried off the Nelson column. [Here our correspondent's account breaks off. He was taken into custody about ten, for refusing to "Move" on.]



THE REAL OBJECT OF THE REVOLUTION IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The English Agitator.

ON Wednesday a public meeting of the "*Early Closing* Association" was advertised for eight o'clock. The meeting, however, was anticipated long before by a large mob of boys and blackguards, rushing down Fleet-street and Cheapside, when almost every shopkeeper carried out the object of the above Society by putting up his shutters as early as two o'clock. We imagine that MR. COCHRANE may compliment himself upon being the great promoter and Chairman of this new "Early Closing" movement. If he were allowed his way, business would probably close still earlier; for the chances are, that the shops would have to shut up the very moment they opened. We wish some humane philanthropist would start an Association for the Early Shutting-up of MR. COCHRANE. It would be the most numerous Association in London.

NOTICE.

IF the individual calling himself JOHN SMITH, who left a wig at the Cordon Bleu Inn, at Tréport in France, does not reclaim his property, the same will be sold to pay expenses.

"THE PILOT" THAT DIDN'T WEATHER THE STORM.

CHEAP TAX-GATHERING; OR, WORK FOR THE WEALTHY.

IT appears from a recently published statement, that for the year ending on the 5th of January, 1847, the amount deducted from the gross receipts of the revenue, chiefly on account of the expense of collecting it, was no less than £5,904,690 17*s.* 4*d.* We knew that an immense sum of money passes through the tax-gatherers' hands; but we had no idea that so much of it stuck to their fingers. An outlay, hard upon six millions sterling, and much harder upon the millions forming the population, is incurred in merely getting in the taxes! Why, all this cash would set us up for ever in a standing army, which might constantly keep off invaders at the point of the bayonet, and, if necessary, levy the taxes—especially the Income-Tax—in the same manner. At least some of the money ought to find its way into the Exchequer.

We are happy in being able to propose a plan for the cheaper collection of the revenue. It is but fair that those who have a stake in the country should take the trouble of preserving it. A stake in the country is property in the country; now, we suggest that all unemployed gentlemen of property should be liable to serve as tax-gatherers gratuitously. It is thus that an individual who has a stake in his parish is obliged to act as churchwarden or overseer; and what is a parish but a nation in little? If Aristocracy has its rights, it has also its duties; let the latter be extended so as to include those of collector, tide-waiter, and exciseman. Dignify these offices with becoming titles, as Lord High Assessor, or Grand Gauger, with the addition of Right Honourable or Most Noble. Let those who are to fill them have the option of appointing deputies, just as the High Sheriff delegates his functions to JACK KETCH. What is there so absurd in this proposition to employ the idle, when men of business are summoned from their desks and counters—not to mention their hearths and homes—for the purpose of officiating as jurymen? It is at least fair that tax-eaters should do thus much towards getting their own bread.

A Whipping Well-Merited.

THE *Times* says, that during the late COCHRANE riots, the coal-whippers, mustering 2000 strong, sent a deputation to the Home Secretary with an offer of their assistance in preserving the public peace. As the rioters consisted mainly of a set of blackguard boys, the coalwhippers would have been just the persons to deal with them, by performing that operation which they practise on coals—viz., whipping—on the backs of these mischievous young vagabonds.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

MR. BRIEFLESS TAKES PART OF A SET OF CHAMBERS.

BEING now launched on the professional sea—a sea that was dreadfully motion-less at my first outset—I resolved (if I may be allowed a nautical simile) on nailing my wig to the mast, and scudding away under as much black stuff as my gown was composed of. I should observe, by the way, that the purchase of a wig requires considerable judgment, for there are various qualities of forensic horsehair, from the chump end of the tail of the omnibus hack, to the silken mane of the thoroughbred racer. The eye of the keen observer will soon detect the difference if he goes into a Court of Law or Equity, for he will be sure to see some of the gentlemen of the bar wigged in a material exquisitely fine, while others will wear on their heads stuff that you might swear had been fresh plundered from the overdriven animal on the adjacent cab-stand. I disdained the ropy *coiffure*, and selected the superior article, having been assured by the artisan that the better sort of wig would be worth an extra guinea as stuffing for an easy chair whenever I might be disposed to retire from the profession.

My next care was to secure chambers, where I might make known to an expectant world the interesting fact of my advocacy being in the market, by having my name inscribed, in letters of appropriate length, on some door and door-post. My friends had recommended, and my purse—which never stood my friend to any amount worth speaking of—echoed the advice, that I should take chambers in conjunction with some other barrister. I repaired to the hair-dresser's in the Temple, and commenced the perusal of all those notices which make his window almost as amusing as the advertising columns of a newspaper. I read how chambers were to be had in entire sets, demi-sets, and demi-semi-sets, with undivided moieties of clerks, and occasionally "the use of a cat," or "half a laundress." I was soon tempted by a notification that a gentleman who had "no use for the whole of his chambers,"—or, indeed, for anything at all, as I subsequently found out—"was willing to share the accommodation" with any one who was disposed to pay for the right to participate.

Having carefully copied the address, I hastened to the advertiser's abode, and found in it a gentleman without a coat, and without a waistcoat; but by way of making up for the deficiency, he wore a pair of very massive spectacles. The room was redolent of tobacco; but, supposing that my intended landlord might have a great cigar case among the other cases in his chambers, I took little note of the scent; and, recollecting that "the rose by any other name would smell as sweet," I fancied that the reverse of the maxim would hold good, and that the business might be very flourishing, though the chambers were in bad odour.

I bargained for the occupation of a small cabinet, intending to remain there till I had time to turn myself round, though really there was scarcely space for such a *pirouette*. I was informed that the use of the clerk's room would be common to both myself and my intended landlord. On looking at the "room" I found it to consist of a small cupboard, half blocked up by a kitchen dresser, which I presume was intended for the clerk's desk; and a couple of hundred of coals occupying the other half of the apartment, must have formed the stool for the clerk to sit down upon. As the enjoyment of this room, though mutual, was to be by deputy, I did not demur to the accommodation, for I supposed my landlord knew more than I did of the arrangements necessary for keeping a clerk, which seemed to be about on a par with those required for keeping a cat, or any other domestic animal.

We rapidly came to terms, and my name figured in due time on the outer door and at the bottom of the staircase. As my occupancy was destined to be short, I shall be very brief in my remarks upon it; nor could I be content to dwell on such a subject, for to say the truth, it was by no means inviting as a dwelling-place. I found that my landlord was so beset by duns from morning till night, that the chambers were declared to be in a state of siege, and the outer door being closely shut, I had three glorious months of the barricade at my first entrance into my profession. As it was impossible to cultivate a connection through a key-hole, or give opinions in a series of parleys, for which the chink in the letter-box was the only available medium, I did not find my clients flock to me as rapidly as I expected. The clerk, I found, was altogether an imaginary being; but my landlord excused the absence of this officer, by saying the last he had, had run away and robbed him of everything. I thought the state of the chambers might be a guarantee for the honesty of the next; but as the subject would probably be a sore one, I allowed it to drop, during the three months of my professional blockade, at the end of which period I was glad to escape from my most uncomfortable tenancy.

MR. JOHN BULL AFTER AN ATTACK OF INCOME-TAX.

A MEDICAL MAIDEN.

AN American contemporary states that a young lady—a MISS BLACKWELL—is now attending as a student at one of the medical lecture-rooms at Boston. Her age is 26—for she has the sense to tell it, as well as to study medicine. She sits down at the class, and takes off her bonnet, thereby displaying considerable personal attractions; and her presence has the remarkable effect of producing decorum in an assembly of medical students. We admire MISS BLACKWELL, though we have never seen her. She is qualifying herself for that very important duty of a good wife—tending a husband in sickness. She is acquiring what to ladies would be very useful information—a knowledge of the distinction between real and fanciful ailments: also, of the consequences of want of exercise, damp feet, and tight lacing. As a mother, she will have learned better than to dose her children with DAFFY and DALBY, or to take her monthly nurse's advice instead of the doctor's. America is certainly going a-head of us in respect of the medical profession, for in that country it contains at least one young lady; which is better than, as in England, including many old women.

LIVERY OF SEISIN.

WHEN it was understood, a fortnight or so back, that MONS. GUIZOT had escaped from Paris in the disguise of a servant, there was not a flunkey in livery who arrived at any one of the English ports, who was not waited upon by the landlord with peculiar respect, and who did not receive most cordial greetings from all the tradesmen of the neighbourhood. We understand that several footmen, taking advantage of the mistake, availed themselves largely of loans placed at their service by the noodles in the provinces; and there is still an unprincipled scamp going about Margate in a magnificent suit of livery, borrowing money in all directions as the Ex-Premier of France, upon the strength of his velveteen smalls, and a tremendous *aiguilette* made out of a bell-rope pulled down from the coffee-room of the Sow and Sauce-boat, from which he decamped, quitting the family in whose service he was, for the prospect open to him in assuming the character of GUIZOT.

CHACUN A SON GOÛT.

AN advertisement we have read in all the papers, informs us of an invention, called "Dr. Radcliffe's medicated pad for the gout." We presume that the article alluded to, must be a medicated footpad—a phenomenon with which we should like an interview.

The Great Unburdened.

GREAT complaints some time ago were made respecting the burdens on the landed interest; but we have heard little about them lately. The less that is said on this subject the better. Whilst a tradesman's widow pays a probate tax of £30 on £1000 worth of her husband's stock-in-trade, the heir to £100,000 worth of freehold property has to pay no legacy duty at all. The landlords made the laws. Whatever may be the burdens upon the landed interest, that of a conscience is not one of them.

THE MODEL M.P.

He lodges in Parliament Street, but has his letters addressed to the Garrick, or Reform Club. He enters the House invariably before prayers, and only leaves it with the Speaker. He never misses a Wednesday. He even attends on a Chisholm-Anstey night, or when the Danish claims are brought forward. He is a very great man at the hustings, making the most lavish threats to amend the Constitution and stop the supplies; but somehow, when he gets into the House he sinks into one of those Hon. Members whose voice is always inaudible in the gallery. He rises occasionally, but sits down directly if any other Member rises with him. He is not very ambitious, seldom going beyond a "laugh." His favourite flight is to count out the House on a Derby day. He has not a large conscience. He votes unremittingly with Ministers, and has his reward in a gracious bow from Lord John, and occasionally an invitation to dinner, when he is quite proud to see his name in print, and dispatches innumerable copies of the paper to his constituents.

He has a profound veneration for the British Lion, and loves to display his classical knowledge by applauding every little bit of Latin and Greek. He is deeply skilled in the Parliamentary gamut, which he can run up and down with the zoological flexibility of a Von Joel, from a crow in C major to a donkey in D alt. He is an easy victim for a Committee, and takes a pride in attending the deputations of the Commons before the Lords. He is a stern upholder of the etiquette of the House, and is fond of summoning innocent printers before the bar, or of incarcerating Irish Members in coal-holes, for contempt. He executes the little errands of his party, and on an emergency acts as whipper-in. He sups regularly at Bellamy's, where his profound knowledge of chops and steaks is highly respected, and his calls for "lemon peel" instantly attended to. The clerks and door-keepers look up to him as a clock, and put on their great-coats and comforters immediately they see him come out.

In private life, the model M.P. attends public meetings, and seconds all sorts of charitable resolutions for the Blacks, and philanthropic expeditions up the Niger. He has been known even to take the chair at a benevolent dinner, when the Duke of Cambridge has been absent by indisposition. He subscribes liberally to hospitals, to all charities, mock and real, to every new testimonial, and is too happy to forward any absurd plan with the full strength of his two initials. He reads every newspaper, and dies in the possession of his seat, very obscure, but universally regretted by the party who has had his vote for the last fifty years.

PUNCH'S MAXIMS MORALISED.

IX.—A quiet tongue shows a wise head.

This is sheer nonsense. We might as well say an ineffective clapper shows a good bell, or the absence of a bellows shows an excellent organ. A quiet tongue only shows a wise head when the tongue has only folly to utter; but if the proverb were a true one, the gentleman who found it impossible to address the monosyllable "Bo" to the celebrated goose, must have been the Solon of his era.

X.—As the old cock crows the young cock learns.

We hope this may prove true in the case of the Gallic Cock, for the old one has been crowing a great deal lately, and the young one has much to learn for its future benefit.

XI.—A tree is known by its fruit.

This can scarcely apply to the boot-tree, which has no fruit at all, except perhaps a-corn.

XII.—A willing mind makes a light foot.

If a willing mind makes a person light-footed, we should be glad to know what would make him light-fingered?

XIII.—Business is the salt of life.

Very true; and too much of the salt brings on the thirst for gain, in a very dangerous excess. The author of the proverb might have added, that failure is the vinegar, difficulties are the pepper, and looking for money to meet a bill the mustard.

XIV.—Care killed a cat.

It must have been a very feelin(e) animal.

XV.—Confession of a fault makes half amends for it.

If we admit this to be true, confessing a fault twice over would repair it altogether. The same principle might be applied to a debt, and it would then appear that two cognovits would settle one liability.

XVI.—Conscience is the Chamber of Justice.

Justice, however, like many other folks, is very apt to write on the door of its chambers, "Gone out—Return in an hour."

XVII.—Cut your coat according to your cloth.

Very good advice, no doubt; but if you have no cloth, you must cut your coat altogether.

A REAL SUBSTITUTE FOR THE INCOME-TAX.

To find an efficient substitute for the Income-Tax, Ministers are at their wits' end; which, perhaps, is the reason why the debate on the Budget has been so dull. We have resolved ourselves into a Committee on the Government's Ways and Means, and we think we can greatly improve the former, and add considerably to the latter. We believe we can point out an honest mode of maintaining the national revenue—and consequently a plan for dispensing with the Income-Tax.

Our project is altogether one of indirect taxation. In the first place, we propose a tax upon opera-boxes, the rent of which varies from £200 to £50 per annum. Those who can afford to pay all this money for—so to speak—a mere song, must be rolling in an ocean of such boundless wealth, that they would hardly be able to feel the most copious abstraction from it.

In the next place, we would establish turnpikes at either extremity—the Tyburn and Piccadilly—of the Ring in Hyde Park, leaving merely

the line of communication between the two thoroughfares free. Also a turnpike at each end of Rotten Row. We would fix the tolls at aristocratic rates, as half-a-guinea for a brougham or other one-wheeled carriage, and for other carriages five shillings additional on every wheel; a crown, also, for each horse, mule, or ass—for we rather think donkeys are not excluded from the Park.

On all sums of money won by betting on horse-races, we would impose a tax of fifty per cent.; since money that lightly comes lightly goes, and may as well go into the Exchequer as anywhere else. We would have all members of the turf served with a schedule, on which they shall be required to state the amount of their winnings, on that honour which has ever been so bright a characteristic of the Stable Mind.

We dare say that many other schemes for raising the public wind will occur to us; and as fast as they do, we shall publish them for the enlightenment of Downing Street. Like the foregoing, they will all be based on the principle of taxing luxury, extravagance, ostentation, and idleness, instead of poverty, frugality, providence, and industry. These and the foregoing devices, however, we intend merely as substitutes for the present Income-Tax, and not for one founded on simple arithmetic and common justice.

Illustrations of Low Art.

"Pictures," it has been said, "are the books of the ignorant." Our pictorial contemporaries, by their illustrations of the late revolutionary scenes at Paris, have given the ignorant some very pretty lessons, the influence of which has been abundantly manifest in the recent proceedings of the metropolitan rabble.

REASONS FOR RETIREMENT.

Many reasons are assigned for the obstinate refusal of the Comte de Neuilly to appear in public. The probability is, that Louis-Philippe keeps close until his whiskers are grown.

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A ROUNDABOUT RIDE.

YOUNG HENGIST having kindly offered to lend me a pony, I went out for a ride with him this morning; and, being now mercifully restored to my arm-chair at home, I write down, with a rapid and faithful pen, the events of the day.

HENGIST lives in the Tyburn district, that great rival, and sometime, as 'twas thought, conqueror of Belgravia, where squares, cathedrals, terraces, spring up in a night, as it were: where, as you wandered yesterday, you saw a green strip of meadow, with a washerwoman's cottage and a tea-garden; and to-day you look up, and lo! you see a portly row of whitey-brown bow-windowed houses, with plate-glass windows, through the clear panes of which you may see bald-headed, comfortable old fogies reading the *Morning Herald*. Butlers loll at the doors—(by the way, the Tyburnian footmen are by no means so large or so powdery as the Mayfair and Belgravian gentry)—the road is always freshly laid down with sharp large flintstones. Missis's neat little brougham with two bay horses, and the page by the coachman's side, is creaking over the flints. The apothecary is driving here and there in a gig; the broad flag-stones are dotted about with a good number of tartan jackets and hats, inclosing wholesome-looking little children. A bran-new fishmonger's shop is just open, with great large white-bellied turbots, looking very cool and helpless on the marble slabs. A genteel stucco-faced public-house is run up for the accommodation of the grooms, and the domestics, and the hodmen of the neighbourhood; and a great bar is placed at the end of the street, beyond which is a chaos of bricks, wheelbarrows, mounds of chalk with milky-looking pools beside them, scaffoldings and brown skeletons of houses, through which the daylight shines, and you can see patches of green land beyond, which are to be swallowed up presently by the great devouring City.

This quarter, my dear friends, is what Baker Street was in the days of our youth. I make no doubt that some of the best and stupidest dinners in London are given hereabouts; dinners where you meet a Baronet, a Knight, and a snuffy little old General; and where the master of the house, the big bald man, leads LADY BARBARA MACRAW down stairs, the EARL of STRATHBUNGO's daughter, and godmother to his seventh child. A little more furniture would make the rooms look more comfortable; but they are very handsome as it is. The silver dish-covers are splendaceous. I wish the butler would put a little more wine into the glasses, and come round rather oftener. You are the only poor man in the room. Those awful grave fellows give each other dinners round. Their daughters come solemnly in the evening. The young fellow of the house has been at Oxford, and smokes cigars, but not in the house, and dines a good deal out at his club.

I don't wonder: I once dined with young HENGIST at his father's, MAJOR GENERAL SIR HERCULES HENGIST, K.C.B., and of all the—— but hospitality forbids me to reveal the secrets of the mahogany.

Having partaken there of a slight refreshment of a sponge-cake from a former dessert (and a more pretentious, stuck up, tasteless, seedy cake, than a sponge-cake, I don't know), and a glass of wine, we mounted our horses and rode out on a great exploring journey. We had heard of Bethnal Green and Spitalfields; we wished to see those regions; and we rode forth then like two cavaliers out of MR. JAMES'S novels—the one was young, with curly chestnut ringlets, and a blonde moustache just shading his upper lip, &c.—We rode forth out of Tyburnia and down the long row of terraces to which two Universities have given their names.

At the end of Oxford Terrace, the Edgware Road cuts rapidly in, and the genteel district is over. It expires at that barrier of twopenny omnibuses: we are nearly cut in two by one of those disgusting vehicles, as we pass rapidly through the odious cordon.

We now behold a dreary district of mud, and houses on either side, that have a decayed and slatternly look, as if they had become insolvent, and subsequently taken to drinking and evil courses in their old age. There is a corner house not very far from the commencement of the New Road, which is such a picture of broken-windowed bankruptcy as is only to be seen when a house is in Chancery or in Ireland. I think the very ghosts must be mildewed that haunt that most desolate spot.

As they rode on, the two cavaliers peeped over the board of the tea-garden at the Yorkshire Jingo. The pillars of the damp arbours and the legs of the tables were reflected in the mud.

In sooth 'tis a dismal quarter. What are those whitey-brown small houses with black gardens fronting, and cards of lodgings wafered into the ricketty bow-windows? Would not the very idea that you have to pass over that damp and reeking strip of ground prevent any man from taking those hopeless apartments? Look at the shabby children paddling through the slush: and lo! the red-haired maid-of-all-work, coming out with yesterday's paper and her mistress's beer jug in her hand, through the creaking little garden door, on which the name of "SULSH" is written on a dirty brass plate.

Who is SULSH? Why do I want to know that he lives there? Ha! there is the Lying-in Hospital, which always looks so comfortable that we feel as if we should like to be in an interesting—fiddlestick! Here is Milksop Terrace. It looks like a dowager. It has seen better days, but it holds its head up still, and has nothing to do with Mary-le-bone workhouse, opposite, that looks as cheerful as a cheese-paring.

We rise in respectability: we come upon tall brown houses, and can look up long vistas of brick. Off with your hat. That is BAKER STREET; jolly little Upper Baker Street stretches away Regent's Park-ward; we pass by Glum Street, Great Gaunt Street, Upper Hatchment Street; Tressel Place, and Pall Street, dark, tragic, and respectable abodes of worthy people. Their names should be printed in a black book instead of a red book, however. I think they must have been built by an architect and undertaker.

How the omnibuses cut through the mud City-wards, and the rapid cabs with canvass-backed trunks on the top, rush towards the Great Western Railway. Yonder it lies, beyond the odious line of two-penny 'busses.

See, we are at Park Crescent. Portland Place is like a Pyramid, and has resisted time. It still looks as if Aldermen lived there, and very beneficed clergymen came to them to dine. The footmen are generally fat in Portland Place, I have remarked; fat and in red plush breeches—different from the Belgravian gents: from the Tyburnian. Every quarter has its own expression of plush, as flowers bloom differently in different climates.

Chariots with lozenges on the panels, and elderly ladies inside, are driving through the iron gates to take the cheerful round of Regent's Park. When all Nature smiles and the skies are intolerably bright and blue, the Regency Park seems to me to have this advantage, that a cooling and agreeable mist always lies over it, and keeps off the glare.

Do people still continue to go to the Diorama? It is an entertainment congenial to the respectability of the neighbourhood. I know nothing more charming than to sit in a black room there, silent and frightened, and with a dim sense that you are turning round; and then to see the view of the Church of Saint Rawhead by moonlight, while a distant barrel-organ plays the dead march in Saul almost inaudibly.

Yoicks! We have passed the long defile of Albany Street; we cross the road of Tottenham—on either side of us the cheerful factories with ready-made tombstones and funereal urns; or great zinc slipper-baths and chimney-pots that look like the helmets of the Castle of Otranto. Extremely small cigar-shops, and dentists; one or two bug-destroyers, and coffee-shops that look by no means inviting, are remarked by self and HENGIST as our rapid steeds gallop swiftly onwards—onwards through the Square of Euston—onwards where the towers of Pancridge rise before us—rapidly, rapidly.

Ha! he is down—is he hurt?—He is up again—it is a cab-horse on a-head, not one of ours. It is the wood-pavement. Let us turn aside and avoid the dangerous path.

SPEC.

AN ODD COINCIDENCE.

CHARLES and PHIL went up the hill,
In France, across the water,
CHARLES fell down, and broke his crown,
And PHIL came tumbling after.

Suggestive Titles.

WE see amongst the list of Books published, the two following, which almost look as if they had been pointed purposely at recent events:—

"*The French without a Master*," and
"*Where to Stop*."

The latter might be dedicated most happily to MONSIEUR LEDRU-ROLLIN, for certainly if he is allowed to go on at his present mad rate, quite reckless of all rules, there will be no telling what will be the end of him, or France either. We recommend that his sentence be "to be wound up with a full stop instantly." Such a noisy organ as he is would be all the better for a good long stop!

INTERNATIONAL TIT FOR TAT.

A DEPUTATION of French valets, *chefs-de-cuisine, bonnes,* and other servants, to the amount of some thousands, employed by the British Aristocracy, has waited on *Mr. Punch*, and begged him to use his interest with the Provisional Government of France for the suppression of a very injudicious turn-out which has occurred among the workmen of that country. The clients of *Mr. Punch* allude to the turning out of the English labourers, a proceeding which they regard in the light of an extremely bad example to their own employers. They are in great alarm lest they should be sent about their business; especially as their places could be perfectly well filled by the fellow-country people of their masters and mistresses. "Here," they pathetically exclaim, in the words of BYRON, "yawns the sack, and yonder rolls the sea;" namely the Channel, across which they would be particularly sorry to be driven at the present moment. They implore their countrymen to suffer them to stay where they are, by desisting from conduct naturally calculated to provoke retaliation.

A SPECIMEN OF FRENCH "FRATERNITÉ."—ENGLISH LABOURERS DRIVEN OUT OF FRANCE.

PROSPECTUS

OF A NEW CONSTITUTIONAL AND MONARCHICAL INSURANCE OFFICE.

IT must be obvious to all countries feeling an interest in the preservation of their Constitutions, and all Sovereigns anxious for the safety of their Crowns, that the present is a time of unusual hazard. It has been determined, therefore, to establish a Company with a guaranteed capital amounting to the

MILLION,

for the purpose of Insuring those Constitutions and Sovereigns willing to make small and reasonable sacrifices for the sake of obtaining security. The alarming increase of political incendiarism prevailing among the neighbouring States is no doubt occasioned by want of sufficient care on the part of those having an interest in the preservation of things as they were; and it is believed that, by a system based on fair and liberal principles, Crown property may be Insured against risks as perfectly as property of any other description. It is proposed, therefore, to open an Office for the Insurance of Thrones; and the sum to be paid by way of premium will be in a fair proportion to the risk incurred; for, while some monarchies may be looked upon as secure, there are many that must inevitably be regarded as doubly and even trebly hazardous. The British Monarchy, for instance, which rests on the security of the

MILLION,

whose interest, it is to be hoped, will always be conscientiously provided for, can be Insured upon very easy terms, provided none of the parties concerned do anything in violation of the equitable and liberal policy. A table of premiums will be shortly prepared, with a view to the various classes of risk that are in existence at the present time, from those constitutional sovereignties that may be Insured for the whole term, down to those absolute despotisms which the Company will not undertake to Insure for more than a single year, and at a very high premium.

The fearful consequences of non-Insurance are shown in the case of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, who, having omitted to avail himself of the liberal policy that would have insured the French Throne during his own life at least, has not only been brought to ruin himself, but has set on fire the habitations of several of his neighbours. To prevent the spread of these destructive flames, nothing will be found effectual but the celebrated moral engines, of which there is a powerful brigade always ready in this country, under the personal superintendence of *Mr. Punch*, who may be familiarly called the BRAIDWOOD of the force alluded to.

LA SUITE D'UNE REVOLUTION.

WHATEVER may be the most remote consequences of the French Revolution, we have one of its immediate effects set forth in the following advertisement:—

M. THALBERG, in consequence of the recent event on the Continent, purposes RESIDING in LONDON this season. Address Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

The convulsion that has shaken all Europe, and sent Princes flying in every direction, has had its influence on the pianoforte-player, whose name figures in the announcement we have quoted. The downfall of royalty in France has driven LOUIS-PHILIPPE from a French throne, and consolidated THALBERG—for the season—on a British music-stool.

The THALBERG emigration will, of course, be looked upon as a momentous incident of the Revolution, and the French nation will wait anxiously for his restoration to the cabinet, the piccolo, or the semi-grand. The great questions, What will Austria do? How will Russia act? and In what direction will Prussia proceed? have all been extinguished at once, by the overwhelming interrogatory of "What will be the course taken by THALBERG, in consequence of the recent events?" He clearly estimates his notes at a thumping value, and as far more important than any diplomatic notes that may be passing between foreign powers and the Provisional Government. THALBERG answers the inquiry in advance—before it is made—and, without pledging himself to any political opinion on the "recent event," he intimates that he shall reside in London "this season." How much does this simple notification imply! THALBERG, like THIERS, will not commit himself either one way or the other, but is biding his time.

THE SNOB OF NEWHAVEN.

DISGUST OF MR. SMITH, ON DISCOVERING THAT LOUIS-PHILIPPE HAD NO MONEY.

GRAND NATIONAL FANCY FAIR.

SINCE our deficient revenue proves that we are nationally hard up, why not, we ask in the face of our country, resort, for the relief of our general distress, to the expedient of a National Fancy Fair?

Let the Fair be held in Hyde Park. Let the articles of merchandise consist of home produce,—of things which foreigners are unable to obtain in their own countries; so that our profits may be derived from the pockets of our neighbours—not however against their will. Let the Fair take place under the patronage of our most gracious Sovereign, who shall depute the Mistress of the Robes to preside at the Royal Stall. As wares to be disposed of at the booth of MAJESTY, we may suggest a stock of models of the British Constitution, which just now would find a ready sale in Lombardy and the Italian States.

The First Lady of the Admiralty will perhaps oblige her country by taking charge of a stall for marine stores, and other appurtenances employed by BRITANNIA for the purpose of ruling the waves.

Some noble Duchess—assisted by a gentleman at Paddington—will, peradventure, undertake the sale of the British bull-dog. No doubt, many a lady of corresponding rank will be only too happy to adorn a horse bazaar, and grace with her patronage a mart for the English racer.

The LADY MAYORESS, probably, will not object to superintend a refreshment-stall; the viands to include, of course, the well-known civic luxury of turtle, but their grand feature to be that exclusively English delicacy, plum-pudding.

Lastly, our own *Lady Judy* will join the rest of the aristocracy in giving the benefit of her influence and personal attractions to an office for the sale of this our popular periodical; the proceeds of which alone, we are amply satisfied, will be sufficient to extricate us out of all our difficulties, and leave a handsome residue towards the payment of the National Debt.

A Strange Spell.

THE French Academy will have to revise their famous Dictionary, for since February there has been a terrible revolution amongst its words. For instance, could one of the forty *Immortels* have ever imagined (unless he had been favoured with a particular spell) that *République* would begin with an E *mute* (*émeute*)?

War and Letters.

THE speech of MR. COBDEN on the Income-Tax convinces us that, in a very little time, Letters will be too strong for War, binding glory over to keep the peace. And these Letters are, in this case, certainly *Belles Lettres*, though only three in number. Nevertheless, they are the strongest in the alphabet, binding all men. Here are the final masters of the Horse Guards and the Admiralty:—£. *s. d.*

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH IRELAND?

OF all questions this is the most difficult to answer. We have sent it to the Editor of *Bell's Life*, and every sporting paper, but have received no satisfactory reply. Several plans have been proposed. Some have recommended the Cold Water Cure; others, an Earthquake; and one or two bold persons have hinted at its being presented a free gift (if such a donation can be called a gift) to JOINVILLE, or LOUIS-PHILIPPE, or its being sold for what it would fetch, to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. None of these plans, however, have been tried, or at all events have succeeded. The place is as incurable as ever. O! that a second ST. PATRICK would rise and drive all the vermin out of the country! Ireland is not only England's difficulty, but also her own. Her serpents and snakes in the grass make it impossible for any one who is not fond of continual hissing and stinging, to live in such a place.

Now we propose, for the benefit of Ireland, that a plan of emigration be tried on the most extensive scale. If some of the inhabitants could only be removed, we are sure the country would flourish. Conciliation Hall might be shipped to Botany Bay, and Young Ireland be exported in a body to the Hôtel de Ville. Premiums should be offered to every Agitator, corresponding with the amount of mischief he is likely to do, to induce the race of MEAGHERS and MITCHELLS to prove their real love to Ireland by leaving it.

We hope Government will appreciate our hint by instantly starting a *General Irish Emigration Society*. Ireland looks upon England as her natural enemy. We beg to say she is no one's enemy but her own. The sooner that enmity is buried, the better for her, and the pleasanter for us.

OLD HEADS ON NEW SHOULDERS.

M. ARAGO.

THE late Revolution in France has not only turned the heads of the Parisian populace, but it has turned the heads of some eminent men at home in a very extraordinary manner. LORD BROUGHAM'S head is turned into that of M. ARAGO; LORD JOHN'S head is doing duty for M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN; the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, with his nose slightly abridged, is published as MARSHAL BUGEAUD, and all the old likenesses of PRINCE LEOPOLD are coming up as NEMOURSES, MONTPENSIERS, and others, in large abundance. The fact is, that the enterprising proprietors of some of our illustrated papers have got a large collection of good intellectual-looking heads of English growth; and, as there is not much use for these heads at home at the present moment, they are brought out from the box of woodcuts, and placed upon the shoulders of those French politicians whose names are just now in the mouth of every one.

M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

MARSHAL BUGEAUD.

In some few cases an attempt has been made to give an air of novelty to an old portrait, in fitting it to the new subject, but in other instances there is no attempt at disguise; and we have actually seen an ancient woodcut of HORACE VERNET figuring as M. DE LAMARTINE, without even the shaving off of the moustachios, an operation which, strangely enough, would have prevented the imposition from being quite so bare-faced as it is at present.

SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

So many folks are so hungry to be sworn in, that they must evidently mistake the staff of the constable for the staff of life.

FALLACIES OF THE FACULTY.

A WORK with this title has passed through many editions; but we think another might still be brought out, containing some additional Fallacies to which the Faculty are liable. One of the greatest Fallacies on the part of the Faculty that has come under our observation, is the illuminated bottle or night-lamp, which throws a streak of green, blue, red, or yellow, along an entire street, and is fallaciously supposed by the Faculty to create that change of complexion in a passer by, that would urge him to rush in for medical advice to the doctor at whose door the transparency is exhibited.

Another enormous Fallacy of the Faculty is the old superstition of dressing up a charity boy in a page's livery, and imagining that the public can be misled by such a shallow expedient. Another Fallacy of the Faculty consists in the delusion that a knocker of extraordinary dimensions, and a capacious brass plate, are a connection of themselves, or that a knocker violently agitated will impress the surrounding neighbourhood with an idea of the great ability and large connection of the practitioner.

We know a certain pure—a regular SIMON PURE—who pays a halfpenny for every run-away knock contributed to his door, and, as he supposes, to his reputation, by a local young scamp who sends in his account once a week for this mischievous disturbance of the peace of the neighbourhood.

The last, and perhaps the worst Fallacy of the Faculty, is that which is founded on the belief that the poor are not up to the dodge of "Advice Gratis," which generally recommends the purchase of a pill and a draught from the benevolent practitioner.

THE KENNINGTON COMMON REVOLUTION.

EVERY one recollects the memorable Monday after the Battle of Trafalgar Square, when the Cochranites were to make another demonstration at Kennington Common, and have indulged in their love of (small) change, by picking pockets of loose silver, or anything else they could lay their hands upon. Thanks to the determination of the special constables, who had shown their intention to stand no nonsense, order reigned throughout the metropolis; and the elements indulged in a short rain, but a merry one, for the purpose of cooling down superfluous ardour, and removing superfluous dirt among the ranks of the would-be revolutionists. The whole affair cannot better be described, than by a paraphrase of "ALEXANDER'S Feast;" and, who so well suited as an imitator of DRYDEN, to chronicle the achievements of the mob, who were rendered wet-uns (pardon us) on the day to which we allude:—

'Twas on the Common of famed Kennington,
REYNOLDS (old REYNOLDS' son),
Aloft in mimic state,
Upon a waggon sate—
The driving-box his throne.
The idle riff-raff stood around,
Some of their brows—for recent fractures—bound
(So theft and mischief should be crowned).
The Chartist, WILLIAMS, by his side,
With envy his position eyed,
As if for chairmanship he sighed.

Precious, precious pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave
Deserve the chair!

Young REYNOLDS, placed on high,
Produces half a quire
Of correspondence, which, without desire,
He reads, in notes that reach the sky,
And shouts of "Hear!" inspire.
Note one—bid Sir GEORGE GREY,
Before a certain day,
Leave Ministerial sway,
And send the reins of power, straight from his hand,
To MISTER REYNOLDS, somewhere in the Strand;
When he, of the said reins possessed,
Would guide the State himself, in style the very best.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
"A plucky chap this here!" they shout around,
And dabs of mud against the van rebound.
With lengthened ears
Young REYNOLDS hears,
And thinks, with joy,
"Yes, I'm the boy
That means to shake the spheres!"

Praise of the French he next in glowing accents sung—
French Freedom—very fair, but very young.
But a poor baker's cart there comes;
With their fingers and their thumbs,
The mob, to their disgrace,
(Blush, every honest face!)
Would fain have stole the bread—the crusts, the crumbs!
Freedom, very, very young,
Surely never did ordain
Making bakers' carts a treasure,
Robbing their contents at pleasure—
Pleasure to the owners' pain.

In sheer disgust, the very rain,
Resolved such conduct to restrain,
Came down as if to say—"You shan't do that again."
Young REYNOLDS saw the vast supplies
Of rain pour down before his eyes.
While he the Government defied,
Away he saw the Meeting glide.
He chose a wilder strain
To bring them back again.
He spoke of France, so great and good;
Of LOUIS-PHILIPPE'S fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n;
From his high estate,
And flying with his brood.
Deserted at his utmost need
By those who on corruption feed,
From his own realm in fear he flies,
To England turns his anxious eyes.
Still, in the rain, young REYNOLDS boldly sate,
Until there linger'd scarce a soul;
The wet had clear'd the ground below,
And down the van he gently stole
Thinking—he'd better go.

RAIN OF TERROR.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR POCKETS.

A CONGRESS of all the German sovereigns is, it is said, about to be held at Dresden.

LORD NELSON TO PUNCH.

PUNCH has received, by the hands of the late boy (he is now a grey-headed old man, bent double and sand-blind) who worked at the Nelson Column, the following letter, written by the immortal Admiral. We believe the document to be genuine. The character of the bearer is, in the first place, above all suspicion; and the left-hand character of the writing speaks, or rather, scratches for itself.

"*Mast-Head, Nelson Column, March* 15.

"PUNCH,

"SHIVER my bronze, if I stand this any longer. My precious eyes! If I was only once more flesh and blood, I'd be down upon deck, hand over hand,—and that they know; so they've stiffened me up here in gun-metal. Well, what next? For years and years have they perched me aloft here, asking public and private charity, and seldom getting it. In the first place, when am I to be finished?

"My precious eyes! Why didn't they put a bull-dog at the base of the Column with a hat in his mouth, and a board slung at his neck with —'Pray, pity the Admiral!'

"It was bad enough when a Russian threw money at me, for what I call my base relief.

"But that's not what I'm going to write of now. No, *Punch:* it's about this MR. COCHRANE (no relation somever, I hope, to the gallant chap of Basque Roads), who's had *his* Trafalgar fight, when Field Lane expected every pickpocket to do his duty. And many on 'em—blind as I am I could see *that*—did it.

"MR. COCHRANE, it seemed, skulked among the pumps, or in the bread-room, or in the after-hold, or somewhere snug,—while the policemen's staffs were flying at the mast-heads of the mob. I call this—no; I won't say what. But this I will say,—I do advise the chaps to call COCHRANE to a court-martial for cowardice; and if he's found guilty, to give him a round dozen of months or so in the Fleet. [*The Admiral is ignorant of its demolition; but, no doubt, will be equally satisfied with the Queen's Bench.*]

"They've been having, it seems, a rumpus in France. Well, I shan't talk of Frenchmen now; folks say they're a good deal better than in my time—I won't say they arn't; but I will say, there was a good deal of room for 'em. But what does make my bronze blood boil is this,—to think that Englishmen should demean themselves, and take a pattern of a row from France. Can't they—if they must fight—can't they get up a row out of their own head! I'm ashamed of my countrymen. Must they even have rebellion, like caps and bonnets, from France? Can't they, if they will have it—set the right earnest fashion themselves?

"They've been throwing up, I hear, what they call Barricades—a sort of battery made easy—in Paris. This, I do confess it, gives me some hope. I felt a sort of horrid pleasure when the mob scrambled about me; for I thought, to a certainty, they'd heave me up, and fling me across the square, flattening my mast-head and hull like a school-boy's dump,—so that when the breeze was over they could do nothing but let me suffer dissolution in the melting-pot. But no: the mob hadn't devil in 'em enough to do it. To be sure, men don't get courage by picking pockets: 'tisn't the same thing to take a Belcher-handkerchief or a three-decker.

"Well, there I stood, and saw a good deal of the fun, and only wished I could have got down among 'em. I didn't mind the row much, but—as a loyal tar—I did feel for his Most Gracious Majesty, GEORGE THE FOURTH, of ever-blessed memory, on his bronze horse to the starboard of me.

"Just turning my truck a little, I could see his Majesty. What a pucker he was in to be sure. Every hair of his royal wig stood on end, like wires upon a wool-comber. His face went all askew, and his lip dropt at the low company about him, for all the world as when he washed the thoughts of marriage out of his mouth with a glass of brandy (as LORD MALMESBURY below has since joked him about); and he seemed to say to himself—over-hauling his thoughts—'The nasty mob warn't allowed to do these things in the days of CASTLEREAGH.' And then he looked ahead to the Horse Guards, as though every minute expecting the dragoons to gallop up, and fire upon 'em.

"And still I was left mast-headed. I wasn't made a barricade of. More's the pity. But, as a tar's private wrongs have nothing to do with his QUEEN—God bless her! she looks very nice when she goes to Parliament—what I have to say is this—

"If this MR. COCHRANE ever throws out the false colour of liberty again, to bring a lot of fools and rogues together, to have their heads broke, let me—as an old sailor who knows what mutiny is—let me only advise this: Just—as MR. C. is so very fond of Trafalgar Square (I wish he'd had half as much of it as I have)—just let the Government mast-head him here along with me. When he's once up, if he comes down till I think he's well served out, my name, *Mr. Punch*, isn't—

"NELSON AND BRONTI."

"P.S., No. 1. I don't know what SIR ROBERT PEEL can think of *his* Trafalgar Square now—for it isn't mine—I deny that. I do believe that it's all along of the National Gallery that the mob came here. It's such a low rubbishing thing, and makes people feel vulgar while they look at it. For one thing, however, in my affliction I am grateful, and make my acknowledgments with all the warmth of a true-hearted tar; as I am to stand near the National Gallery, I'm grateful that they've put me with my back to it.

"P.S. No. 2. A poor old man that I have known from a boy, will bring you this. Give him a dollar to buy him a quid."

HURRY-SKURRY TAXATION.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER tells us, in one of his recent clever speeches upon finance, that "when the hurry of business is over, he intends to turn his attention to the subject of the general revision of taxation." This is exceedingly kind of our friend the Chancellor; but still, it strikes us that the best time for this revision would have been, not after the closing of Parliament, but rather before the opening of it. What should we think of JOHN, if, upon ringing for our hot water and boots in the morning, he were to tell us he would turn his attention to it when the hurry of the day's business was over? What would the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER himself say if, upon his applying for his five or ten thousand, or whatever it may be a year, we were to say to him, "You must excuse us: we will attend to it when the hurry of business is over?" and then postpone the subject for a year, or perhaps for ever.

An actor would be dismissed if he were not perfect to the day in his part; an official assignee would be roughly handled if his accounts were put off for a twelvemonth; and we doubt if the plea of the "hurry of business" would avail either of them much. Besides, the duties of a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER cannot be so very excessive, especially in a Whig Ministry. His greatest difficulty seems to be to create a deficiency; and we all know from experience how easily a difficulty of that simple nature is surmounted every year. Hurry or no hurry, the result is always the same; so why make such a fuss about it! SIR CHARLES WOOD is the first Chancellor we ever knew to be "in a hurry" to reduce taxation. We are only afraid that persons in a hurry never do much.

SONG OF THE ARRESTED ONE.

MY tailor has deceived me, and he's broken every vow;
He promised time, and credit too—Alas, he's done me now!
The heartless sneer, "Oh, pay him then," they say; but goodness! How?
And peace has vanish'd from my soul, and pale insolvent brow.

I cannot pay, my heart is full—I would my purse were so!—
I'm steeped in gin-and-water, and undiluted woe.
Where—where the fi-pun-note I borrow'd three long days ago?
Alas! I've but a guinea left—"*Esto perpetuo!*"

A spunging-house—Oh, fatal go!—and is it come to this?
The beer-stained tables, and the dirt, proclaim it RAYther *is*.
Oh! would I had the wings of doves, to flee and be at peace,
Or any style of poultry that my weeping readers please!

COCHRANE ON WINDOW-BREAKING.

THIS gentleman heads a petition to Parliament against the abuse of window-breaking. MR. COCHRANE'S political reputation has drooped so very much of late, that we are not surprised he should endeavour to bring it up under glass.

A VERY BACKWARD MAN.

SIR ROBERT, it is rumoured, is about to return to Office. The report originates solely in the fact that he has said lately he *would not*. We believe the report.

Special Constable. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, YOUNG LADIES, BUT YOURS IS A VERY DANGEROUS PROCESSION, AND WE MUST TAKE YOU IN CHARGE—WE MUST, INDEED."

Punch's Maxims Moralised.

XVIII.—Delays are dangerous.

HIS accounts for the proverbial perils of the Court of Chancery. There is, however, a sort of conscience in these delays; for Chancery is reluctant, as it were, to ruin its victims too rapidly.

XIX.—Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves.

There are some deeds—those of lawyers, for instance—which, if they are really fruits, must be stone fruits, for they are exceedingly unwholesome. These same deeds are fruits in another sense, for they admit of very large pickings.

XX.—Deserve success, and you shall command it.

There is something consolatory in the idea of being able to command success; but it is one thing to command, and another to obtain obedience. Merit very frequently has its reward, though too often the reverse occurs; and every one must allow that mere dessert is not always equivalent to a dinner.

XXI.—Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

If this proverb were literally true, the wisest and wealthiest men in England would be the sweeps, the bakers, and the market-gardeners. The earliest *ramoneur*, who is always "up"—the chimney—"with the lark," should be a compound of OLD PARR, CRŒSUS, and SOLON, if this saying could be thoroughly relied upon.

XXII.—Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

This is true; but the architect must have the building materials to work with, or his architectural industry and skill would be wasted on castles in the air. It is on this account, probably, that the homely saying of "Go it like bricks!" is often addressed to a person willing to become the architect of his own fortune.

XXIII.—Everything hath an end, and a pudding hath two.

In this respect the county of Middlesex is superior to a pudding, inasmuch as, while the latter hath two ends, the former hath three; namely, North End, Ponder's End, and another called Snagg's End, near the two-mile stone. The author of the proverb seems to have forgotten the celebrated *Story Without an End*, by MRS. AUSTIN.

XXIV.—Everything is good in its season.

We have seen some theatres in their season, without having anything good to boast of; and we never could relish a whelk, or think it good, because it happened to be the season for such a commodity. To us a whelk was never welcome.

Parallel Points.

THE Paris Revolution and the Trafalgar Square Ditto present two curious points of resemblance. We mean the rapid disappearance of two hoards. The first is the memorable hoard so long held up to universal infamy in our pages, and which acted as a poor screen to NELSON on his column of ridicule; and the second is the immense hoard, or rather hoards, of money which LOUIS-PHILIPPE was reported to have saved on the throne of France. Both hoards have disappeared "like the baseless fabric of a vision." We only wish the Pillar, which is a very ugly vision, would go after them.

The True and the Beautiful.

IT has been said wisely by a philosopher, whose name will be found in the *Court Guide*, "that if JOHN BULL submits to the continuance of the unjust tax on Income, he will be aN-incom-poop in the fullest sense of the word."

LITTLE JOHN AND HIS GOVERNOR.

John Bull. "Always grumbling, Sir!—What do you mean by that? Haven't I a right to grumble? Why don't you ask some of your fine Property Friends to come down with some Money? I say this last Bill is not at all fair to your Old Governor. Let me tell you, Sir—you are going the right way to make me a Bankrupt, and to ruin a fine Constitution."

MR. SMITH AND MOSES.

A VETERAN gent, just stepped out of a boat,
In a tattered old hat and a ragged pea-coat,
Appeared at a shop whither many folks run,
And that was the palace of MOSES AND SON.

A respectable dame with the mariner went,
Most likely the wife of this veteran gent,
And the eyes of the pair were excited with wonder on seeing the mansion of MOSES AND SON.

"I've look'd upon many a palace before,
But splendour like this, love, I never yet sor!"
This party exclaimed. "What a great sum of money it sure must have cost MESSRS. MOSES AND SON!"

In the language of France his good lady replied,
"This house is well known through the universe wide;
And you, my dear PHILIP, to seed having run,
Had better refit with E. MOSES AND SON."

E. MOSES stepped forth with a bow full of grace,
Inviting the couple to enter his place:
He thought they were poor—but the poor are not done,
And the rich are not fleeced by E. MOSES AND SON.

"What clothes can I serve you to-day, my good man?"
E. MOSES exclaimed: "You shall pay what you can;
The peer or the peasant, we suit every one;
Republicans true are E. MOSES AND SON."

The pea-coated gent at that word made a start,
And looked nervously round at the goods of our mart:
"A vest, coat, and trowsers, as soon as they're done,
I want, *s'il vous plait*, MESSIEURS MOSES AND SON.

"I once was a king, like the monarch of Room,
But was forced from my throne and came off in a Br——m;
And in such a great hurry from P—r—s I run,
I forgot my portmanteau, dear MOSES AND SON."

"Dear Sir," we exclaimed, "what a lucky escape!"
So one brought the patterns, another the tape;
And while with our patterns his "peepers" we stun,
The gent is quick measured by MOSES AND SON.

The clothes when complete we direct in a hurry—
"— SMITH, Esquire, at PRINCE LEOPOLD'S, Claremont, in Surrey."
The cloth was first-rate, and the fit such a one
As only is furnished by MOSES AND SON.

As he paces the valley or roams in the grove,
All cry "What a very respectable cove!"
How changed in appearance from him who late run
From Paris to refuge with MOSES AND SON.

Now who was this "veteran gent," Sirs, E. MOSES,
Although he may "guess," yet he never discloses.
Do you wish to know more, gents? if you do, why then run
To Aldgate and ask of MOSES AND SON.

HAND-BILL BY THE HANGMAN.

BY PERMISSION OF THE LEGISLATURE.

MR. JOHN KETCH

Has the honour to announce that, in consequence of the gross attempt of MR. EWART, in the House of Commons, to ruin his profession having failed, his

SCIENTIFIC AND MORAL EXHIBITIONS

will continue, for a limited period, to take place occasionally on the old-established boards in front of Newgate. Reserved seats may be had on application at the neighbouring gin-shops. Yelling, howling, screeching, quarrelling, fighting, picking pockets, oaths, and blasphemy as usual.

Due Notice will be given of all Entertainments.

N.B. The Patrons and Admirers of MR. KETCH are respectfully solicited to avail themselves of every remaining opportunity of witnessing his PERFORMANCES, as, in consequence of what is called POPULAR OPINION, J. K. seriously apprehends that they must SHORTLY TERMINATE.

*** TO COMMENCE AT 8 A.M. PRECISELY.

Vivat SIR. R. H. INGLIS.] [*No Money Returned.*

CHICKEN FOR THE MILLION.

MR. CANTELO seems born for the refutation of the proverb which forbids us to count our chickens before they are hatched. He professes to be able, by his system of artificial incubation, to produce seventy-five chickens, on an average, out of a hundred eggs. In a letter to the *Morning Post*, he declares, "I shall go on till I can produce poultry for the million." He proceeds to give some startling statistics of the national deficiency in poultry, whereof he says, "At present the supply is not half a fowl a year to every member of the community." That is, a leg, a wing, a breast, and backbone, with the merry-thought, respectively to each. It would take," according to MR. CANTELO, "from twenty-five to thirty millions of money embarked in the business, to give every one a chicken once a month."

As the means are rather disproportionate to the end proposed, and thirty millions are hardly likely to be forthcoming just now, we have not much opinion of MR. CANTELO'S project, considered as a public undertaking. However, as a private speculation, we think highly of his scheme for producing cheap chickens. We really wish him every success; and if he can only provide us with poultry at a shilling the couple, we shall say that CANTELO has done more with his egg than COLUMBUS.

The Strangest Metamorphosis of 1848.

OVID does not contain a metamorphosis more wonderful than the following:—The abolition of titles in France changing, in one day, all the noblemen into gentlemen. Some of our nobility must be envious that they were not Frenchmen; but probably the metamorphosis might not have succeeded so well. Of all characters, the English gentleman is the most difficult to assume, especially at an hour's notice. However, there would be no harm in trying the experiment, just on a small scale. We wonder if the noble occupant of Blenheim would submit to the strange metamorphosis for one day? The public would gain by it, as the shillings for admission to Blenheim Palace would instantly be abolished; for what gentleman, we ask, would allow his house to be shown for sixpences?

PROTECTION.

WHEN the DUCHESS OF ORLEANS presented herself to the Chamber of Deputies, they granted her Protection. LORD GEORGE BENTINCK says he wishes the House of Commons would grant him as much.

PUNCH AT THE CIRQUE NATIONAL.

CIRCUMSTANCES, and a cab, took us to Drury Lane Theatre a few evenings ago, where we found the equestrian *artistes* from Paris, who are no doubt glad enough to be "from Paris," in the present fraternising times, when a state of "universal brotherhood" seems likely to lead to "universal botherhood," if not to something worse.

We cannot help pitying poor old Drury in its numerous reverses; but really our sympathy has lately been so much taxed, that the *ci-devant* temple of the British Drama is becoming almost as great a bore as "a man with a grievance," whose tales of ill-treatment we can no longer listen to. We have let loose the flood-gates of our sorrow so often over the desecration of old Drury, that we have scarcely a tear remaining to squeeze out upon the last indignity put upon the former home of SHAKSPEARE; and we have come to the philosophic determination that "what can't be cured must be endured." If we were to weep our eyes out, how faint would be the impression we could make on the sawdust now lying in the pit of Drury Lane; and were we to sigh ourselves away into half our present size, we could not "the former light restore" of the English National Drama.

We can therefore only plunge into the circle, with a clownish exclamation of "Here we are!" and take such amusement as the equestrian *troupe* may offer us. We entered the house just as two gentlemen were lying on their backs, and balancing a couple of globes on their toes; a process in which the two Frenchmen kicked the miniature world about as unceremoniously as their countrymen would seem inclined to kick about the great original. It was very amusing to see these two French gentlemen with the world at their feet, though we could not help thinking that a similar exhibition, if attempted in the great political arena by the Gallic nation at large, would not be a very pleasing spectacle.

A M. FELIX next merited our approbation, for the graceful and easy way in which he rode backwards at full gallop—a feat, by the way, that is now being accomplished in a political sense, though not with a very successful result, by some of his compatriots.

We pass over the Four Seasons, as well we may in these times, when we are living at the rate of a century a day, and come to the Roman Games, which give us anything but a lively idea of the sports of the Roman youth, who seem to have taken delight in riding six horses at a stretch, and indeed at such a stretch, that we expect every now and then to see realised the old dramatic announcement of M. So and So "in two pieces." But MADLLE. CAROLINE'S is the triumph of equestrianism. Mounted on a charger, who, like the "old JOE" of the Nigger melody, is constantly

"Kicking up behind and before,"

she keeps her seat as pertinaciously as M. LEDRU-ROLLIN would keep his seat at the council

table of the Provisional Government. Like him she overrides the spirit exerted for throwing her off, and like him, she turns towards the multitude, and makes a plunge as if she would stop at nothing. Like him she leaps over every barrier with an audacity quite surprising, but unlike him, she gains admiration and applause for her achievements.

The AURIOLS, old and young, are among the *troupe*; and though the English audiences try hard to fraternise with French humour, the fraternisation is an unhappy failure. The Parisian clowns to the ring accomplish the most admirable feats, which deserve and obtain the warmest applause; but the spoken fun falls as dead as COCHRANE'S attempt to revolutionise Charing Cross and establish a dictatorship in the left-hand basin.

We hope the French equestrians are making more from English liberality than the British workmen in France are likely to get from French humanity, liberality, and justice. The keep of the horses will be the chief expense; and on the night of our visit, we counted at least two quarters of oats in the pit, a load of beans in the private-boxes, and a fair allowance of chaff in the galleries.

Supposing any of the horses to be ill, we think we might fairly calculate that there was a warm mash a piece in the rush at half-price; and, taking it for granted that extra exertion in some of the animals would call for extra sustenance, we should say there were at least two extra feeds in the two proscenium boxes.

THE IRISH MEMBERS AND THE INCOME-TAX.

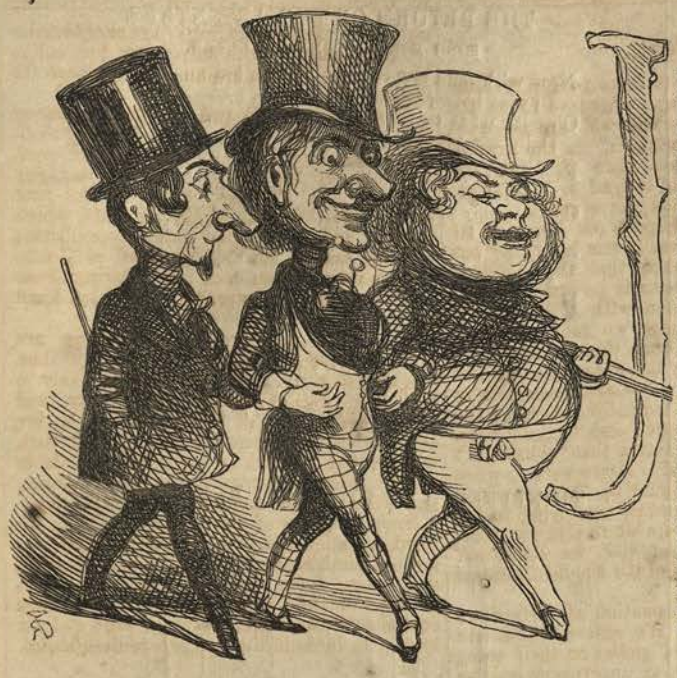
THE pursuit of Repeal has been long considered a wild-goose chase; and Repeal itself, from the dissensions of the Old and Young Irelanders, is esteemed by many as a "gone goose." A sudden brightness, however, has dawned on the prospects of the Irish patriots, which have unexpectedly taken to looking up. We do not allude to the influence of the French Revolution, but to that of a revolution which is commencing in this country, and which has been originated by the Irish Members. These gentlemen, with an intrepidity—of face—for which we could hardly have given even them credit, have, with almost one accord, voted for the imposition of the Income-Tax on this country; whilst, with the same unanimity, they have opposed its extension to their own. By this gallant defiance of common decency and delicacy, they have excited an enthusiasm in the cause of Repeal, in the mind of every true Englishman. They have so plainly proved their ability to take care of themselves, that we are now quite satisfied that they should be allowed to do so. The English nation owes them its thanks for the Income-Tax; and we cannot do better than leave them to manage their own affairs, without—but let them mark well this condition—any longer troubling them with our slightest assistance.

HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY.

THE French complain that their finances are suffering in consequence of the rich English residents having quitted Paris. Our neighbours now find that they made a mistake in expelling the English workmen. Those who would enjoy English capital must encourage English labour—a maxim which we intend *not* solely for exportation.

THE EX-KING AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

THE COUNT OF NEUILLY loves much this elegant place of entertainment. "*Ici je suis encor Cire*," he said yesterday, while examining his own figure in wax.



"TRAVELLERS TELL STRANGE TALES."

JUDGING from a letter which appeared in the *Examiner* two Sundays back, there cannot be a doubt that the Travellers' Club is in the most defenceless state. We are sure the mob—the Cochranites—will be too grateful for this generous information, though we hope the period will be far distant ere they act upon it. However, the intention of the writer is such a kind one, that we have put his letter in the form of an invitation, which does full justice, we hope, to his noble spirit of hospitality. If every Club followed his example, we should hear no more of so many thousands in the metropolis being in want of food, or without a piece of silver to bless themselves with.

"The members of the Travellers' Club present their compliments to MR. COCHRANE and his friends, and hope that on the next occasion of their meeting in Trafalgar Square, they will, on the conclusion of their business, adjourn to the Club, where they will always find plenty of cold meat and a bottle of wine perfectly at their service. The old port is particularly recommended, and the doors of the Club are open at all hours, so that there is not the slightest inconvenience experienced in entering. The members of the Club hope that every allowance will be made for the infirmities of their household; and they cannot help regretting that their porter, who, from repeated attacks of rheumatic gout, is unfortunately not so young as he was forty years ago, will scarcely be equal to the onerous task of receiving with due propriety and activity so large a party. Still, they trust that their friends will waive all ceremony, make themselves perfectly at home, help themselves to whatever they please, and kindly excuse any little defect they may find in the resources of the establishment. The servants are strictly forbidden to accept a gratuity under any pretence whatever.

"*Cockspur Street, March* 12, 1848."

THE HAMADRYAD OF THE BOULEVARDS.

THE axe and the saw of Liberty—she sometimes uses all weapons—has been known, in her wrath and exigence, to wield even scythes and reaping-hooks; the axe and the saw have laid low the trees of Paris Boulevards. True it is, they are—at least many of them—already replaced. But how? Saplings no thicker than civic wands stand in the places of large-girthed elms. The new comers—with fresh country earth still about their roots—seem modest, timid, as young country virgins commonly are, for the first time brought to a great city to hear its noise, and be fluttered by its stare.

Even in these hard days of five-franc pieces, the Gods of Greece exist. They are still immortal in the heart of man, albeit the heart sinks and rises with the low, quick pulse of the Stock Exchange.

And Hamadryads still live in all the trees of the Boulevards; though one race has fallen with the trees of February, another sisterhood will flourish with the newly-planted. Another race that—sophisticated it may be by the fashions of the Gaul, fashions coming in and going out with spring, summer, and autumn dynasties of butterflies—will still endure and flourish, the guardian nymphs of green and growing timber, looking down from their canopy of leaves, now upon a black moustache, and now upon a rose-blush bonnet.

The dying speech of a Hamadryad, of the 24th of February, has been wafted to us. As the axe struck at the trunk that enshrined her, she sighed forth her odorous breath, dying with sweet and solemn content, for—she knew it—she died to make a barricade; she fell in the cause of Freedom.

"For seventeen years," said the dying nymph, her green blood running as she spoke, "for seventeen years have I dwelt here. How bashful, yet how happy I was when planted. My waist was no thicker than a cherry-tree bough; and I curtsied, simple and tender as I was, at every zephyr that approached me. Ha! those were lovely days. And when the spring came, my blood danced up and down, and I wore buds in my hair, and in summer, leaves; and, with every week, their colour deepened and changed, and I was never, for twenty-four hours, behind the fashion of the season.

"Beautiful days! There was hope, there was confidence in the looks and the voices of all men. Young patriots, with moustache of raven, would sing the *Marseillaise;* and at the name of the Citizen King men would embrace, and say to one another what LAFAYETTE—poor simple heart—had said before, 'LOUIS-PHILIPPE was the Best of Republics.'

"And year after year went on. And men taking tobacco and coffee beneath my branches—(I soon became hardened to the filthy weed; by the way, the great god PAN *never* smoked)—men would mutter and whisper low, and clench their hands, and curses would gurgle to their lips, and hatred would cloud their eyes.

"Conspiracy was linked hand in hand beneath my boughs. One day—what a day was that!—men fell dead about me. One moment all holiday—the next, a line of flashing light from yonder window—a rattling as of big hail-stones—and killed and wounded lay in their blood.

"And then men talked of the guillotine—how it had worked. Again the guillotine—again and still the guillotine.

"And years went on, and men were louder in their hate; and one day, resolved to dare the old king—that Best of Republics—and dine.

"The day passed, another and another—and—

[*Here the MS. is illegible.*]

"What! another barricade? Be it so: I die content. But wherefore? What! Would you dethrone the Best of Republics?

"Well, you may get a better; you cannot get a worse. Strike the axe. Deep! Again.—*Vive la Liberté!*"

And, adds an eye-witness, a beautiful elm lay at its length along. May no future Hamadryad be slaughtered for a future barricade!

TO SOVEREIGNS IN DIFFICULTIES.

NICHOLAS ROMANOFF begs to offer his services to Sovereigns in Difficulties. At the present alarming crisis, when so many royal dealers suffer from a derangement of their affairs, NICHOLAS flatters himself that he may be found of considerable utility in bringing them to a happy issue. NICHOLAS can proudly refer to MR. FERDINAND, of Vienna, as a gentleman willing and able to give testimony to MR. ROMANOFF's ability in the dispatch of business.

Gold, to any amount, may be had upon the usual rate of interest. (No Frenchman need apply.) A few thousand bayonets constantly on hire. Cossacks, duly mounted, by the week, month, or year.

None but principals need apply; and no person from Claremont will, on any terms whatever, be treated with.

THE MODEL AGITATOR.

He is born with the bump of Notoriety. This bump first expands at school. He heads all the rows. His special delight is in teasing the masters. As for punishments, they only whip him on to renewed rows. He is insensible to the cane, quite callous to the birch. At home the bump grows larger. He bullies the servants, and plays the democrat to his younger brothers. He is always in open rebellion with "the governor," and very seditious on the question of latch-keys. His love of talk bursts out on every little occasion. He will not ring the bell without an argument. He is very rich in contradictions, having always a No for everybody else's Yes. At last he revolts against parental tyranny, and is kicked out of doors. He is an injured man, and joins a debating club. The bump gets bigger. He attends a public meeting. The bump enlarges still more. He is called to the bar, and the bump has reached its culminating height. Henceforth he and Notoriety are two inseparables. He runs after it everywhere, and eventually, after numerous dodges through bye lanes, and heaps of mud, and narrow, dirty courses, and the most questionable paths, he catches the dear object of his pursuit. He is notorious! He has good lungs, and his reputation is made. He is a hearty hater of every Government. In fact he is always hating. He knows there is very little notoriety to be gained by praising.

The only thing he flatters is the mob. Nothing is too sweet for them; every word is a lump of sugar. He flatters their faults, feeds their prejudices with the coarsest stimulants, and paints, for their amusement, the blackest things white. He is madly cheered in consequence. In time he grows into an idol. But cheers do not pay, however loud. The most prolonged applause will not buy a mutton chop. The hat is carried round, the pennies rain into it, and the Agitator pours them into his patriotic pocket. It is suddenly discovered that he has made some tremendous sacrifice for the people. The public sympathy is first raised, then a testimonial, then a subscription. He is grateful, and promises the Millenium. The trade begins to answer, and he fairly opens shop as a Licensed Agitator. He hires several journeymen with good lungs, and sends agents—patriotic bagmen—round the country to sell his praises and insults, the former for himself, and the latter for everybody else. Every paper that speaks the truth of him is publicly hooted at; everybody who opposes him is pelted with the hardest words selected from the Slang Dictionary. A good grievance is started, and hunted everywhere. People join in the cry, the Agitator leading off and shouting the loudest. The grievance is run off its legs; but another and another soon follows, till there is a regular pack of them. The country is in a continual ferment, and at last rises. Riots ensue; but the Model Agitator is the last person to suffer from them. He excites the people to arm themselves for the worst; but begs they will use no weapons. His talk is incendiary, his advice nothing but gunpowder, and yet he hopes no explosion will take place. He is an Arsenal wishing to pass for a Chapel or a Baby-linen warehouse. He is all peace, all love, and yet his hearers grow furious as they listen to him, and rush out to burn ricks and shoot landlords. He is always putting his head on the block. Properly speaking, he is beheaded once a quarter.

A Monster Meeting is his great joy, to be damped, only, by the rain or the police. He glories in a prosecution. He likes to be prosecuted. He asks for it: shrieks out to the Government—"Why don't you prosecute me?" and cries, and gets quite mad if they will not do it. The favour at length is granted. He is thrown into prison, and grows fat upon it; for from that moment he is a martyr, and paid as one, accordingly.

The Model Agitator accumulates a handsome fortune, which he bequeaths to his sons, with the following advice, which is a rich legacy of itself:—"If you wish to succeed as an Agitator, you must buy your patriotism in the cheapest market, and sell it in the dearest."

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.

The French have changed their sovereign, and all they have got for it as yet has been the suspension of cash payments. Never did a sovereign fetch so little on 'Change!

THE RETURN OF THE ABSENTEES.

SONG FOR LONDON TRADESMEN.

Now with fond hope all our bosoms are burning,
Ill that blows nobody good is the breeze;
Oh with what transport from Paris returning,
Daily we witness our rich absentees!

Fast from its faintness reviving our trade is,
Quickened as though by restorative drops;
Come to our arms, ye magnificent ladies—
Opulent fair ones, come deal at our shops!

Pastry-cooks, jewellers, tailors, and drapers,
All in one chorus your voices unite,
Hailing with joy the accounts in the papers,
Homeward that Fashion is taking her flight.

Quickly expanding from pressure and flatness,
Rubbing her hands, with an aspect of glee,
Business resumes her proportions of fatness—
What a superior season 'twill be!

THE EFFECTS OF OUR OWN REVOLUTION.

One would imagine that the late tremendous Revolution in Trafalgar Square had been in consequence of the Window-Tax; for the hatred of the mob seems to have been hurled principally against the panes of glass. The Chartists cannot surely imagine that the "five points" are within a stone's-throw of being carried; or, do they smash the windows on the principle that when things come to the worst they are sure to mend?

The above portrait of a house that stood the front of the attack during the three days of our inglorious Revolution, only shows what wrong views misguided men are apt to take when they get everything into their own hands. It is, indeed, a painful illustration of the shattered frame of society—we mean that kind of society which has had its fling lately under the head, or rather the name, of Cochranites. It is very clear that they do not live in glass houses.

Extraordinary Sale.

Some half-a-dozen Chartists assembled on the 15th instant at Blackheath, in pursuance of a requisition convening a meeting of their body—which turned out to be a heartless hoax. They found nobody there but a force of special constables; and in this country, the land of liberty, the unfortunate men were publicly sold!

THE PERSECUTION OF BRITISH FOOTMEN.

BY MR. JEAMES.

IVIN remoke from the whirld: hockupied with the umble dooties of my perfeshun, which moacely consists of drorıng hale & beer for the gence who freguent my otel, polıtticle efairs hinterest but suldum, and I confess that when LOY PHILLIP habdigaded (the other day, as I read in my noble & favorite *Dispatch* newspaper, where PUBLICOALER is the boy for me), I cared no mor than I did when the chap hover the way went hoff without paying his rent. No maw does my little MARY HANN. I prommis you she has enough to do in minding the bar and the babbies, to eed the conwulsions of hempires or the hagonies of prostrick kings.

I ham what one of those littery chaps who uses our back parlor calls a *pokercuranty* on plitticle subjix. I don't permit 'em to whex, worrit, or distubb me. My objick is to leaf a good beer bisnis to little JEAMES, to sckewer somethink comftable for my two gals, MARY HANN and HANGELINA (wherehof the latter, who has jest my blew his and yaller air, is a perfick little Sherrybing to behold), and in case Grimb DETH, which may appen to the best on us, shoud come & scru me down, to leaf beHind a somethink for the best wife any gentleman hever ad—tied down of coarse if hever she should marry agin.

I shoodnt have wrote at all, then, at this present juncter, but for sugmstances which affect a noble and galliant body of menn, of which I once was a hornmint; I mean of the noble purfesshn of Henglish footmen & livry suvvants, which has been crooly pussicuted by the firoashus Paris mob. I love my hold companions in harms, and none is more welcome, when they ave money, than they at the Wheel of Fortune Otel. I have a clubb of twenty for gentlemen outalivery, which has a *riunion* in my front parlor; and MR. BUCK, my lord Dukes hown man, is to stand Godfather to the next little PLUSH as ever was.

I call the atenshn of Europ, in the most solomon and unpressive manner, to the hinjaries infligted upon my brutherin. Many of them have been obleeged to boalt without receiving their wagis; many of them is egsiles on our shaws: an infewriate Parishn mob has tawn off their shoaldernots, laft at their wenerable liveries and buttons, as they laff at heverythink sacred; and I look upon those pore men as nayther mor nor less than marters, and pitty and admire em with hallmy art.

I hoffer to those sacrid rephuGs (to such in coarse as can pay their shott) an esylum under the awspitible roof of JEAMES PLUSH of the Wheel of Fortune. Some has already come here; two of em occupize our front garrits; in the back Hattix there is room for 6 mor. Come, brave and dontless Hemmigrants! Come childring of Kilammaty for eight-and-six a week; an old member of the Cor hoffers you bed and bord!

The narratif of the ixcapes and dangers which they have gon through, has kep me and MRS. P. hup in the bar to many a midnike our, a listening to them stories. My pore wife cries her hi's out at their nerations.

One of our borders, and a near relatif by the Grandmother's side, of my wife's famly (though I despise buth, and don't bragg like some foax of my ginteal kinexions) is a man wenerated in the whole profeshn, and lookt up as one of the fust Vips in Europe. In this country, (and from his likeness when in his Vig to our rewered prelicks of the bentch of bishops) he was called CANTYBERRY—his reel name being THOMAS. You never sor a finer sight than CANTYBERRY, on a levy day, a seated on his goold-fringed Ammer-cloth; a nozegy in his busm; his little crisp vig curling quite noble over his jolly red phase; his At laced hallover like a Hadmiral; the white ribbings in his ands, the pransing bay osses befor him; and behind, his state carridge; with MARQUIZ and MARCHYNESS OF JONQUIL inside, and the galliant footmen in yalla livery clinging on at the back! "Hooray!" the boys used to cry hout, only to see CANTYBERRY arrive. Every person of the extableshment called him "Sir," his Master & Missis inklewdid. He never went into the stayble, ixep to smoke a segar; and when the state-carridge was hordered (me and the JONQUILS live close together, the W of F being sitiwated in a ginteal Court leading hout of the street), he sat in my front parlor, in full phig, reading the newspaper like a Lord, until such time as his body-suvn't called him, and said LORD and LADY JONQUIL was ready to sit behind him. Then he went. Not a minnit sooner: not a minnit latter; and being elped hup to the box by 3 men, he took the ribbings, and drove his employers, to the ressadencies of the nobillaty, or the pallis of the Sovring.

Times is now, R how much changed with CANTYBERRY! Last yer, being bribed by SIR THOMAS and LADY KICKLEBURY, but chiefly, I fear, because this old gent, being intimat with Butlers, had equired a tayste for Bergamy, and Clarick, and other French winds, he quitted LORD and LADY JONQUIL's box for that of the KICKLEBURY famly, residing *Rue Rivuly*, at Parris. He was rispected there—that CANTYBERRY is wherehever he goes; the King, the Hex-Kings coachmen, were mear moughs compared to him; and when he eard the Kings osses were sold the other day at 50 frongs apease, he says they was deer at the money.

Well, on the 24th of Febbywerrry, being so ableegin as to drive SIR T. and LADY KICKLEBURY to dinner with the MARKEE D'EPINARD, in the *Fobug Sang Jermang*, CANTYBERRY, who had been sittn all day reading *Gallynanny*, and playing at cribbidge at a *Marshong de Vang*, and kawnsquinly was quite hignorant of the ewents in progrice, found hisself all of a sudding serowndid by a set of rewd fellers with pikes and guns, hollerun and bellerin "*Veevly liberty*," "*Amore* LEWY-PHILIP," &c.—"Git out of the way there," says CANTYBERRY, from his box, a vipping his osses.

The puple, as the French people call theirselves, came round the carridge, rawring out "*Ah Bah l'Aristograt!*"

LADY KICKLEBURY looked hout. Her Par was in the Cheese Mongering (olesale) way: and she never was called an aristograt afor. "Your mistaken, my good people," says she; "*Je swee Onglase. Wee, boco*, LADY KICKLEBURY, *je vay diner avec* MUNSEER D'EPPYNAR;" and so she went a jabbring on; but I'm blest if the Puple would let her pass that way. They said there was a barrygade in the street, and turning round the Eds of CANTYBERRY's osses, told him to drive down the next street. He didn't understand, but was reddy to drop hoff his perch at the Hindignaty hoffered the British Vip.

Now they had scarce drove down the next street at a tarin gallop, (for when aggrywated, CANTYBERRY drives like madd, to be sure), when lowinbyold, they come on some more puple, more pikes, more guns, the pavement hup, and a Buss spilt on the ground, so that it was impawsable to pass.

"Git out of the carridge," rors the puple, and a feller in a cock at, (of the Pollypicnic School, CANTYBERRY says, though what that is he doant No), comes up to the door, while hothers old the osses, and says, "*Miladi, il faut des cendres;*" which means, you must git out.

"*Mway ne vu pas, Moi* LADY KICKLEBURY," cries out my LADY, waggling her phethers and diminds, and screamin like a Macaw.

"*Il le fo pourtong*," says the Pollypicnic scholard: very polite, though he was ready to bust with laffin hisself. "We must make a barrygade of the carridge. The cavilry is at one hend of the street, the hartilliary at the other; there 'll be a fight presently, and out you must git."

LADY KICKLEBURY set up a screaming louder than hever, and I warrant she hopped out pretty quick this time, and the hoffiser, giving her his harm, led her into a kimmis shop, and giv her a glas of sally-valattaly.

Meanwild CANTYBERRY sat puffin like a grampus on his box, his face as red as Cielingwhacks. His osses had been led out before his hi's, his footmen—French minials, unwuthy of a livry—had fratynized with the Mobb, and THOMAS CANTYBERRY sat aloan.

"*Descends mong gros!*" cries the mob; (which intupprited is "Come down, old fat un;) "come off your box, we' re goin to upset the carridge."

"Never," says THOMAS, for which he knew the French; and dubbling his phist, he igsclaimed, "*Jammy, Dammy!*" He cut the fust man who sprang hon the box, hover the fase and i's; he delivered on the nex fellers nob. But what was THOMAS CANTYBERRY against a people in harms? They pulled that brave old man off his perch. They upset his carridge—*his* carridge beside a buss. When he comes to this pint of his narratif, THOMAS always busts into tears and calls for a fresh glas.

He is to be herd of at my bar: and being disingaged hoffers hisself to the Nobillaty for the enshuing seasn. His tums is ninety lbs per hannum, the purchesing of the hannimals and the corn, an elper for each two osses: ony to drive the lord and lady of the famly, no drivin at night excep to Ofishl parties, and two vigs drest a day during the seasn. He objex to the country, and won't go abrod no more. In a country (sellee) where I was ableeged to whonder abowt disguised out of livery, amongst a puple who pulled my vig off before my face, THOMAS will never mount box agin.

And I eplaud him. And as long as he has enough to pay his skaw, my house is a home for this galliant Hegsile.

THE ENGLISH SEASON.

BRIGHTON is expected to be very full of crowned heads this season, and several apartments are already taken in the best parts of the town, for some of the most distinguished European sovereigns. The Marine Parade will probably be thronged with potentates, and MR. FRISBY, a deposed king from the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Haymarket, will, it is believed, entertain his exiled or abdicated brethren with an offer of fraternity. Those Monarchs who are not so fortunate as to possess any income of their own, will, of course, be compelled to live in the humblest style, and perhaps even to follow some useful occupation for a livelihood. The Majesty of Bavaria may open a shop for Bavarian brooms, and the King of Prussia might commence in the original Prussian-blue line, in which we think there is an excellent opening.

AN ANGLO-DUTCH VILLAGE.

THE rural district of Dalston has lately run the risk of having been washed away. The Rain has invaded the houses, and sorely puzzled the inhabitants how to repel the intruder; for there were not pails and mops sufficient in the neighbourhood to eject him. The village, for the last week, has been in an amphibious state—one day on water, the next day on dry land. If it had been built on the Goodwin Sands, it could not be worse, further than it might have disappeared some showery afternoon altogether. The householders are at a loss how to hold up their heads against the tremendous overflows their houses have lately had.

The poor people who cannot swim, are obliged to take refuge in their bedrooms, and fish for their provisions through the window, whilst the boldest parents do not like venturing out to meet the butcher, and receive from him the daily chop, without previously

VIEW OF DALSTON AT LOW WATER.

sustaining themselves with one of PIGOTT's life-preservers. To the traveller the rush of water gives him the cold notion that he is in Holland, and that one of the dykes have been punctured with a pitchfork and overflowed the country. Equality certainly reigns in the Shrubland Roads, for the deluge, which not only reigns, but pours, has brought all things to the same level. The Royal Humane Society has appointed a Consul with two boats, to put up at the parish steeple until further notice.

HOW TO DRESS A REVOLUTION.

THIS very piquant *plat*, though unsuited to the English Constitution, is so very popular just now on the Continent, where it appears at most royal entertainments, that we are induced to give the following recipes for preparing it, according to the fashion of the different countries in which it may be called at present a standing dish.

Revolution à la Parisienne.—Take an old King and a batch of Ministers—if in an advanced state of corruption, so much the better. Then set on your public opinion, and let it boil, throwing in stimulants *à discrétion*, and peppering highly with the most exciting topics tied up tight in an old newspaper. Stir in your King and Ministers; when your mixture ferments, strain them off and throw them aside. Next take a poet, an astronomer, pamphleteer, a working man, and two or three journalists (the higher flavoured are the best); mix into a Provisional Government; squeeze them well, and shred them into your stock, when at the boiling point. Flavour with Socialism, Communism, Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, and serve up hot.

Revolution à la Berlinaise.—Take of disappointed hopes and broken pledges as much as you want, let them simmer for thirty years in a *casserole* kept very close shut. When sufficiently done, which you may ascertain by the bitter taste and turbid look of your liquid, throw in at intervals a handful of German nationality (which may be got very cheap and strong at any German university town) and a rough censorship; season with aspirations and imaginations *à discrétion*. Shred in a few heads of *La Parisienne* and *La Marseillaise*, with a bunch of *Vaterland* and *Burschen-lieder*, and a weak extract of spirit of royalty. Garnish with *poudre de canon* and *boulets*, and serve up luke-warm.

Revolution à la Petit Allemand.—Take small Germans, such as you may find readily in the *Almanach de Saxe-Gotha*, throw them into a strong revolutionary stock, made in the proportion of an ounce of common sense to a pound of despotism, and the mixture will effervesce, your small Germans rising to the surface. You may serve either with or without your small Germans, according to taste; but the dish, in either case, is not one we can recommend, being, in fact, a very feeble imitation of an English original.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

WE are happy to hear that a few spirited young men have formed themselves into a volunteer corps, under the Colonelcy of the DUKE OF RICHMOND, and are meeting twice a week at ANGELO's Fencing Rooms in Bond Street at ½ past 5 A. M., for the purpose of learning the military exercise. This is patriotism with a vengeance; for though it is an every-day occurrence to talk of dying for one's country, the idea of turning out of bed at ½ past 5 for one's country, suggests a piece of heroism that no one can be expected to perform. We have no doubt that in an emergency the whole of the British nation would rise—at four in the morning—as one man; but, under existing circumstances, when it is not absolutely urgent that the razor should be exchanged for the sword, and the boot-hook for the bayonet, there is a wonderful amount of fortitude and patriotism in the movement of the Bond Street Brigade, which goes on duty with the milk, and has achieved its morning task by the time the regular dustman is only beginning to bite the dust.

"LE PETIT DIABLE."

John Russell going through his celebrated Performance at her Majesty's Theatre, St. Stephen's.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

UMPTIOUS, my landlord, was very angry with me for leaving the fortified attic I had held under him for the last quarter, and he insisted that I had unsettled everything by my brief tenancy; though, judging by the applications for money with which he was beset, everything must have been fearfully unsettled before I came to his abode. He hinted that I had caused him to reject a most eligible offer from a Queen's Counsel, who would have taken half the chambers for life, and paid all the rent in advance, if I had not come to an agreement just in time. I left him, however, on good terms, at three o'clock one summer's afternoon, while he was taking in bed, according to custom, his usual breakfast of a red herring and a quart bottle of stout. He lived chiefly on dried fish and heavy fluids; the herring or soldier inspiring him, as he told me, with valour to face the difficulties of his position, while the beer served as a sort of heavy armour against the assaults of his creditors. He fancied, moreover, that the liquid gave him a pleasing substitute for that refresher he was never destined to enjoy in a more professional form; and I have known him murmur out, "With you, BARCLAY AND PERKINS," as he perused, previous to settling the delicious draught. I am, however, in danger, like the "gentle Zitella," of loitering "too long on the road;" so, being aware that the time for sending in copy is "advancing," and that the printer's "devil's abroad," I shall go gallantly a-head with my manuscript.

I had not quitted my fastness in the den of my dun-haunted friend without providing myself with other quarters in lieu of those I had halved, and a set of chambers—for chambers, like artificial teeth, jugs, and window-curtains, are generally disposed of in sets—had been already secured. These consisted of one of those mountain peaks which give to a part of the Temple the appearance of an artificial or mosaic chain of Apennines, rising up in proud opposition to those dreamy uplands which form the apocrypha of mountain scenery, under the well-known name of the Surrey Hills.

These great untraceables, which are said to be visible from the top window of every furnished lodging in London, on a clear day, were held out as a bait to me, by way of inducing me to locate myself where my professional prospects would be so lofty. But, alas! how visionary are such allurements, which, like the money of the industrious classes in the French Savings Bank, after the glorious Revolution, got up for their exclusive advantage, could not be realised. When I sought to feast my gaze on the alleged hills, I was doomed to see nothing but a quantity of the celebrated metropolitan curling fluid, forcing its eccentric way from forests of chimney-pots, and leading the imagination to suppose that every one of the Surrey Hills must be a miniature Vesuvius, judging from the quantity of smoke it sent forth. I sometimes grew poetical on my disappointment, and out of the chaos of my feelings a beautiful set of verses would occasionally arrange themselves, in a strain resembling the following:—

Yes, mine eye has sought the mountain,
They promised I should see
Beyond the Temple fountain,
Which rises four foot three.

Athwart the courts while glancing,
Of Elm, Pump, Fig-tree, Hare,
My gaze, with speed advancing,
Has paused in mute despair.

For in the distance lying,
I see a cloud of fume,
Like fields of darkness flying
Tow'rds some far land of gloom.

And e'en when days are clearer,
And I can plainly trace,
As if it had been nearer,
Nature's long distant face,
I come to a conclusion,
Which every day-dream kills,
That they're a mere delusion,
Those boasted Surrey Hills.

It would be difficult indeed, to descend suddenly from the poetic heights amongst which I have been wandering, and fall to a subject so insignificant as the engagement of a clerk; and therefore, for this necessary appendage to a set of practicable chambers, of which the possession is more than nominal—that is to say, including something beyond the right of putting one's name upon the door—I must refer the reader to the ensuing chapter.

ENGLISH ASYLUMS FOR FOREIGN SOVEREIGNS.

A GREAT deal of misapprehension appears to prevail on the subject of the possessions held in this country by foreign sovereigns. LOUIS-PHILIPPE's alleged two millions in the British Funds have dwindled down to four hundred a year from a furnished house in Long Acre; and indeed, that being just now unlet, he is compelled to reside, like a policeman, in LEOPOLD's empty house at Claremont, with the run of the garden-stuff to supply him with eatables. If we have many more distressed monarchs running over here for shelter, we shall be obliged to get up a benefit for them at one of the theatres, in imitation of the liberality of MR. LUMLEY, who has just granted his splendid establishment for a performance for the distressed artisans. A series of Walhalla-like *tableaux* of the Revolutions in the respective countries where they have occurred, would prove immensely attractive, if the deposed sovereigns and their ministers would, in the political *poses plastiques* which we suggest, sustain their original characters.

REWARD OF MERIT.

THE Commissioners of Police have been graciously pleased to allow as many of the letters of the alphabet as were present at the recent revolutions in the metropolis to wear upon their buttons the words "Trafalgar Square" and "Kennington Common," in honour of their brilliant achievements on those memorable occasions. This generous act, which was only due to the bravery of the hardy sons of Scotland Yard, redounds greatly to the credit of the Commissioners, and has produced the most unbounded satisfaction amongst all the members of the force, from 1 to 100 inclusive. A wreath of laurel is to run round the edges of the buttons, which are to be put into hand and distributed immediately, and not to wait, as has been falsely reported, till the distribution of the medals to the Peninsular heroes. This latter favour was granted especially at the request of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, who, we are proud to say, not only appreciates, but takes a pleasure in rewarding merit, in any shape.

Atrocious Assault.

THE following has been forwarded to us by the Electric Telegraph. We think we shall be able to recover damages from the Company for the assault, for we were quite taken aback at the time by the violence of the blow, and have scarcely recovered from it yet. Let the reader see how he likes it himself:—

Q. Why is there no chance of the COMTE DE PARIS being King of France?

A. Because LOUIS-PHILIPPE sacrificed the *heir to the crown*, when he threw away his wig.

We have laid our damages at £10,000, and we are positive an intelligent jury will award us every penny of them. If not, there is no justice, no redress for injuries in England!

Cock and Hen Colours.

THE Frankfort correspondent of the *Times* gratifies the world with the subjoined intelligence:—

"The national colours are worn by every one, in the shape of a small cockade, and some enthusiastic citizens have decorated their pigeons, cocks, and hens—nay, even the asses march about the streets arrayed in the German tricolor."

This is only fair, and in a truly liberal spirit. How long, for instance, have double-headed eagles, and harpies, and lions, and griffins, been the aristocrats of the lower world, elevated by the herald? Equality, however, is now taking a turn even in the poultry-yard and stable. Golden eagles and unicorns have had their day. It is time, then, that cocks and hens, and drudging asses, should make a holiday of it.

Paris Fashions for 1848.

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

LIBERTÉ—EGALITÉ—FRATERNITÉ.

(*Proclamation.*)

The Provisional Government of France, in the vindication of their great task—are not to be prevented by the possible insinuation of a wretched egotism, from asserting the rights of brain.

The Provisional Government numbers among its members the poet, the historian, the journalist. They would fraternise with the poets, the historians, the journalists of the Republic of Letters: a Republic in which the greenest laurels are ever watered by the purest ink.

Hitherto, under previous monarchical dynasties —those personifications of selfishness, cowardice, and ignorance—the foreign author has only been welcomed to France to be robbed. The bibliopole has folded the Englishman to his breast, to pick his pocket.

The Republic has abolished capital punishment in the cases of political treason. It will crown its work by abolishing Capital Robbery in the case of Literary Spoliation.

Henceforth, it shall not be lawful for any Citizen to reprint the works of any foreign author, without his license. As the pocket-handkerchief of the foreigner is guarded by the law from the fingers of the *voleur*,—so shall the book of the foreigner be consecrated from the fingers of the bookseller.

Citizen GALIGNANI is invited to devote his patriotism to the fulfilment of this high purpose.

Signed by the Provisional Government.

Paris Fashions for 1848.

COLONEL SIBTHORP

ON THE FINAL CAUSE OF SQUIRES.

URELY it is a strange coincidence that original minds will often singly hit upon the same idea. The two subjoined passages exhibit a striking instance of this coincidence between the views of two intellects of a very different order, and of two several ages—the one a departed, the other a contemporary genius. The first of these quotations runs thus:—

"I have, indeed, a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by some, as I take them to answer the order of Nature, and the good purposes for which they were ordained, in a much more ample manner than many others. Now, as HORACE tells us that there are a set of human beings, *fruges consumere nati*—"born to consume the fruits of the earth"—so I make no manner of doubt but that there are others, *feras consumere nati*—"born to consume the beasts of the field"—or, as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny but that these squires fulfil this end of their creation."

The above sentences were written by HENRY FIELDING, and are contained in the second chapter of the third book of *Tom Jones; or, The History of a Foundling*. Our second extract is the following:—

"It was the unanimous opinion of the tenant-farmers that the game preserves were the main cause that induced gentlemen to reside on their estates, and fulfil those duties which their wealth and station called upon them to discharge."

The foregoing words are a portion of the speech reported to have been delivered on MR. BRIGHT'S motion for the Repeal of the Game Laws, and in opposition to the same, by COLONEL SIBTHORP.

The idea which they embody may be safely concluded to be the Colonel's own, since to have borrowed it from FIELDING, it is necessary to suppose, not only that he has read him, but that he has understood him. The fine satire of the Author of *Tom Jones* is confirmed by the rich gravity of the Member for Lincoln. According to the gallant and candid Colonel, the main cause that induces country gentlemen to reside on their estates is the love of sport; to this the fulfilment of the duties attached to their position being a subordinate consideration.

It is for the preservation of the pheasantry, then, rather than of the peasantry; of partridges, hares, and rabbits, rather than of the peace, of which they are Justices, that country gentlemen live—at least, live upon their land. They regard their property secondarily, with a view to its improvement, primarily to the increase of the game which it produces. They are attached to it more by the amusement than even by the revenue which it affords them. Such are "the good purposes for which they were ordained;" or which, at least, they subserve, according to the tenant-farmers and COLONEL SIBTHORP. And in consideration of being enabled to divert themselves by sporting, they are willing to fulfil the duties of their station—which principally consist in spending some of their wealth among those who create the whole of it.

It is very well for the tenant-farmers to say all this—for they have good reason to know and lament it. But for one of the squirearchy themselves to promulgate such a statement, is indeed very indiscreet. 'Tis an ill bird that befouls its own nest—a bird which we might almost venture to call a goose. Oh SIBTHORP! SIBTHORP!

The Moon's Changes.

OUR friend ALDERMAN MOON has been leaving his name at the Palace. This is nothing but right, after the many attentions which the worthy Alderman has received from the Royal Family. We regret, however, that we have not seen his name amongst the hundreds of noblemen who rushed to condole with LOUIS-PHILIPPE, through the medium of their cards, upon his ex-Majesty's recent misfortunes. Has MOON no sympathy for the abandoned crown of France? Has he so soon forgotten the hospitality of the Tuileries? This total eclipse of MOON is even blacker than the one which occurred after the rain last Sunday week. But probably the princely patron of the R.A.'s is only waiting for His ex-Majesty to recover his exuberance of whiskers, before he calls upon him to ask him to sit for his ex-royal portrait. There is nothing like combining business with pleasure, when you can do it with a good face.

THE ABSENTEE.

MR. CHARLES COCHRANE, in consequence of his not heading a meeting convened by himself, is now called by his indignant party (the Mob) "The Shy Cock-rane of Westminster."

A CARD.

MR. NATHAN, *Theatrical Costume-monger*, presents his respectful compliments to Emperors, Kings, Prime Ministers, and Royalty and Ministers in general; and begs to call their attention to his large and various assortment of theatrical dresses, calculated at a moment's notice to afford so complete a disguise to the wearer—in the now too frequent case of a political topsy-turvy—that not even the most determined republican or reformer can detect the fugitive. MR. NATHAN is—as he hopes—honestly proud to record the fact that the casquette worn by a certain late Majesty, was supplied from his wardrobe. The entire costume of the German Postilion, in which PRINCE METTERNICH made so successful an exit from Vienna, was also from the stock of Mr. N.; who, in brief, has a large assortment upon hand particularly worthy of the studious attention of crowned heads at this severe, but interesting season of removals.

N.B. MR. NATHAN is also justified in recommending his Farewell Mask. It has a peculiarly ingenuous expression, giving even to a Prime Minister the look of honest industry. Ready-money; and no foreign paper taken.

NEW MAPS FOR OLD ONES.

ATE events prove that a revision of Geographies is indispensably necessary. Revolutions rub out so many landmarks, that the boundaries of a nation last year are only the hedgerows of this. Kingdoms are turned into Republics—Grand Duchies are merged into Confederations—whole principalities are sponged off the map, and provinces jump frantically into separate States. Europe for the last month has been nothing better than a big slate, where anybody who has had the knowledge of drawing a Constitution, or a new line of politics, was at liberty to make what sketch or new design he pleased.

The geography of France, however, requires the most correction. We say France, to make use of the old name, for we doubt if there is such a country at present existing. It consisted formerly of so many provinces and departments. They are all wiped away, like so many drops of water, and are now swamped in the great ocean (by no means a Pacific one) of Paris. There were once upon a time great cities, like Bordeaux, Marseilles, Toulon, Lyons, Orleans, and a large family of provincial capitals, who derived their importance from silk, or wine, or harbours, or sausages, or *pâtés*, if not politics, of some kind or other. Paris has guillotined them all. All other cities are contemptible ciphers by the side of that great unit. In fact, *il n'y a plus de France*. It is now all Paris. Future ARROWSMITHS must make a note of this, and in describing the past capital of Gaul, print as follows:—

"Paris begins at the *Pas de Calais*, and extends as far as the Mediterranean. It is hemmed in on the west by the Rhine, and only prevented from spreading on the east by the ocean. All the elections are under the influence of Paris. It makes laws and fashions for every Frenchman, and changes the Constitution as often as it pleases. It numbers thirty-seven millions of inhabitants, and enjoys absolute power over them all. It controls public opinion, levies taxes, upsets dynasties, and regulates the thoughts, movements, and bayonets, of every Frenchman, Frenchwoman, and child. Its revenue is what it can get, its expenditure a great deal more. Its form of government it is impossible to define. The nearest approach to it is a weather-table. It has only one department. Its name is France."

There are other parts of Europe that want looking over and remodelling just as much, but at present the world is such an agitated shape that it will be better to let it subside first, before we attempt to describe any new shape it takes. The year 1848 promises to be a mighty fine year for mapsellers. We wonder the thoughts of it have not made many a king turn WILD!

Emblem for Ireland.

DIFFERENT nations have their different representatives, derived from the animal creation. There is the British Lion—the Austrian Eagle—the Gallic Cock. The emblem of Ireland ought to be the Hyæna, the creature—according to WOMBWELL'S natural history—"wot kindness cannot conciliate, nor hunger tame."

A NICE POINT OF LAW.

IT has been suggested to our friend, MR. BRIEFLESS, that his opinion would be very valuable on the question, whether a man who dies before he has settled with his creditors, may be considered to have shown an undue preference, in paying the debt of Nature before his other liabilities?

THE IRISH RANTERS.

Y the newspapers we perceive that the old style of melodrama, which has so completely disappeared even from the Surrey and the "Cowbug," has at length turned up on the other side of the water; but at a distance no less considerable than across the Irish Channel. SMITH O'BRIEN, MEAGHER, and MITCHELL, form a trio of ranters and shouters quite equal to their predecessors, the COBHAMS, the HICKSES, the FREERS, and the H. KEMBLES, who, during the thirty years' war of absurdity against common sense, were accustomed to devote their last—or at least their loudest—breath to the once popular cause of dramatic extravagance.

The following scene, which is precisely the kind of absurdity in which MESSRS. MITCHELL, MEAGHER, and SMITH O'BRIEN have been accustomed to perform, will remind such of our readers as may be acquainted with it, of the old trans-Thamesian dramas, which were so famous in the Elizabeth-Martinian age.

The Scene represents a back-room in the office of the "United Irishman." MITCHELL is discovered writing a leader.

Mitchell. There—'tis concluded. Would that I could drive the point of this steel pen home to the hearts of the Saxon tyrants! or would that all England had but one reservoir of blood, that I might perforate the hated receptacle with a single dagger, and let the vile fluid wash over and fertilise my unhappy land!

Enter SMITH O'BRIEN *and* MEAGHER.

Meagher. Well, comrade, are you prepared to drag the Saxon jackall from his lair, and release the Irish Eagle to his mountain home?

Mitchell. No, not till I have sheathed this penknife in the bosom of tyranny, and planted the shamrock over my own grave.

Smith O'Brien. Your generous language warms me, and makes me long to be once more an inmate of some sequestered cellar, where I may turn the black diamond of the Wallsend into an ornament for my martyrhood's diadem.

Mitchell. Thou speakest bravely, friend. Let us swear to die on the altar of Erin, or strangle our oppressors with the wires of her neglected harp.

Meagher. In case I fall ere I can utter the feelings of my heart, I wish no other epitaph than that you, my friend (*to* MITCHELL), should speak for me my last words, which I now speak in advance, "Avenge me, France!"

Enter an OFFICER *with a Warrant.*

Officer (*mildly*). I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but it is my unpleasant duty to tell you that you are all three wanted on a charge of sedition.

Smith O'Brien. Wanted, indeed! Yes, and many more like us are wanted to rescue the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea from the grasp of the Saxon.

Meagher (*to the Officer*). Go, tell the vile usurper, of whom thou art the wretched minion, that we shall rush eagerly into the chains he has prepared for us.

Officer (*very mildly*). There are no chains, Sir; you can put in bail, if you happen to know any person that's respectable.

Mitchell. Caitiff! already does my trunkless head look from the murderous block on to my lifeless body, and I see my curling lip raising my clenched hand in stern defiance of thee, myrmidon, and thy base masters.

Smith O'Brien. Take me to my cellar home—the home of him whose only crime is love of country and hatred of the opposite.

Officer (*still very mildly*). Well, gentlemen, you'd better reserve what you've got to say until you get before the magistrates. I've got nothing more to do, but to serve you with these notices, and wish you good morning.

Smith O'Brien. Meanest of dogs! that dost thy master's bidding and snappest at the heels of heroes! Avaunt! We come.

Meagher. Conduct us to our prisons. We prefer the martyr's pitcher of water, and the patriot's crust, to the traitor's gilded cup, or the recreant's banquet.

Mitchell. Go, tell the bloody government we are prepared, and will one day be revenged.

Officer (*more mildly, if possible*). Certainly, Sir; I'll take the message; but the "one day" you allude to must not be to-morrow, if you please, for that's the latest time that can be allowed you for finding bail.

[SMITH O'BRIEN, MEAGHER, *and* MITCHELL *are all making up their minds and their mouths for an overwhelming outburst of indignation, when the Scene closes in.*

THE POTENTIAL MOOD.—M. LEDRU-ROLLIN seems to wish to rule France with his "Absolute Shall." Let us hope the Future will prove this "Absolute *Shall*" to be overruled in time by the "Popular *Will*."

THE ROMANCE OF ADVERTISING.

MR. COLBURN, who may be presumed to know what are the legitimate modes of advertising, has put forth something quite new in the art of literary puffing, with reference to his collection of Standard Novels. He says, the new volume, which is to appear with the Magazines on the 1st of April, will be

"The work which was found by the side of the unfortunate DUCHESSE DE PRASLIN, and which, it is understood, she was perusing at the moment she was attacked by her husband—a work which has been pronounced to exhibit a better lesson to the sex than is contained in a volume of MRS. CHAPONE'S Letters."

We learn from this that MR. COLBURN relies for the sale of this book upon the fact that it was being read, just previously to her murder, by the unfortunate victim of assassination; and, though we can see no possible connection between the merit of the book and the crime set forth in the advertisement, we presume that the publisher knows his business, and has reason to expect a favourable result from the sanguinary spice he has thrown into his puff.

We perceive quite a new era of advertising opened by the line that has been adopted, and we daresay that, in future, no act of atrocity or villany will be committed without its being made use of by way of recommendation to some forthcoming work. The miscellaneous reading of the victim of GREENACRE, had it been known to the publishers, might have been very serviceable in an advertising point of view; and HOCKER'S perusal of any one of the romances of the season would, of course, have raised the favoured production into rapid popularity, if the connection of author and reader between the writer and the murderer had been properly known. We could suggest a few specimens of this style of advertising; but, as it would be invidious to place any particular work under distinguished criminal patronage, we abstain from furnishing the pattern puffs that we might otherwise have put forth.

The French Princes.

WE understand that, immediately on the arrival of the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE in England, he proceeded to offer his services to the London and Westminster Iron and Twopenny Steam Packet Navigation Company. MESSRS. CATTARNS and FRY, in the name of the Directory, declined the proposition, but intimated, with much good feeling, that the British paddle-box was always open as a path to glory for those who had proved their sincerity in England's cause. The DUKE D'AUMALE has, it is said, applied for the governorship of the Isle of Dogs, and been refused by LORD PALMERSTON, in the politest terms.

RATHER SERIOUS.

The most sceptical must admit that Reform has gone past a joke in Germany at this moment, when we see that the people of Hanover have taken to *reformin'* ERNEST.

MEMOIR OF MR. MITCHELL.

This individual, who has lately burst upon the world in the character of an Irish patriot, was born of humble but honest parents, who sent him to a small school, where he received several of those whippings, which, had they been judiciously economised, might, some of them, have been spared most advantageously, and come in very beneficially at the present period.

Young Mitchell evinced, in early life, no decided predilection for learning; and when his schoolfellows were engaged in their ordinary tasks, he would be found in one corner of the playground, throwing up brandy-balls, and catching them dreamily in his mouth, an incident to which some are disposed to attribute the fiery nature of his eloquence. He soon, however, began to show a disposition for romantic reading, and we find him at the age of fifteen in a state of frenzied rapture over an illustrated Edition of *The Blood-Red Knight*, which gave the hue to his future character.

Perhaps, however, his mental condition took its last completing stamp from the incident of the pot-boy Oxford having sprung, at one bound, from the public-house yard to the arena of notoriety, by a mischievous and malignant piece of pea-shooting at the Queen. Oxford had fired the pistol, and the pistol had fired Mitchell to such an extent that his brain—what there was of it—became inflamed with the desire of heroic martyrdom. It is true that the whipping clause had not then been added to the Act for dealing with the delinquencies of mischievous urchindom, or there might have been an alteration in Mitchell's views; but the impress was given—he had become, in mind and intellect, an Irish Oxford, and no succeeding addition made by the legislature to the penal statutes for repressing turbulent snob-ism could restrain him from his puerile propensities. As he has lately been dignified by being made the subject of a government prosecution, the height of his ambition must be presumed to have been attained. It is to be hoped that his offence may be found to come within some category to which the treadmill and a rigid course of hair-cutting may be applied.

The Royal Game of Goose.

The publishers of the *Almanac de Saxe-Gotha* are in the greatest state of excitement. There has been a great temporary demand for their little periodical, from persons anxious to ascertain from its pages the names of a great many little German States and Princes, which were never heard of till the one was in a state of revolution, and the others had abdicated—just as corked-up small beer makes a great noise when it bursts its bottles in the dog-days. But, this momentary curiosity once satisfied, it is feared by the proprietors that the lively little chronicle of small royalties must shut up altogether. Perhaps the interest in it might be kept up for a while by transforming it into *The Saxe-Gotha Calendar*, on the model of the *Newgate Calendar*, giving an account not only of the birth and parentage of the various potentatikins, but of their misdeeds and punishments.

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

We are great friends of real economy; but we are desirous of guarding against the popular error, that economy consists in the reduction of useful expenditure. Whenever a cry for retrenchment is raised, the working men are the persons who unfortunately have the greatest reason to tremble, while sinecurists, who receive their annual hundreds or thousands, for some dozen signings of their name, are left to repose snugly on their salaries.

France seems to be commencing its economy somewhat in the old conventional style, and we accordingly have a new Ambassador to this country with a salary of four hundred per annum. His Republican Excellency may manage to live, if he is a single man without encumbrance, upon the sum allowed him; but his establishment must be of the most moderate kind, and his arrangements all of the most economical character. As to an equipage of his own, that will be out of the question; and if he attends Drawing-Rooms, or Levees at the Palace, he must either walk or pop into the handsomest Hansom on the nearest cab-stand.

His Excellency will, on ordinary occasions, patronise the omnibus box, not at Her Majesty's Theatre, but on one of the Chelsea or

Blackwall vehicles; for cab hire, except when engaged like our old friend Chevalier Bunsen, "on a special mission," will be quite out of the question. We presume that he will be allowed to take some little advantage in the way of passports, for he will never make both ends meet, and live like a gentleman, upon his bare official stipend.

We hope the Provisional Government will reconsider the shabby arrangement made with the Ambassador sent to England, so that the poor fellow may at least be able to keep up something like an appearance among his brother diplomatists. The light comedian at any decent theatre gets more than eight pounds per week, and the Republic ought at least to allow the Ambassador his white kid gloves for presentations, and six clean collars per week, in addition to the collar of the Order of Liberty, if he is to feel comfortable in decent company.

Economy.—We learn that Ibrahim Pacha was being saluted at Naples, just as the news of the establishment of the French Republic arrived there. This was fortunate: the same gunpowder served for a twofold honour—every cannon firing a double compliment.

DREADFUL CRISIS.

Victim. "HOPE YOU WILL NOT BE OFFENDED, SIR; BUT I SHOULD BE VERY GLAD IF YOU COULD SETTLE MY LITTLE BILL UP TO CHRISTMAS."

Mr. Dunup. "OFFENDED, MY DEAR BOY! NOT IN THE LEAST! BUT THE FACT IS, I HAVE 'SUSPENDED CASH PAYMENTS' FOR SOME TIME."

An Apartment Wanted.

WANTED, a small, incommodious, ill-ventilated, wretched, disgusting, filthy, soul-and-body-killing Apartment, in the Richmond Bridewell, Dublin. The tenement will be taken, with the greatest pleasure in the world, for three, six, nine, or twelve months or years. The Gentleman desirous of this accommodation, rejects—or would reject—with the deepest, most inconceivable, and therefore most inexpressible scorn, any proffer soever of the smallest taste in life of indulgence, from the parties desirous to treat with him. On the contrary, he must be submitted to every species of revolting cruelty and meanness. He must be denied books, pens, ink, and paper, and the sight of the faces of his dearest kindred, the grasp of the hand, the warm pressure of amity, bubbling and burning from the heart of devoted friendship. This, and much more than he can express in the small limits of a public advertisement, must be denied him, or no party will be treated with. Further, the advertiser stipulates for brown bread and brackish water as his daily sustenance, and very little of it. Parties who can supply fetters by the hundred-weight (handcuffs are indispensable, or no letters will be answered) will be delightfully responded to.—Address, post paid (that is, with the Head of the Saxon Queen upon the letter) to F. MITCHELL, Office of *United Irishman*, Dublin. No Irish need apply.

LOOP-HOLES OF BRIBERY-LAW.

To the Members for Great Yarmouth, Harwich, and Derby, we may now add the Member for Horsham, unseated for bribery and corruption. A rogue is an honest man till he is found out; Members of Parliament are men: let us believe, then, in the general purity of the House of Commons. But it is singular that the Election Committees should have declared the unseated ones guilty of bribery merely through their agents. This wondrous kindness would almost seem to have been begotten of sympathy. One might really imagine that the Committee-men must have put themselves in the place of the accused. Well—at all events, there will be an end to capital punishment. If it is not to commit bribery to be guilty of it through agents, it will not be to commit murder to be guilty of it through instruments. He who shoots another through the head, will, of course, be acquitted; inasmuch as it is the pistol that shoots the man, and not the person who loads it and pulls the trigger.

WONDERFUL PATIENCE.

COLONEL SIBTHORPE declares that his family have represented Lincoln for nearly three hundred years. If the Colonel at all resembles his ancestors, their election must certainly have been carried in the spirit of JOB. (N.B. the word "JOB" may be pronounced either way, at the option of the reader.)

THOMAS IN PARIS, TO JEAMES IN LONDON.

"CITIZEN JEAMES,

"FRATERNITY, and—as I says to master, Liberty and Equality!

"Though Citizens, we have never embraced one another as brothers of the people; nevertheless, Citizen, your beautiful works have made you a brother in every hall, in every pantry, in every kitchen. Citizen JEAMES, we fraternise!

"This precious city of Paris has had such a shaking, that masters and men are all alike now; none standing up above another; but all equal, like knocked down ninepins. The drawing-room has been shaken into the kitchen, and *vicey-wercy*.

"*Liveries* is abolished; and buttons—with crests upon 'em—it is allowable to swear at. Yes; now, too, your buttons is to be a real Citizen.

"They 've cut my yellow plush into kettle-holders; and my blue coat and red cuffs have been sent to a convent for the nuns to work 'em into cockades.

"On the 25th of February, master and I come to a new 'rangement. Sometimes he was to drive me; and sometimes I was to drive him. Equality and brotherhood was to take their turn; now inside, and now on the box.

"Well, all this was very well; and every night in the hall—when we consented to go there—I sung the Marshalhays and the Moorire poor Patry afore we went to bed; Citizen DOBBS, the footman, and Citizeness MARY ANN, the housemaid, and young Citizen MAXAMILLION, the page, joining in chorus.

"Howsomever, last Tuesday week, the Citizen my master said he must discharge me; for our brothers, the French, wouldn't let any of their brothers the English stay in Paris to eat up the bread that was meant—they said—for Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity.

"After all, the Citizen, my master, is not so bad a Citizen; and as I'd agreed about the inside and the box, I thought I 'd make a push to stop, and support the Republic. 'I'll not be an Englishman,'—says I—'Citizen. No; I'll be a brother of America!' and for two days I passed among the fraternity of the French as WASHINGTON SPIKE, Citizen of New York. I didn't like to deny my country—but the Citizen my master gives good wages.

"P'raps it 's the genteelness of my manners, but my brothers, the French, wouldn't have me as a Yankee brother no how. So they was beginning to kick up a bobbery, when the Citizen, my master, sends for me, and says—'THOMAS, this American dodge won't do, no how. So you must wear this, and hold your tongue, and pass for a Polander or a German.'

"Saying this, the Citizen, my master, gives me a false nose with mustachers to it—for all the world like the things that gents wear at masked balls; and for the last three days I have put, I may say, a new face upon the box, and never spoke in my own mother tongue. When I swear in French, the horses understand me just as well as afore, which says something for my haccent. You may think I 'm romancing; but I send you my profeel of what I was, and my Daggerotype of what I am.

CITIZEN THOMAS.

CITIZEN BUMBLEPUPPIWITZ.

"There 's I don't know how many English Citizen coachmen driving about in the same way. So no more, at present, from your brother,

"*Rew Saint Honaray.* "THOMAS."

"P.S. MARY ANN leaves for London to-morrow, and brings this. The Citizeness refused to wear a Roman nose, saying—with all the spirit of a woman—she wouldn't hide her sweet little pug, not for the best Republic that ever walked!"

THE HANDSOME THING.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA promises to behave with the strictest decorum towards France, if France remains quiet towards Russia. The times are changed. There *was* a period when NICHOLAS would have run unmuzzled at the Republic; but now—like the bear of GOLDSMITH'S showman—NICHOLAS will only take steps "to the genteelest of tunes."

BALFE AND HIS BÂTON.

THE music of VERDI requires so much exertion on the part of the conductor, that BALFE wears out a new *bâton* every night, when an Opera of the popular *maestro* is given at Her Majesty's Theatre. The magnificent band of the establishment throws itself with such enthusiasm into the music, that it requires all the tact and influence of the conductor to keep the orchestral performers in their places, and some of the wind instruments grow positively frantic with the gigantic nature of their task. Such is the enormous exertion required, that the trumpets are regularly on their metal, and after each act a heap of brass filings has to be removed from under the ophycleide. The massive movements for the violoncello have frequently worn away the strings of the instrument to a thread in a single night, and the performer on the kettle-drum has been known to have fallen

down exhausted, like an over-fatigued policeman, on his arduous beat. In the mean time, BALFE, like a musical ÆOLUS, presides over the harmonious storm, and insures the most perfect euphony from the combination of the apparently discordant elements.

Dawn of Ignorance.

M. CARNOT, the Minister of Public Instruction in France under the new system of Fraternity, informs his countrymen that "it is a great error to suppose that it is necessary, in order to be a representative, to have education." This has been proved before now in our own House of Commons; but still, if a Member is to receive five-and-twenty francs a-day, we think the least we have a right to expect from him is, that he should be educated. The same thing is expected from a clerk, who receives infinitely less. If all the Members of the National Assembly are to be elected on the above principle, France is likely to become a second Bœotia, and the president's chair, to be properly filled, should be put up to election only amongst the Lunatic Asylums. If such is the instruction which M. CARNOT generally distributes over France, we are profoundly grateful we have no similar minister in our country for the propagation of such doctrines. We should imagine that M. CARNOT was a pupil of M. LEDRU-ROLLIN—a pupil, too, of the first class.

International Colours.

MANY of the long-sighted Republicans declare that the moon looked favourably on the new aspect of French affairs, for they could trace distinctly the colours of the tricolor on the clouds which concealed it during the late eclipse. These colours are not any one of them precisely the *couleur de rose;* but still we can understand perfectly well why the moon should look with sympathy on France, for it must feel that next to itself, there is nothing in the whole world subject to so many changes and revolutions, as that country. We wonder the Man in the Moon has not sent in his adhesion to the Provisional Government. A penny postage-stamp would have done it.

THE PROGRESS OF ART.

THE artists of the illustrated newspapers have been evincing a wonderful appreciation of the value of truthfulness to nature, in their recent portraits of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, to whom, on his first arrival, they gave, in accordance with historical accuracy, no whiskers at all. In order to mark this curious effect of the Revolution, they turned the ex-king's head into the most uncomfortable attitudes, so that the absence of whiskers, caused by his shaving them off during his flight, to avoid detection, were glaringly perceptible. Each week, however, since his ex-Majesty's arrival, the artists have been rapidly augmenting the quantity of whisker in their portraits, and we shall soon have LOUIS PHILIPPE'S *favoris* restored to their old exuberance.

The artists, it is true, are dealing somewhat harshly with their subject, and are giving whiskers with an exuberance that Nature, who never lays it on too thick, would repudiate; and we advise a more cautious application of the artistical macassar, if probability is not to be entirely set at defiance in the series of scenes of "LOUIS-PHILIPPE at Breakfast," "LOUIS-PHILIPPE after Breakfast," "LOUIS-PHILIPPE taking a Walk," "LOUIS-PHILIPPE coming home from a Walk," and other subjects of the same interesting and exciting nature, that every week adorn the pages of the pictorial journals.

A HARD BLOW.

SIR GEORGE GREY said, in the debate on the Game Laws,—

"He thought the majority of the House would agree with him in condemning the modern system of *battues* (*hear, hear*), which was followed not for sport, not by country gentlemen in their country pursuits (*hear, hear*), in which their tenants were able to join, but for the sake of the enormous amount of game killed being inserted in the newspapers. (*Hear.*) It was a practice utterly unworthy of English gentlemen (*hear*), and might be considered as one of the sources of those numerous crimes which were attributed to the Game Laws."

This is strong language; but every word of it perfectly just. We recollect, however, that PRINCE ALBERT is a great advocate and promoter of all *battues*. His amount of game killed, too, is invariably inserted in the newspapers. Now SIR GEORGE GREY says, that the practice is utterly unworthy of an English gentleman. Gracious goodness! What are we to infer? But the inference is too horrible to be seriously entertained, and so we will dismiss it with the simple request that SIR GEORGE will not sacrifice our loyal feelings again to the base purposes of truth. We must really forego the pleasure of reading the Debates, if we are to be pained in this distressing way.

Making Game.

A FOOLISH accident has prolonged the existence of the Game Laws another twelvemonth. They have been saved in consequence of a "dropped order." What that is, we do not pretend to say; but it must be something very funny, for all the Members laughed. Now, we enjoy a joke as much as anybody, but it strikes us that legislation is not exactly the thing to make fun of. If it is merely a joke, then we contend that we have a greater right to sit in the House than anybody yet returned, with one or two exceptions. If it is not a farce, then it seems strange to us why the throwing out of a most important Bill should provoke such general merriment. What is game to you, landed gentlemen, is death to others. Farmers, you must not complain of the reduction of your crops, for your representatives must have their joke, though it is at your expense. The partridges and pheasants still enjoy the Government license to eat where they please. The game of landlord has been won by a single trick. Tenants, you must pay the stakes, and and hope for better luck, if not fairer play, next year.

New French Chambers.

AT the last sitting of the Club of the Oratorical Institution at Paris, a certain Citizen, says the *Times*—

"Demanded the reign of holy fraternity, and proposed the nomination by election, of two Chambers, of which one should represent 'Talent,' and the other 'Virtue.'"

All success to the demand for the reign of fraternity, and for Chambers of Talent and Virtue! We wish the Parisians could take a set of chambers for such occupants, and fill them. We only hope there will be no demand for the Reign of Terror, and the consequent institution of another "Chamber of Horrors."

Printers' Cannon.

WE understand, from our own correspondent at Vienna, that the EMPEROR FERDINAND is really so much in earnest in his new love for the freedom of thought, that he has given all the cannon that were shotted to fire upon the people, to be made into printing-presses. This is truly the most humane mode of turning the guns of the enemy upon himself.

LED BY THE "NOES."

THE business of the House of Commons was interrupted one night last week, in consequence of the illness of the Speaker. We are not finding fault with the RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR CHARLES SHAW LEFEVRE because he dared to be unwell. No man is proof against colds, especially in a house ventilated by DR. REID. We only think that remedies should always be at hand for such casualties. In a theatre, when the first tragedian or the *prima donna* is seized with sore throat, or chilblains, or the sudden loss of salary or voice, a substitute is invariably put into his or her part. Why could not the same plan be tried in the House of Commons? Why not have a sub-Speaker, who is specially engaged to play second during the session, as often as a cold in the head of his superior, or any other accident, calls upon him to display his talents? At all events there should be some one to apologize for the illness of the Speaker; or notices might be exhibited outside, to the following effect:—

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S.

The Ministers regret to state, that in consequence of the sudden indisposition of

THE SPEAKER,

the performances advertised for this evening cannot possibly take place.

To-morrow will be repeated the laughable farce of "THE INCOME-TAX."

(Signed) RUSSELL.

A medical certificate, signed by MR. WAKLEY, might accompany this, and so would save the unpleasant necessity of the Speaker attending when too unwell, and suffering publicly in order to attract the notice of some sympathising Member to make the necessary adjournment before his presence can be excused. We might suggest a pan of hot water and a friendly basin of water-gruel, with napkins round the head, if the big wig was not found sufficiently warm; but these homely remedies might provoke the well-known gravity of the House, and besides, it might be rather difficult to catch the Speaker's eye when buried under a thick woollen comforter. However, a Sub, or some easy remedy, should be thought of, as the Influenza, or a civic dinner, or the north-east wind, or any of the thousand ills that English flesh is heir to, might deprive us for several weeks, and perhaps a whole session, of the services of the Speaker, and then what would become of the public business? Why, Ministers would not be able to practise the economy they talk so much about, and we should be having next year in every certainty another gentle increase of £110,000 in the public salaries alone!

THE PERSECUTION OF BRITISH FOOTMEN.

BY MR. JEAMES.

INS last weak the Deaming of Revalution has been waiving his flamming sord over France, has drove many more of our unfortnit feller suvnts to hemigrat to the land of their Buth.

The aggrywation of the Boddy of Gentlemen at Livvry agenst the Forriner I am sorry to say is intence. Meatings of my bruthring have took place at many of their Houses of Call in this town. Some gence who use our back parlor had an Eccembly there the other night called the Haggrygit British Plush Protection Society, which, in my capasty of Lanlord and Xmember of the Boddy, I was called upon to attend. Everythink was conducted on ordly redymoney prinsaples, and the liquor paid for as soon as called for, and drunk as soon as paid.

But the feelings of irratation against Foring Sevvants as igsibbited by our Domestic projuice was, I grieve to say, very bitter. Sevral of our Marters came amongst us, pore Egsiles wrankling under the smarts of their ill treatment. The stories of their Rongs caused a furmentation amongst the bruthring. It was all I could do to check the harder of some Howtragus Sperrits, and awhirt peraps a Massykry of French curriers and lackys employed by our nobillaty and gentry. I am thankful to think that peraps I prewented a dellidge of foring blood.

The tails told by our Marters igsited no small and unnatral simpithy: when CHAWLS GARTERS, late Etendant in the famly of the DUKE OF CALYMANCO in the Fobug St. Honory, came amongst and igsplained how—if he had been aloud to remane a few weeks longer in Parris—MADAMASELL DE CALYMANCO, the Dukes only daughter and hairis, would probbly have owned the soft pashn which she felt for our por CHAWLS, and have procured the consent of her Par to her marridge with the galliant and andsum Henglishman, the meeting thrild with Amotion, and tears of pitty for our comrid bedimd each hi. His hart's afections have been crusht. MADYMASELL was sent to a Convent; and CHAWLS dismist with a poltry 3 months wages in adwance, and returns to Halbion's shores & to servitude once more.

FREDERIC LEGS also moved us deaply; we call him leggs, from the bewty of those limbs of his, which from being his pride and hornymint, had nearly projuised his *rewing*. When the town was in kemotion, and the furious French Peuple pursewing every Henglish livary, FREDRICK (in suvvice with a noble famly who shall be nameliss) put on a palto and trowseys, of which his master made him a presnt, and indeavoured to fly.

He mounted a large tricolore cockade in his At, from which he tor the lace, and tried as much as possable to look like a siwillian. But it wouldn't do. The clo's given him by his X-master, who was a little mann, were too small for FREDERICK—the bewty of his legs epeared through his trowsies. The Rebublikins jeered and laft at him in the streats; and it is a mussy that he ever reached Balone alive.

I tried to cumsole CHAWLS by pinting out that the Art which has truly loved never forgits, but as trewly loves on to the clothes; and that if Madamasell reely did love him as he said, he had a better chans of winning her And now than under a monarchickle and arastacrattic Guvment; and as for FREDERIC, I pinted out to him that a man of his appearants was safe of implymint and promoashn in *any* country.

I did everythink, in a word, to sooth my frends. In a noble speach I showed, that if others do wrong, that is no reason why we shouldn't do right. "On the contry now is the time," I said, "for Hengland to show she is reely the Home of the World; and that all men, from a Black to a Frenchman, ought to be safe under the Banner of Brittannier.

"The pholly of these consperracies and jellowsies, I think may be pinted out to my feller-suvants, and igsemplafied in the instants of the famlies of the PRINCE OF BOVO, at Parris, and of LORD Y COUNT GUTTLEBURY, in this country.

"At Parris, As is well ascertained, the nobill Prins, who kep a large studd of osses, with English groombs to take care of em (as by natur Britns are formed to do that, and everythink better than everybody)—the noble Prins, I say, was called upon by the Puple to dishmiss his Hinglish osskeepers. '*Servilure*,' says the Prince, '*Veeve la liberty*; let the Hosskeepers be turned out, as the Sovring Puple is inimichael to their stoppin in France.' The Puple left the Sitzen Prins with a chear for fratunnity, & the por groombs packed up, and have come back to their native hilind.

"But what inshood? The nex day, the Prins sent away the hosses after the hosskeepers; sold up the studd; locked up the carridges, broombs, cabs, bogeys (as those hignorant French call buggiz), laudores

& all, and goes about now with an umbereller. And how I should lick to know, is the puple any better for meddling?

"Lord Ycount Guttlebury's is a case, dear friends, which still mor comes hoam to our busms and our bisniss, and has made no small sensatiun in the Plush and in the fashionable wuld. The splender of his Lodships entytainments is well-known. That good and uprike nobleman only lived for wittles. And be ard on him? why should we?—Nayter has implanted in our busum tastis of a thousand deferent kinds. Some men have a pashn for fox-huntin, some like listening to dybatts in Parlymink and settn on railrode committies; some like Polititicle Aconomy. I've waited behind a chair and heard foax talk about Jollagy, Straty, and red sanstone, until I've nearly dropt asleap myself while standing a Santynel on jewty. What then? Give every mann his taste, I say, and my Lord Guttlebury's was his dinner.

"He had a French Hartist at the head of his Quizeen of coarse—that sellabrated mann Munseer Supréme. Munseer Sooflay persided hover the cumfeckshnary; and under Supraym were three young aidycongs: a Frenchman, a Bulgian, and a young feller from the city, who manidged the tertle and wenson department.

"He was a clever young mann. He has hofn been to take a glas at the W of F: and whenever he came with a cassyrowl of clear turtle, or an ash wenison dish for my Mary Hann, he was I'm sure always welcome. But John Baster was henvious and hambishes. He jined the owtcry which has been rose against foring suvnts by some of our bruthring, and he thought to git ridd of Supraym and the other contynentials, and espired to be Chief Guvnor of my lords kitching.

"Forgitting every sentament but haytred of the forryner, this envius raskle ingaged the kitching-boys and female elpers (who, bein a hansum young mann, looked on him with a kindly i) in a fowl conspirracy against the Frenchmen. He introjuiced kyang pepper into the pattys, garlick into the Blemongys, and sent up the souffly flavored with ingyans. He pysoned my lord's chocolate with shalott, he put Tarrygin vinegar into the Hices. There never was such a conwulsion, or so horrid an igspreshn of hagny in a man's, has (I'm told by my exlent friend, the Majordomy) my lord's fase ashumed, when he tasted black pepper in the clear soup.

"The axdence occurred day after day. It was one day when a R——l P—ss—n—dge was dining with his Loddship; another when 6 egsiled sovrings took their mutton (when he didn't so much mind); a 3d when he wished to dine more igspecially better than on any other, because the doctor had told him to be careful, and he was dining by himself: this last day drove him madd. He sent for Suprame, addresst that gentilman in languidge which he couldn't brook (for he was a Major of the Nashnal Guard of his Betallian, and Commander of the Legend of Honour), and Suprame rasined on the spott—which the French and the Bulgian did it too.

"Soufflay and the cumfectioners hemigrated the nex day. And the house steward, who has a heasy master, for Lord G. is old, fibble, and 70 years of hage, and whose lady has an uncommon good apinnion of Master Baster, recommended him to the place, or at least to have the Purvisional Guvment of my lord's Quizeen.

"It wasn't badd. Baster has tallints of no mien horder. You couldn't egsactly find folt with his souperintendiance. But a mere good dinner is fur from enough to your true amature. A dellixy, a something, a *jennysquaw*, constatutes the diffrants between talint and Genus—and my lord soughered under it. He grew melumcolly and silent; he dined, its trew, taysting all the outrays as usual, but he never made any remarx about 'em, for good or for bad. Young Baster at the Igth of his Hambishn, tor his Air with rage as his dinners came down 1 by 1, and nothing was said about 'em—nothing.

"Lord Guttlebury was *breaking his Art*. He didn' know how fond he was of Supraym, till he lost him—how nessasurry that mann was to his igsistence. He sett his confidenshle Valick to find out where Supraym had retreated; and finding he was gone to Gascony of which he is a naytif, last weak without saying a word to his frends with only Sangsew his valet, and the flying ketching fourgong, without which he never travels—my lord went to France and put himself again under Supraym. The sean between 'em, I'm told, was very affecting. My lord has taken a Shatto near Supraym's house, who comes to dress the dinner of which the noble Ycount partakes aloan.

"The town-house is shet up, and everybody has ad orders to quit—all the footmen—all the quizeen, in coarse including Baster—and this is all he has gained by his insidgus haytrid of forraners, and by his foolish hambishn.

"No, my friends," I concluded; "if gentlemen choose to have foreign suvnts, its not for *us* to intafear, and there must be a free trayd in flunkies as in every other kimodaty of the world."

I trust that my little remarks pazyfied some of the discontented sperrits presnt—and can at least wouch for the fact that every man shook Ands; every man paid his Skoar.

Worthy of the Occasion.—One of the characters in the new Adelphi drama called *Harvest Home*, is a villanous hawker, played by O. Smith; and some evil genius at our side has suggested to us that this "villanous hawker" is a very "*hawkerd villain*" !!!!!!!!!!!!

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Ledru-Rollin has just proved his capacity for coping with the French crisis, by an act that will place him among the coolest if not among the greatest statesmen of this or any other age. When nearly all employment has ceased, when the workmen are walking about idle by thousands, when men of business are shutting up their establishments, and men of property running away, M. Ledru-Rollin, as Minister of the Interior, puts forth a fustian proclamation full of the rarest rodomontade, and ordering some gratuitous performances at the theatres of Paris, that the people may have a free opportunity of listening to noble sentiments. Fancy Sir George Grey, with England in a worse state than happily it ever has been, or we hope ever will be, coming out with an order to throw open the doors of the Victoria and the Surrey, in the name of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

We understand that some first-rate sentiments are often to be heard at the Grecian Saloon; and we believe that the code of chivalry towards the female sex is expounded there in a style not to be met with at any other establishment. What, then, is to prevent our Minister for the Home Department from directing that the people should have access to this emporium for elegant outbursts of the finer feelings of our nature, if the French Minister is right in sending the people to the play, as a panacea for the awful dangers to which the country is exposed at the present moment?

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that orders for the theatre are the only orders in France that have not yet been doomed to abolition. One of M. Ledru-Rollin's colleagues, M. Louis Blanc, has gone largely into the gardening line, by way of saving France from utter ruin, and is walking about with noisy mobs singing "*Ca Ira*," and planting trees of Liberty. We should propose that if this planting tom-foolery is essential to the glory of the French Republic, it would be better to typify the Tree of Liberty under the symbol of a long pole with a leg of mutton fastened on the top of it. If the French Revolution is to be a grand achievement, and the Republic a great fact, the sooner it shakes off these frivolities and sets to work, instead of continuing at play, the better it will be for the national character.

PURE PATRIOTISM.

Every one must be delighted with the disinterestedness of Lord Ellenborough in calling attention to the public expenditure; for, as he happens to enjoy a sinecure as Clerk of the Fees of the Court of Queen's Bench, given him by his father when Chief Justice, and amounting to £9625 per annum, an inquiry into the subject of extravagant outlay cannot be otherwise than prejudicial to himself. We quite agree with his Lordship in his wish for economy, but we differ from him as to which end we ought to begin at; and, instead of cutting down the hard-working clerks of £90 or £100 per annum, or even the hard-working men of a few hundreds, we should like to see a commencement made with the exorbitant sinecures of such persons as Lord Ellenborough himself. We presume, however, that his Lordship has taken this delicate method of inviting public attention to his own case, and that he only waits for the hint to be given to him, to make a graceful relinquishment of his enormous perquisites. We shall look for the speedy consummation of this laudable object at a very early period.

Homage to Harvey.

It is proposed, says the *Maidstone Journal*, to erect a monument to Dr. Harvey. As so many statues have been awarded to men whose celebrity rests on blood, one, at least, may be considered due to the discoverer of the circulation of that fluid.

Contract for Ireland.

Office of "United Irishman," Dublin.

Wanted, an immediate supply of strong, stout strait-jackets, for a number of very dangerous lunatics.

OUR ROYAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WE are overwhelmed from all parts of the Continent with letters from our royal acquaintance. It is remarkable that, though they all come *free*, the writers seem to avoid the use of the royal Head on the outside, as disagreeably suggestive. We have received so many of these "Epistolæ obscurorum virorum" from little German potentates whose names have hitherto been entirely unknown to us, that we think seriously of opening a bureau of royal agency, for the purpose of clearing reduced sovereigns through the Custom House, as MESSRS. M'CRACKEN and CHINNERY do with foreign works of art and *vertu*. All these sovereigns, without any exception, write in the highest spirits of the reforms going on in their States; but we are rather at a loss to reconcile the tone of their letters with the hints and commissions in their postscripts. Perhaps, from the subjoined specimens, our readers may be able to solve this apparent contradiction for themselves.

From HIS SERENE HIGHNESS LOUIS, *Grand Duke of Hesse.*

"LIEBER HERR PUNCH, "*Cassel, April* 1.

"IT is with delight I once more find myself in heartiest, and sportively-cheerful intercourse with you, although I do not the English language with-ease to myself write, not having the same close and prosperously-happy connection with your country enjoyed, which to the lot of my cousins of Saxe-Cobourg has luckily fallen. You will gladly hear that all in these my dominions has on the glorious course of Constitutional Reform with-prosperous-wind entered. My beloved subjects this morning my palace with loudly-joyous salutations entering, and the windows of the Grand Hall of audience in their-with-difficulty-repressible loyalty breaking to shivers, received from me, their beloved hereditary-sovereign, all that they demanded. A Ministry hostile to the-by-the-times-demanded progress, I have ignominiously dismissed, glorious press-freedom have I proclaimed. Your so-much-by-our-jurisprudents-praised trial by jury, have I liberally introduced; and I hear at this moment the *feu-de-joie* with which my reforms are in the streets by a holiday-crowd welcomed. This is glorious (*herrlich*), is it not? With England for imitation-worthy model, and sportive-laughing *Punch* for Friend, happy am I.

"*Dein aller-liebster ganz und gar reformirender Freund,*

"LOUIS."

Private After-Communication.

"As in my newly-begun-of-constitutional-usages apprentice-year, I shall no doubt soon visit England, will you a reasonably-cheap lodging for me engage? So, if you have, in your large and cultivated circle, friends who shall be anxious to learn our German language, I shall be glad the true Court style (*Hof-sprech-und-Schreibart*) to impart to them, for a moderate instruction-price (*Lehr-geld*)."

From HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERIC-WILLIAM-LOUIS, *Prince of Prussia.*

"DEAR PUNCH, "*Berlin.*

"WE are all in the pleasant excitement of a change of ministry. I leave Berlin on a special mission to London. Do order me a dozen

shirts, and have a cab for me at the Blackwall Pier. I shan't be a minute delayed at the Custom House, as I have no luggage.

"Ever yours,

"F. W. L."

"P.S. Do you think ALBERT'S uniforms would fit me? *Entr' amis*, you know, *point de cérémonie*."

From HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY FERDINAND I., CHARLES-LEOPOLD-JOSEPH MARCELLIN, *Emperor of Austria.*

"*In my Palace at Vienna.*

"PLEASE, dear *Mr. Punch*, I am very happy; but they will take the horses out of my carriage, and fire ever so many guns off, which startles me a little; but METTERNICH is gone, and they say we must have a free press and a Constitution, but I don't know what that is; and, if you please, I should like to live in England, because they would not take the horses out of my carriage and fire guns off there. If you think my cousin QUEEN VICTORIA would be glad to see me, I should like to come very much. Is not this a nice letter? Nobody has seen it. I have written it all myself. Good bye, dear *Punch*. "FERDINAND."

From HIS MAJESTY FREDERIC-WILLIAM THE FOURTH, *King of Prussia.*

"BELOVED AND PROFOUND PUNCH!

"ALL hail to the glorious Teutonic race, of which you in England also are brethren, and which I hasten this day to bind in a new and

mighty unity! I have placed myself at the head of the national movement! Tumultuous rejoicings hail the event throughout Berlin! For thirty years I have awaited this moment! Hark, that shout! My beloved Berliners, I fly to receive your loyal and fervent greetings!

"What joy is comparable to that of the constitutional monarch of true German hearts!

"FREDERICK-WILLIAM."

"P.S. Pray drop in at Buckingham Palace, and inquire if my old bedroom is in order. I may give my dear little coz the agreeable surprise of a visit *improvisée*, some of these days. It is so seldom we unhappy kings can dispense with ceremony."

The Imperial Rothschild.

WEAK-MINDED persons are alarmed about the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. They are afraid lest he should put himself at the head of his Cossacks, and sweep away every vestige of civilisation from the surface of Europe. Strong-minded persons (ourselves included) only laugh at these fears. We know that the Emperor loves a million as much as anybody; and does he not possess millions in our Funds, and millions in the French Funds? All these are liable to the fickle changes of the Stock-Exchange. In the event of a war, they would tumble so low, that, probably, they would scarcely be worth the picking up. No; NICHOLAS has bound himself down to keep the peace in the heaviest sureties. War is a game at which there is everything to lose, and nothing to gain. Depend upon it, the best securities for peace are Government Securities.

"A Magnificent Patriot."

A SUNDAY Paper applies this title to tyrannous old METTERNICH. Now his patriotism, if not magnificent, was wonderfully ingenious. For he contrived to evade the payment of taxes for his domain of Johannisberg for thirty-three years. As he is such a hand at defeating the Exchequer, he might in England, make a tolerable sum by delivering a course of lectures—"*On the Evasion of the Income-Tax.*"

Proper Dignity.

THE Regent's Park Zoological Professors have dropt their admission from one shilling to sixpence. As soon as the Elephant heard that he was to be shown at half-price,—with a dignity worthy of even an eminent tragedian—he resolved to show himself only in profile.

THE KINGS IN THEIR COCK-BOATS.

Lo, Europe all a-surging with Revolution's sea,
And a dozen cock-boats driving, with breakers on the lee;
Each carrying a CÆSAR and his fortunes—that's to say,
Such fortunes as poor CÆSARS are blest with in our day.

A crew of Cockney oarsmen in Chelsea Reach afloat,
And right upon them steaming down a reckless penny boat,
A footman in a funny, a lone woman in a wherry,
Compared with these poor sovereigns may be called at ease and merry.

What have they not flung overboard, that fling overboard they can?—
Pledge, principle, or prejudice, a measure, or a man;
But the breakers still roar nearer, and each sounding of the well
Tells how the ship is settling, and how the waters swell.

FRANCE clings to his umbrella as a sort of safety buoy,
And hails, in desperation, "The VICTORIA—a hoy!"
BAVARIA plunges overboard, to seek *solus cum sola*,
For consolation in the arms of his determined LOLA.

Poor AUSTRIA crouches at the helm in a state of helpless snivel,
And military PRUSSIA to his crew grows sudden civil;
And even burly RUSSIA, with his freight of gold and tallow,
Whether with rage or retching, looks marvellously sallow.

And wistfully they strain their gaze, where thro' winds and waters dark,
Scuds, like a sea-bird, taut and trim, the gallant British barque,
Close-reefed and snug—her storm-sails set—and rising to the seas,
That dash and drench, uncourtly, their foreign Majesties.

Her able seamen were at sea, while yours were snug on shore;
The shoals that you are driving on she has sounded o'er and o'er;
In the gales of Agitation and the white squalls of Reform,
She learnt the skill that bears her safe thro' Revolution's storm.

She was still being caulked and coppered, while your lazy keels were shent
With the barnacles of *statu quo*, the worms of discontent;
'Tis thus she sails, and mocks the gales that threaten to submerge
Your crazy craft and helpless crews under the wild sea-verge.

AMERICAN PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MR. JONES, of Tenessee, in a few brief observations, accused MR. HARALSON, of Georgia, of inconsistency.

MR. HARALSON replied by a well-directed compliment addressed to the Hon. Member's frontispiece.

MR. JONES retorted by an effective smasher, which told on MR. HARALSON'S proboscis.

MR. HARALSON then let out with his right, but was stopped by MR. JONES with his left; who planted an ugly counter on MR. HARALSON'S potato-trap. Some scientific parrying then ensued between the Hon. Members. At length MR. HARALSON, having got MR. JONES into chancery, convinced him that, whether he was inconsistent or not, he was well up to fibbing.

The House here, thinking that the mill had lasted long enough, cried "Time!" and the discussion between the Hon. Members terminated. The House then resolved itself into a general set-to on the order of the day.

A BRUMMAGEM BYRON.

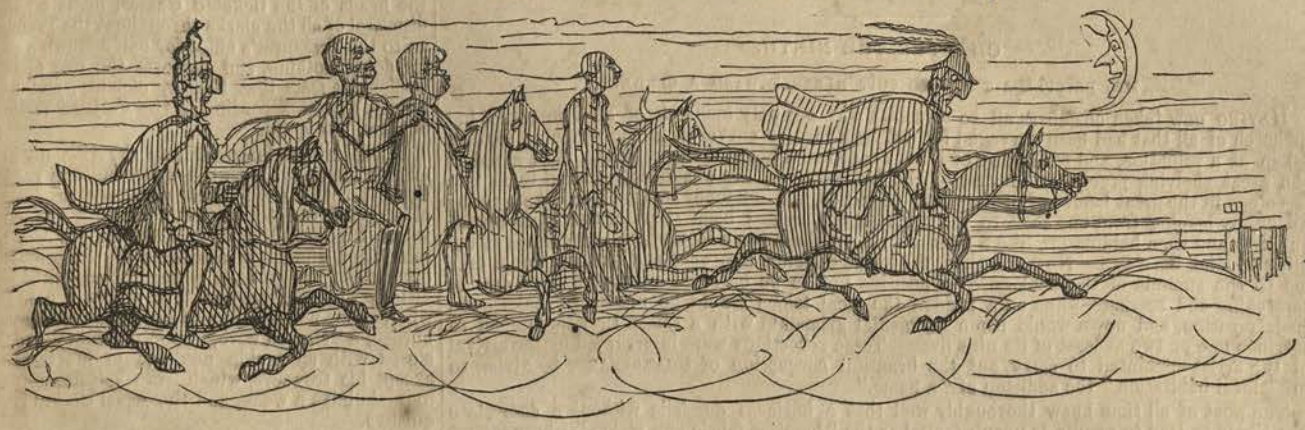
A GENTLEMAN having caught a glance at himself in a glass, with his collar turned down, was immediately struck with his extraordinary likeness to BYRON. He went to bed full of the idea, and rose in the morning confirmed in the notion that he was the son—(who was his mother he cared not to inquire about) of *Childe Harold*. He would immediately, upon the strength of this relationship, publish the fragments of his lamented father; with letters, washing-bills, and every thing that could illustrate the poet's history. However, the bookseller discovers the Brummagem BYRON, and washes his hands of the unfortunate acquaintance.

We are glad of this. Otherwise, we should have had the great, great, great grandson of MILTON—who was privately married to a daughter of OLIVER CROMWELL—publishing half-a-dozen new books of *Paradise Lost*, besides a second part of *Comus*. BEN JONSON would have been represented in the boy (now an aged man) of the NELSON Column; and BEAUMONT and FLETCHER come back to us from America, by the Siamese Twins.

THE BRITISH LION AND THE IRISH MONKEY.

Monkey (Mr. Mitchell). "One of us MUST be 'Put Down.'"

REAL FRATERNITY.



The English statues of kings and nobles might, with good reason, seek to fraternise with the French statues who have been put out of sight by the Revolution, to the great envy of some of our own statues, who are most anxious to get released from the conspicuous, painful, and humiliating positions they are at present compelled to occupy. George the Fourth wishes himself melted at least ten times a day, and George the Third feels that his is indeed a tale of bitterness and sorrow, if it were generally understood. The Duke of Wellington, in his ugly bronze armour, feels his to be an extremely hard case, and the Duke of York would be only too glad to come down with the dust of Pall Mall from his lofty and uncomfortable pedestal.

A WORD WITH LOUIS BLANC.

Citizen Blanc, a word with you on the Organisation of Literary Labour. Open your book; there Citizen; at page 222 it reads thus, according to our English:—

"Literature has on society the right of a command. Now, what becomes of this right, when the man of letters descends to exercise his genius as a trade—if he only writes books to amass capital? To become subservient to the taste of the public, to flatter its prejudices, to feed its ignorance, to compromise its errors, to daily with its worst passions; in a word, to write everything that may be hurtful, so that it is agreeable? Such is the necessary condition of whomsoever exchanges his genius for money."

Thus, Citizen, it is only wise and virtuous books that are made gratis. Literature, like love, to be really pure, must not be bought. A man who exercises his literary genius *must* prostitute it, if he sell his manuscript to a publisher. Truly, Citizen, these are bitter conclusions. But let us continue.

"What," you ask, "in exchange for the gold I offer you, will you make me ashamed of my stupidity? Will you curb my egotism—will you disturb me in the enjoyment of the fruit of my rapine—will you make me tremble for the future? Your wisdom, Sir, will cost you a little too dear. I'll none of it. Thus, thought loses its character of teaching, and with it all moral authority. The writer who depends upon the favour of the public loses the faculty of guiding it; he loses even the desire to do so. He is a king who abdicates."

From this, Citizen, we must conclude that every book hitherto written for money is a piece of flattery and corruption. Boileau was a public mischief, and *Tartuffe*, for which we fear Molière took hard *louis-d'ors*, a miserable time-serving comedy. In a word, every paid author is an enemy to the true nobility of human nature—a Swiss, who lets out a pen instead of a pike.

"I could conceive," says Citizen Blanc, "that a law should be made to abolish, as a *trade*, the condition of the man of letters; but to make a law to render this trade more lucrative, and to encourage the manufacturers of literature, this appears to me utterly insensate."

Thus, if Citizen Blanc hold to his opinions of 1839, we may expect no law of international copyright from the Republic. Let M. Galignani rejoice; and let his Bibliothèque in the Rue Vivienne still remain the greatest literary "fence" in Europe.

Citizen Blanc would make literature the exercise of over hours. He would have the author learn some handicraft whereby to obtain his daily bread; and, the daily work over, he might then sit down to his foolscap, a pure and unsuspected teacher of the people, because teaching them for nothing. Of course, Citizen, what applies to literature, also applies to the arts that appeal to the higher nature of man. The sculptor who takes money for his statues, chisels marble into vilest and most sensual forms, to the defilement and degradation of the world. The painter paints nothing but lust and gluttony—because he paints for hard cash. Citizen Blanc would alter this; somehow, no doubt, after this fashion.

Let the author work—let us say—at a paper-mill his eight or ten hours a day. This may average him about thirty shillings a week. Self and family frugally provided for, there will then remain money sufficient for pens, ink, and paper: and, as for time, at least four hours of the night for gratuitous literary composition.

The sculptor may also employ himself with some trade—*qui subvienne à ses besoins*. Human vanity will never be without tombstones. Therefore, let Michael Angelo work his ten hours in a stone-cutter's yard, and lay out the rest of his time on Jupiters and Junos.

When Raphael has returned from his daily work as an industrious house-painter, he may then resume his palette, and at over hours proceed with the "Transfiguration."

Citizen Blanc has an earnest, and we believe an honest, soul. But with all its earnestness, all its honesty—verily hath it not crotchets?

PUNCH'S MAXIMS MORALISED.

25.—*Evil communications corrupt good manners.*

This accounts for the occasional rudeness and want of manners shown by the editors of newspapers, who naturally get an amount of evil communications that must try the politeness, as well as the patience, of the best bred and the best tempered man in the world.

26.—*Evil gotten evil spent.*

Some people say that the crown Louis-Philippe has just made such a bad use of, brought him ill luck in the end, because it was not quite honestly obtained.

27.—*Experience is the mother of Science.*

Perhaps so; but Science, like many other children, will often despise the maternal counsel, and go on in error to the end.

28.—*Experience teaches fools.*

Then Experience may say to every human being, "You have been, or will be, my pupil at some time of your life."

29.—*Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.*

This accounts for the paucity of brains that has been observed among some of the most hospitable of the Lord Mayors of London in the olden time. The quantity of civic foolery used formerly to require the assistance of an official fool, but latterly the Lord Mayor has found himself quite equal to the entire duty, which, to do him justice, is not so heavy as it used to be.

Guizot at Brompton.

"Mr. Punch, "*Paris, April* 1.

"It is here very generally reported that M. Guizot has domiciled himself at Brompton. Is this really true? Or does the report merely originate from the fact that English dramatists dwelling on that London Parnassus, always lay hold of everything from the French—*as soon as out?*

"Yours, "Bitters."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

MR. BRIEFLESS TRIES TO SUIT HIMSELF WITH A CLERK.

HAVING now taken chambers all to myself, I was not only monarch of all I surveyed, but monarch of all that had been surveyed for me, by a regular surveyor, in the shape of fixtures taken at a valuation, and consisting of a book-case and a brown-holland blind. As I gazed at the great shelving precipices formed by the book-shelves, my imagination turned them into the steps in the great ladder of professional eminence, and my fancy amused itself like a young kitten, by leaping from one shelf to the other, as if they had been steps in my future career, and now and then holding on, like a matured cat, to those posts into which every one is struggling to stick his claws. Now and then, the image of feline buoyancy and tenacity would take me to the summit of the book-case—a position not to be obtained without a good deal of scratching and tearing—when on a sudden the ideal talons would be unable to make good their position, and down would come my mental grimalkin with a smash that threatened to sacrifice one or two at least of its nine lives. These reflections were interrupted by the arrival of the artist appointed to carry out the beautiful conception of SHAKSPEARE, by giving to my "local habitation" the addition of "a name."

The poet of all time knew thoroughly well that a business domicile without a door-plate was likely to lead to results as unsubstantial as the "baseless fabric of a vision," whose tenant too often "leaves not a rap behind," excepting perhaps those useless posthumous raps—if I may be allowed the expression—which his creditors bring to the door after the abandonment of the premises. I may perhaps be told that this is digression; but is not almost everything of interest and importance a digression after all? The French Revolutions—all three of them—have been digressions from the ordinary course; SIR ROBERT PEEL's most valuable pieces of statesmanship have been digressions from his customary career, and it is habitually said of anything poor and contemptible, "Oh! it is nothing out of the way." When, therefore, my genius seems disposed to take a short cut, I am often inclined to encourage it to a more rambling and desultory movement, which has occasionally led it into a number of odd turnings, and not unfrequently into a *cul de sac;* but some of these byways have proved the most interesting, as well as the most profitable part of my intellectual pilgrimage.

I must, however, check for the present this rambling propensity; for I find myself suddenly surrounded and beset by a parcel of boys of every age and of every style of British costume, who have been collected by an advertisement I caused to be inserted in the paper for a clerk. They were told to apply between one and two, but they were between forty and fifty at least, giving life and juvenility to the whole staircase by the playful gambols in which they indulged. Leap-frog was rampant in the passages; while marbles and peg-top made up with conversation the occupation of the pavement at the bottom of the stairs. The candidates for my clerkship had given to the Court in which my chambers were situated, the aspect of a fair, and the whole

of the legal porterage were in arms—wearing their canes and their tickets—to stand by their own order, and preserve the order of the Temple. An attempt was made at one time to get them to fraternise; but with that loyal and constitutional feeling which has established a sort of miniature bulwark immediately under the pewter badge worn on every breast, they to a man refused to surrender their allegiance. Happily there was no occasion for a collision. The *gaminerie* did not attempt to depose the chief porter, cause the evacuation of the pump on to the heads of the ticketed classes, insist on the dismissal of all the clerks throughout the Temple, go to the Treasurer's office for half-a-crown a day for doing nothing, and perform the rest of the fashionable feats that liberty, equality, and fraternity, appear, according to the Parisian version of them, to require.

It would be uninteresting to describe my numerous interviews with the miscellaneous candidates for the single, and not very profitable clerkship I had to bestow. Some of them to whom I proposed the "half-crowns" by way of salary, and who knew something of the probable proceeds of this mode of remuneration, asked me bitterly whether I wanted "to starve a cove?" whereupon, not wishing to have that ponderous burden, a "starved cove," upon my conscience, I closed with an urchin not yet in his teens—except his trowsers, which were velveteens—for four shillings a week, and the usual clerical perquisites.

I was surprised to find, by the offers of the applicants, the very miscellaneous uses to which a barrister's clerk could be applied. Some had been accustomed to look after horses, as well as asses—I mean clients—and some twenty or thirty had no objection to undertaking the care of a cat. The great majority were willing to clean my boots—in this I should have met them halfway, for I wore highlows—and two or three had a little carpet-beating and new-laid egg connection, which they hoped their arrangements with me would not render it necessary to disturb. One drove a cab three days a week, and was willing to give me the benefit of his clerkship on the alternate days, with an undertaking not to wear corduroy breeches at chambers; and one juvenile who had been accustomed to deal in congreve matches, thought that his connection with the brimstone trade, and his dealings with Lucifer, would be considered to have qualified him for introduction to the law.

Having selected my future clerk, and dismissed the disappointed crowd with a few sentences of judicious clap-trap, in which I told them that under our glorious Constitution every one of them might sit upon the woolsack if he could only get there, and asked them if they ever knew a labourer mount a ladder, except by beginning at the lowest round; they gave me three rounds of cheering, and left me, like the Vauxhall Hermit, alone—alone—alone!

"The Voice of Woman."

La Voix des Femmes is one of the hundred new journals published in Paris since the Revolution. It is popular, the *Voice of Woman* being, of course, heard all over the capital. We see in it that one of the rules of the Ladies' Club—the ladies who conduct the paper—is, "That no lady shall speak longer than a quarter of an hour." There are some elderly women in the House of Commons who might follow this excellent example. A quarter of an hour only! Was there ever such self-denial?

The Best Prosecution for the Irish Agitators.

THE best prosecution after all for the Hibernian CATILINES, would be an unanimous resolution of the Press not to notice them. When they found that not a word of their sedition was reported, they would very quickly hold their tongues. The most cruel punishment for an Agitator is silent contempt. It is more effectual than all the fines and imprisonments, and saves a wonderful deal of dangerous martyrdom.

OUR FOREIGN EXPRESSES.

SINCE the last few weeks, the news from abroad has poured upon us so rapidly, that we cannot sit quietly down for half-an-hour without being disturbed by the intelligence of some fresh Revolution. Our paulo-post-meridian chop is scarcely placed before us when a knock comes to our door, and "our boy" runs wildly in with the announcement, "Please Sir, here's the telegraphic despatch just come with another Revolution;" and that is hardly registered in our mind ere we are broken in upon once more with the intimation that "a man is waiting outside with another Republic, and wants to know whether he shall leave it, and call again." To deal with all these commotions is more than we can accomplish, and we have for some time past ordered all the *bonâ fide* Revolutions to be put upon our file; but the Irish shindies are to be thrown at once into our waste-paper basket without the advantage of a stoppage *in transitu*, to ascertain what they may be worth. We had very nearly pitched the whole of Lombardy to the dustmen, and thrown Naples into the hands of the buttermen by another sweeping arrangement; but the accumulation of Revolutions is really so rapid, that we have no time to attend to them all. We have, however, been attracted by one of more interest than the majority of the others, in the shape of a

REVOLUTION IN THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

(By Extra-extra-ordinary Express.)

Intelligence has just reached us, by special barge from Blackfriars Coal-Wharf, that the Cannibal Islands have deposed their king, and that a Republic has been declared. His Majesty, who was closeted with HOKI when the rising commenced, immediately sent for POKI, who promised to stir up what few embers of loyalty still remained among the people. WHANKI, who had the command of the forces, was believed to be staunch, but at the last moment he received such intelligence from FUM as induced him to fraternise with the insurgents; and the king, having got a few beads and feathers together, flew towards the frontier. WHOSKY PHOSKY addressed the crowd from the window of his wigwam, and he, with WHANKEY and TWANKEY, were unanimously chosen to act as a Provisional Government. A decree has already been issued, promising to afford the blessings of Cannibalism to any nation that will accept them willingly, and to force the said blessings upon any people by whom they are ignorantly and maliciously declined.

Freedom is declared to be established, and, to secure its interests, the great principle has been enunciated that everybody has a right to do what he likes with everybody else's own. Alarm is deprecated as dangerous to the Republic of Cannibalism, and every one who exhibits any symptom of terror, is to be at once killed, in order to calm his apprehensions, and prove to him that he had nothing to fear.

Such is the progress of the Cannibal Islands Revolution, according to the latest advices we have received.

"The Queen's Royal Body-Guard."

THE Gentlemen-at-Arms—so many of them being hitherto Gentlemen-at-Counters, are to be purified of the shop and called as above. The *Post* tells us that "no person is allowed to enter this *corps*"—(the service of the *corps* is tantamount to that of footmen, with the privilege of staring at Majesty)—"who is in any way connected with trading or mercantile pursuits." Hence, the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY as a coal-whipper, is not eligible; neither is the EARL OF JERSEY as indirectly "connected" with CHILD'S banking-house. Indeed, when we consider the matter a little, trade and commerce appear so very low, that we hope to see the day when they shall be abolished throughout the empire. What does England want with a ledger? Has she not the *Red Book?*

TO CROWNED HEADS IN GENERAL AND SMALL GERMAN ONES IN PARTICULAR.

THE new Company, advertised as the "Sovereign Assurance Company," having been overwhelmed with applications from France, Italy, Prussia, Austria, and the German Confederation in general, beg to state, for the information of Continental Sovereigns, that no Insurances can be effected with individuals answering to the above description. The "Sovereign Assurance Company" is strictly a commercial body, and does not take political risks.

HOW TO DISPOSE OF YOUR SYMPATHISERS.

The Provisional Government en Séance.

M. de Lamartine. Messieurs, a deputation of Poles waits to express sympathy, and to demand arms, provisions, and money.

Ledru-Rollin. Messieurs, a deputation of brave Belgians waits for the same noble purpose.

Louis Blanc. Messieurs, twelve deputations of Prussians, Austrians, Hungarians, Bohemians, and natives of various German principalities, whose names, I regret to say, have escaped me, wait with the same eager sympathies, the same modest demands.

F. Flocon. Messieurs, six deputations of Italian refugees wait, in precisely the same attitude as their Polish, Belgian, and German brothers.

All the Provisional Government. What is to be done? Diable!

M. de Lamartine. Messieurs, let us return their sympathy with interest.

All. Bravo! Admit the deputations.

Enter the Deputations.

M. de Lamartine. Messieurs, the Provisional Government accepts its mission. Messieurs, we are all brothers. Messieurs, the Provisional Government accepts your generous, your noble offer. Messieurs, the Provisional Government is profoundly moved. Go, Messieurs, and fulfil the dictates of your sacred enthusiasm.

The Deputations. But the arms?

M. de Lamartine. The Provisional Government gives you its sympathy.

The Deputations. But the Provisions?

M. de Lamartine. The Provisional Government gives you its admiration.

The Deputations. But the money?

M. de Lamartine. The Provisional Government gives you its blessing, and tickets for the railway trains about to start to your respective frontiers. [*The Deputations look slightly sold.*

M. de Lamartine (with great empressement). Your respective countries call for you. Adieu! foreign brethren.

[*Exeunt the Deputations grumbling.*

M. de Lamartine. Messieurs, France has lost several battalions of patriots, but Poland, Belgium, Austria, Prussia, and Italy have gained them! Once arrived, the struggle is theirs.

[*The Provisional Government look considerably relieved.*

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

[*By our own Penny-a-liner.*]

As the season is now approaching for enormous gooseberries, of which a glut may be expected, and as these will be succeeded by the colossal cabagges, and followed in due course by a series of late raspberries, in consequence of some unlooked-for autumnal mildness in some suburban garden, we feel that there will be no opening for fish, and such other small fry, for a very considerable period. The Folkstone Whale came only just in time to get paragraphed; but we have on hand a specimen of the finny tribe, with reference to whom the motto must be, "Now or never!" and as we have paid our penny-a-liner in advance for it, we are determined to bring it in.

"The other day an Irishman of the name of MITCHELL was fishing among the gudgeons and flat fish that are so plentiful in his native country, and was going to considerable lengths with his own peculiar line, when all of a sudden he caught—with a hook—a most Extraordinary Pike! According to MR. MITCHELL'S statement it measured nine feet in length, and had a head of massive iron; but upon a careful examination of the pike it was found not to have anything like the weight that MR. MITCHELL supposed."

Ned. "HALLO, BILL, ARE YOU GOING TO THE EAGLE TO NIGHT?"
Bill. "WHY, NO! IT'S SUCH A BORE TO DRESS."

THE PARISIAN COURT CIRCULAR.

HIS Majesty the Populace this week promenaded in the streets of Paris, and sang the *Marseillaise* in various parts of the town.

His Majesty visited the garden of the Luxembourg, in which he planted a tree of liberty. The tree was decorated by the hand of His Majesty with flags, flowers, and bows of ribbon. The clergy of St. Sulpice were present. The *curé* and *vicaire* assisted at the interesting ceremony, by pronouncing an oration and a benediction, after which His Majesty danced round the tree, and let off a number of muskets and crackers.

His Majesty subsequently visited the principal quays, and other open places, in which he planted more trees of liberty trimmed with ribbons. On each occasion the clergy in the neighbourhood were in attendance, and one of their body delivered an impressive discourse, the sermon being again followed by a dance and a display of fireworks.

In the evening, His Majesty was graciously pleased to command all persons whose houses adjoined the trees of liberty which he had planted, to illuminate, himself setting them his royal example, by lighting pitch fires in the principal thoroughfares.

Towards midnight, His Majesty thought proper to amuse himself by dragging a bust of his predecessor, LOUIS-PHILIPPE, round the neck of which was tied a label, with "*A la lanterne*" written upon it, about the streets.

His Majesty continues in the enjoyment of excellent health, and, as may be concluded from the above particulars, in the highest spirits.

The Apprentices and the Republic.

A DEPUTATION of goldsmiths' and jewellers' apprentices went to the Hôtel de Ville a day or two ago, to ask the Provisional Government, among other things, to amend their diet. They remonstrated against *pain sec*, dry bread. Poor fellows! wise in their very innocence. For not even SIR ROBERT would apply to a better place than the seat of government, if wishing to have his bread buttered.

THE FINE YOUNG IRISH GENTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a rare new song, of a youth with a shallow pate,
Of a fine young Irish gentleman whose Paper 's his estate,
And who writes and chatters treason at a most enormous rate,
From love of notoriety, sensation to create,
Like a fine young Irish gentleman—one of the present time.

His talk, so empty otherwise, is full of pikes and guns;
With yells for blood and massacre the people's ear he stuns;
He preaches war—but danger since the brawler always shuns,
If ever matters come to blows, depend on it he runs,
Like a fine young Irish gentleman—one of the present time.

When Famine's hand oppress'd his land, we freely gave our store—
Although ourselves in grievous want—to save the starving poor;
We oped our hearts towards them—in return, with brutal roar,
Those hearts his fellow-countrymen he calls upon to gore,
Like a fine young Irish gentleman—one of the present time.

And thus his curship howling in Confederation Hall,
Kept on defying constantly the arm of Law to fall,
Enraged that Government would take no note of him at all,
Because, though great the wickedness, the consequence was small
Of this fine young Irish gentleman—one of the present time.

At length, as when a puppy will in yelping persevere,
Since, though we reck not of his bite, his bark annoys our ear,
And so we kick him: thus the Crown resolved to interfere,
And for sedition to indict this puny mutineer,
Oh! this fine young Irish gentleman—one of the present time.

The Law, though late, asserts itself, no more to be defied:
This fine young Irish gentleman and friends are to be tried;
And, would some wholesome statute there existed to provide
A treadmill for the exercise, and a trimming for the hide
Of this fine young Irish gentleman—one of the present time.

"IRA EST FUROR BREVIS."—The theatrical critics are loud in praise of a real Ethiopian tragedian, a MR. ALDRIDGE, with the unusual Christian name of *Ira*, which is no doubt symbolical of its owner being "the rage," wherever he goes.

PARIS DEPUTATIONS.

EVERY Body sends its deputation to the Provisional Government. A few days ago, it is said, the washerwomen of Paris went to the Hôtel de Ville. Was it to ask for the linen of the Republic? At all events, it is little to wash the linen of the Ministers who are in. But what would it be to *wash the hands* of the Ministers who are out?

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS ON A GRAND DEPUTATION DAY.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, APRIL 8th, 1848.

IRISH GEMS.

FROM THE "BENIGHTED IRISHMAN."

OUR troops having smashed through that castle, and pulled down that flag, which now floats over the butcher CLARENDON and his minions, a flood of prosperity will rush into the country, such as only the annals of the Four Masters gives count of. Since the days of BRIAN BOROIMHE such days of peace, plenty, and civilisation shall not have been known, as those that are in store for our liberated Erin.

There will be a Capital.

The Ambassadors of the foreign Powers will bring their suites and their splendours to the Court of the Republic. The nobility will flock back in crowds to our deserted squares. Irish poplin will rise in price to ten shillings a yard, so vast will be the demand for that web by the ladies of our city. Irish diamonds will reach the price of the inferior Golconda article. Irish linen and shirtings will rise immensely. Indeed, all Irish produce, not being depreciated by the ruinous competition for gold, will augment in value.

Debt at home, and absenteeism, have been the curses of our country. Henceforth there shall be no absenteeism, and no debt.

He who refuses to live amongst us is not of us—the soil is for the inhabitants of the soil.

I have already, my dear friends, instructed you in the manner in which every one of you may get a cheap and handsome property for himself, viz, by holding possession of that which you at present occupy. For, as every man has an indefeasible right to subsistence, and as Nature produces for the good of all, it is manifestly right that the many should have the possession, and not the few.

If a landlord should object to this arrangement (who is but a mere accident on the face of the earth), for the love of God, boys, get rifles and blow his brains out. It is much better that a few landlords should perish, and their families (who have been living on the fat of the land hitherto, and may therefore take a turn of ill fortune) should starve, than that multitudes should die of want.

And thus the curse of quarter-day will be removed at once from this island: and after a very little necessary slaughter. For depend upon it, that when two or three landlords have been served in the way recommended by me, the rest will not care to be pressing for rents. The butchers who govern us instituted the system of hanging for this very reason: arguing, that one example before Kilmainham deterred numbers of waverers; and we may be sure that the rifle, rightly employed, will act upon an aristocrat just as well as upon a housebreaker; for, are not men *men*, whether clad in Saxon ermine, or in the rude frieze-coats of our miserable fatherland? Out with your rifles, boys, in the name of humanity.

They say that the property of Ireland is mortgaged in a great degree, and for the most part to the brutal Saxon shopkeepers and pedlars. You will have the advantage of getting your land entirely free; there will be no manacle of debt to weigh down the free arms which are henceforth to till the beloved soil of our country.

And, the land being unencumbered, you will have the farther advantage of being able to invite capitalists to aid you with money to conduct the operations of agriculture. Glorious America, which sympathises with you sincerely, will be much more ready to lend its capital upon unencumbered, than on encumbered property. And we shall negotiate loans in her magnificent commercial cities, where I have no doubt there will be a noble emulation to come to the aid of a free Irish nation.

The idea of sending cattle and pigs to England, to feed Saxon ruffians, is then to be scouted henceforth by all honest Irishmen. We will consume our own beef and pork by our own firesides. There is enough live-stock in this island to give every regenerate Irishman good meals of meat for the next year ensuing; and our lands, notoriously the greenest and most fertile in the world, will have fed up a similar quantity by the year 1850. Thus, we shall never want henceforth; and, while we fatten and flourish, we shall see the Saxon enemy decay.

And, as the beef-fed scoundrels cannot live upon cotton and hardware, we shall have the satisfaction of reducing the prices of those commodities, and getting them at a much more reasonable rate than that at which the accursed money-mongers now vend them.

FROM THE "UNITED IRISHWOMAN."

THE DUTIES OF OUR WOMEN.

IN the coming time the weapon nearest at hand is always the cheapest. Only *dilettanti* go about picking and choosing. Shillyshallyers are cowards. Brave men are always armed.

Brave men and brave women, a few suggestions to housekeepers we have already given; we could supply thousands more.

There is no better weapon, for instance, than one which is to be found in every house in the refined quarter of the metropolis. A grand piano sent down upon a troop of hussars will play such a sonata over their heads as the scoundrels never marched off to. A chimney-glass is a rare thing for smashing. I should not like to be the Saxon assassin upon whom some white-armed girl of Erin flung it.

Pokers and tongs everybody will know the use of. A cut-steel fender is an awkward thing for a dragoon to ride over. A guardsman won't look well with a copper coal-scuttle for a helmet.

Ladies' linen will make the best of lint. A laced handkerchief tied round a wounded warrior's brow will be well bestowed. I have seen a servant in college knocked down by a glossy boot, ever so slight, of varnished leather: if a footman, why not a private soldier? Have at him, ladies, from the bedroom windows. Your husbands will be away yonder at the barricades.

A hot saddle of mutton, flung by cook into the face of a bawling Saxon Colonel, will silence him; send the dish-cover with it; or at tea time try him with the silver tea-urn. Our wife has one. She longs for an opportunity to fling it, heater and all, into a Saxon face.

Besides the bottle-rack, the use of which and its contents are evident, your husband will leave the keys of the cellar with you, and you know what to do. Old port makes excellent grape-shot; and I don't know any better use which you can make of a magnum of Latouche than to floor an Englishman with it. Have at them with all the glasses in your house, the china, the decanters, the lamps, and the cut-glass chandelier.

A good large cheese would be found rather indigestible by a Saxon, if dropped on his nose from a second story. And the childrens' washing tub artfully administered may do execution. Recollect, it is a tub to catch a whale.

There is a lady in Leeson Street who vows to fling her Angola cat and her pet spaniel at the military while engaged there. The cat may escape, (and it is not the first time the Saxon ruffians have tasted its claws). The Blenheim cost her twenty-five guineas. She will give that or anything else for her country.

The water-pipes will be excellent things to tear up and launch at the enemy. They may make a slop in the house at first, but the mains and the gas will be let off. The ruffians shall fight us if they dare, in darkness and drought.

You will of course empty the china-closets on the rascals, and all the bed-room foot-baths and washing-basins. Have them ready, and the chests of drawers balancing on the window-sills. Send those after them too.

And if any coward Saxon bullet pierces the fair bosom of a maid or a wife of Erin, may the curses of Heaven light on the butcherly dastard! May the pikes of Erin quiver in his writhing heart, the bullets of Erin whirl through his screaming eyeballs! May his orphans perish howling, and his true love laugh over his grave! May his sister's fair fame be blighted, and his grandmother held up to scorn! May remorse fang him like a ban-dog, and cowardice whip him like a slave! May life weary him! death dishonour, and futurity punish him! Liar Saxon! ruffian Saxon! coward Saxon! bloody Saxon! The gentle and the pure defy ye, and spit on ye!

A Bit of True Philosophy.

How beautiful is the saying that "we should always hope for the best, and be prepared for the worst!" For our own parts we never enter a grocer's to get our weekly ounce and a half of seven shilling mixed tea without being animated by the advice of the moralist, who tells us to "hope for the best, and be prepared for the worst."

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

MOB caps without crowns are much in fashion. Large bustles are also greatly in vogue, and threaten, if they increase, to block up the widest thoroughfares. There is not a JOINVILLE tie to be seen anywhere.

THE STUPID ART OF PROPHESYING.

THERE is nothing so easy, probably, excepting borrowing money, as prophesying. A child may do it. You have only to be as vague as possible, and to steer clear of dates—excepting on a very liberal scale—and your prophecies are sure to come true. A prophecy, to be true, however, need not all of it be realised. If a part, a tenth, or ever so small a fragment of it happens, by the game of chances to turn up a trump, you are a recognised prophet, and allowed to deal in prophecies for ever afterwards. The best way is to make a number of prophecies at the same time. If one out of a thousand be correct, the nine hundred and ninety-nine bad ones are all forgotten, and the thousandth good one only remembered. Still, a little probability should be at the bottom of every prophecy. Thus, to prophesy a Revolution in France, or that it will rain at Manchester to-morrow, or that the next Art-Union engraving will not be a good one, are remarkably safe prophecies. With the above license, anybody can start as a prophet, and, in the teeth of the old proverb, even be acknowledged as one in his own country. We subjoin a list of prophecies, for the use of those who have a talent that way. The dates, of course, can be supplied according to the taste of the particular prophet.

"Something very wonderful, of more than an usual interest, will occur during the first month of the National Assembly.

"Several Irishmen will be taken up on St. Patrick's day, and fined five shillings."

"There will be a high tide at London Bridge in the ensuing twelvemonth, which will surpass the recollection of the oldest waterman."

"We have consulted the stars, and can fearlessly state that the dividend of the shareholders of the Thames Tunnel will be this year exactly the same as the last."

"The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE presides at a public dinner, and returns thanks for the 'Royal Family.'"

"A new hat is invented for the British Infantry in the ensuing autumn, which excites the greatest ridicule."

"The farmers complain loudly of the badness of the season."

"A King abdicates, and takes refuge in England."

"The Royal Academy opens on the first Monday in May, and crowds collect round the 'Portrait of a Gentleman.'"

"There is every certainty that TAGLIONI will take her last farewell from the British Stage this and the ensuing twelve years."

"MR. COCHRANE presides at a public meeting, and several pocket-handkerchiefs are missed."

"The following warning is publicly exhibited in July, about the walls of London—'BILL STICKERS, BEWARE!'"

We think the above are sufficient to prove how extremely easy is the trade of the ZADKIELS, and the RAPHAELS, and the NOSTRADAMUSES, and the various nincompoops who ply their prophecies, plain and coloured, from a penny to half-a-crown. We would wager to prophecy everything that occurred for the next hundred years, if we are only allowed to explain, that is to say, to prove, our prophecies after the events have occurred.

A MODEL HIEROGLYPHIC WITH SURE PROPHECIES FOR THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS.

THE "TREE OF LIBERTY."

WE are glad to find there is at last some abatement of the melancholy folly of planting Trees of Liberty in Paris, with the accompanying mockery of forcing every one in the neighbourhood to light up—whether he liked it or not—in celebration of the establishment of Freedom. It is impossible to say how many poplars—for the "Tree of Liberty" is only a poplar after all—have been sacrificed to the triumph of pop'lar principles. Wherever one of these members of the leafy tribe is visible, it is liable to be dragged off root and branch to some open space, and stuck up in a hole, amidst the letting off of crackers, the firing of guns, and the shouts of "*Vive la République!*" or at least such was the case until a few days ago, when a proclamation against such mummeries was issued by the Provisional Government. If the official prohibition should fail of its intended effect, perhaps the following lines from us may be received in a proper spirit. They are suggested by the well-known song—

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Frenchman, spare that tree,
Its roots lie very low;
You'd better let it be—
Elsewhere 'twill never grow.

Though it may nobly thrive,
If tranquil it could stay,
'Twill never keep alive
If rudely torn away.

If Freedom, newly won,
You to that tree compare,
'Tis, when all's said and done,
A very poor affair.

Upon the soil beneath
It hath no hold at all;
Stirred by the slightest breath,
Its leaves, all withered, fall.

Vitality, to-day,
Within it there may be,
It perishes when moved away—
So, Frenchman, spare that tree.

PERSONS MISSING.

THE following persons, unless they shortly spring up, will be advertised by their disconsolate parties, and handsome rewards offered for information of their whereabouts:—

MR. DISRAELI, last heard of at an election dinner in Buckinghamshire.

LORD BROUGHAM, supposed to be in France.

LORD PALMERSTON, suddenly disappeared since MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY'S Motion.

The KING OF BAVARIA, reported to be secreted by a person calling herself LOLA MONTES.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, formerly at the head of a party which has not been heard of since last session.

Several Kings, Princes, and Ministers are also missing; but, as their affairs are no affairs of ours, we shall leave them alone in their glory, if they have any, and let those find them out who want them.

The German Pipe of Liberty.

"AMONG other things," says the *Times*, "the Germans have conquered by Revolution, is the right of smoking in the streets." Thus Liberty walks abroad in Germany not only uplifting her head and unfolding her banner, but also smoking her pipe. The Teutonic Goddess of Freedom should be represented in a student's cap, with a meerschaum in her mouth. Our imagination glows with an ideal picture of Liberty behind a pipe. The natural consequence of being free as the wind is the potentiality of blowing a cloud. But as there is really much room for reform in Germany, we hope this is merely "the beginning of the end" of the popular movement in that country. We rejoice to see German freedom commencing in smoke, but shall be sorry to behold it terminate where it has begun.

FALSE REPORT.

WE are authorised to state, that there is no foundation for the malicious rumour that the Postmen have determined to demand a republic of letters. Their allegiance to the QUEEN'S Head proves them to be men of the most loyal stamp.

"REGISTER! REGISTER! REGISTER!"

WHEN SIR ROBERT PEEL made use of the above memorable words he never meant the advice, we are sure, to apply to tailors, hosiers, hatters, and the whole Directory of quacks and tradesmen. The test of merit, now-a-days, does not seem to consist in the article itself, but in the fact of its being "registered." Your shirt must be registered; that is indispensable, or else it could not be a shirt. Your frock coat must go through the same ordeal, and your hat also, or else the one would instinctively jump off your back, and the other indignantly fly away from your head. The same rule applies to your boots, your flannel waistcoat, your straps, your shirt-collar—in short, a man, to be in the fashion at the present day, must be "registered" from the top of his wig, or the crown of his hat, down to the very sole of his boots. Would it not be a shorter plan to start a General Registration Office, at which persons so inclined might register themselves altogether, instead of every limb of their body being obliged, as at present, to undergo a separate registration?

By the bye, male apparel is much more subjected to this test of excellence than female. We do not know why, unless, in dress as in politics, ladies are not entitled to the blessings of registration.

As yet it is confined to tradesmen, and Irish patriots, who register a vow in the same way that a tailor would a "wrap-rascal." If the mania should increase, we shall be having JENNY LIND registering her voice, FLORA FABBRI her steps, GUSTAVUS BROOKE his *Othello*, BARON NATHAN his eggs, *Punch* his jokes, and other inimitable specialities by far too numerous to mention. Our cry to the commercial and artistic world is, "Don't Register! Don't Register! Don't Register!"

THE POLITICAL APHIS AND THE BOROUGH ROT.

(*By our own* SMEE.)

OUR tubers have scarcely recovered from the disease which destroyed the food of millions, when we find the same pestilent scourge attacking the roots of our political system. The Harwich and other Election Committees have proved that though the rot has departed from the potatoes, it is now devastating the boroughs. The cause of this national blight may be traced to the ravages of an insect, which may be called the *Aphis Senator*. This creature is furnished with *antennæ*, or feelers, which it extends in all directions where it is capable of exercising its corrupt influence. It has at its sides a kind of pouches or bags, which are the instruments of its noxious agency. A few of these *aphides* have been dislodged from their boroughs; but their number is inconsiderable in comparison with those that remain, infesting the Tree of the British Constitution, and tainting the very cockles of the heart of the British Oak.

Good Exchange.

THE STABLE MIND has not been heard of for months past. It has quite broken down, or cut and run. The only thing which is now occupying the minds of the public is the "CONSTABLE MIND." Of the two, we think the latter will produce the stronger staff and make the better stand. They are both unanimous, however, about "Protection," and neither of them, we think, is anxious to repeal a single duty. Their ardour is united in upholding the Customs of their country. Every man, it is said, has his "speciality." An Englishman's apparently is to be a special constable, when the public order is attacked. The power of duty over disciplined minds has never been so strongly evinced as recently, when it was a matter of difficulty to put truncheons into the thousands of hands that were burning to grasp them.

Robbery by a Gentleman of Talent and Fortune.

THE French dramatists are beginning to retaliate on the English translators. SCRIBE has had all his pieces borrowed—and never improved in the borrowing—for the English stage. He is now beginning to help himself to the British Drama. His first loan has been *La Nuit de Noël*, the plot of which is taken from a piece performed some six years ago at MADAME VESTRIS'S, called *St. Mark's Eve*. We are astonished at this—for we should have as soon suspected ROTHSCHILD of petty larceny as SCRIBE of translating: but we mention the fact to show that the thieving is not all on this side of the Channel. One robbery certainly does not justify another; still, it is a comfort to think that, poor as our Drama is, it cannot be so very reduced, since the first dramatist of France is not above picking a little piece out of it. We shall gain one benefit, however, by this system of international robbery; for English society will not be so absurdly caricatured on the French stage, if French authors will only take the representations of Englishmen instead of inventing their own. This may, in time, lead to the abolition of all the public sales of English wives at Smithfield, which have been carried on at the Ambigu, Gaîté, and Porte St. Martin, lately, to the most barbarous extent.

THE AËRIAL MAIL.

WE are informed that when RADETSKI occupied the gates of Milan, and thus commanded the town, the people within kept up a correspondence with the country without by means of little balloons conveying letters. This mode of epistolary communication is so analogous to the celebrated Long Range, that it might be described as a species of WARNER correspondence. We would put it to MR. ROWLAND HILL whether the notion of an aërial mail-bag might not be adopted in this country. All that would be necessary would be to have the letter-bag attached by way of car to a balloon; a link of the connecting medium to be composed of a cartridge, which shall be exploded by a fusee calculated to burn according to the distance from a given point to a given Post-Office. On the explosion of the cartridge, the bag would drop plump down through the office skylight, just as certainly as the WARNER shell through the gangway of a man-of-war.

THE LAST DAYS OF LONDON.

IN these days of revolution, when we do not know whether Europe stands on its head or its heels, we thought England stood pretty firm, and that nothing would shake London but an earthquake. Fancy then, how startled we were to read the following announcement, which has been liberally placarded the last two weeks about the walls of the metropolis! Ah! thought we, there will not be a quiet spot in the world shortly, excepting in the heart of the Desert, or on the top of the North Pole. Imagine our horror on reading the intimation of the

"FINAL REMOVAL OF LONDON BY NIGHT!"

If it frightened us, standing upright in Long Acre, with brick-and-mortar contradictions of the fact surrounding us on every side, what effect must it not have had upon the quiet people of the country, who only saw it in the advertisements! We can imagine the flocks of old women who would scramble to the nearest Electric Telegraph to inquire into the fact. They would have horrible visions of JOINVILLE invading London, and towing it off in the dead of night to the Brazils, or else the Provisional Government proving their *Fraternité* by making the metropolis a *faubourg* of Paris, and its peaceful inhabitants *citoyens* of the most civilised country in the world. We are happy to set all these fears at rest. London remains exactly where it has ever been since the days of the Oldest Inhabitant; and, though they say one removal is as bad as two fires, we have not heard of any damage done in any parish in consequence of the removal so terribly announced above. It refers to the Picture of London which has been going the round of the Colosseum for the last two years. It left Albany Street

in a one-horse cart a fortnight ago, and Paris is now being built on its ruins. French emigrants will thus have an opportunity of dwelling once more in their native town, and of weeping over the palaces they were not clever enough to keep. We think that most persons will prefer visiting the copy to the original, just at present. English artisans may visit it in safety, as there is not a single bayonet kept on the premises.

Union is Strength.

AMONG the new dancers at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden, is a MADEMOISELLE THIERY. Her *début* is spoken of favourably by our crotchetty and demi-semi-quavery friend, the *Musical World*; but it seems to us that in order to achieve perfection, THIERY must have plenty of practice. (QUERY—*Is this Theory?*)

CONSOLS AT 90.

Husband. "WELL! I DECLARE I'M QUITE GLAD IT'S A WET DAY. IT WILL BE AN EXCUSE TO STOP AT HOME WITH MY DARLING LITTLE PIPSEY POPSY. WHAT DO YOU SAY, DICKEY? EH? PRETTY DICK! PRETTY DICK!"

CONSOLS AT 80.

Husband. "GO OUT FOR A WALK! NONSENSE! I'VE SOMETHING ELSE TO DO. I THINK, TOO, YOU MIGHT PULL DOWN THAT BLIND, UNLESS YOU WANT THE SUN TO SPOIL ALL THE FURNITURE; AND, DEAR, DEAR, DO FOR GOODNESS SAKE, JEMIMA, TAKE THAT D—— CANARY OUT OF THE ROOM!"

A HINT FOR EXETER HALL.

A WEEK or two, and pilgrims from all parts of England will gather at Exeter Hall. There, in their comprehensive benevolence, they will plead the cause of the heathen, and subscribe, with all their hearts and all their pockets, for the conversion of infidels of all colours. This is, no doubt, very praiseworthy in its meaning; but may it not be a little absurd in its effect? For our own part, we think that Exeter Hall is a little too apt to search for distant wretchedness, with a telescope; forgetting the misery that lies at its very feet. A night or two since, MR. GLADSTONE quoted a letter from the late DR. CHALMERS to the BISHOP OF LONDON. Here it is:—

"Beware, above all things, of scattering your resources over too large a surface; if you have 50,000 destitute people in a district, and you can send only two clergymen among them, beware of confiding this large number of people to those two clergymen. Take a small and manageable number of the people, and give each clergyman a small district in which he can operate; be content with doing a little work at a time, and with doing it properly."

Upon this, *Punch* writes to the zealous of Exeter Hall:—

"Beware, above all things, of scattering your resources over the whole globe. If you have some three or four hundred millions of the heathen in the world, and you can only send five hundred clergymen (with New Testaments to scatter) among them, beware of confiding the three or four hundred millions to those five hundred clergymen. Take Spitalfields, or Manchester, or Sheffield, or the filthy places of Liverpool, and give to a division of each place a clergyman; give him a home parish in which he can operate, and not a foreign island. Be content with doing a little at a time, and doing it properly; namely, convert St. Giles's to true Christianity, to temperance and cleanliness, and let Timbuctoo, for the time, take care of itself."

And this is the advice of *Punch* to the pilgrims of Exeter Hall.

THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND.—The Special Constabulary.

CHARITY AND PIKES.

The *Diabolical Instigator*, better known as the *United Irishman*, in an article under the head of "Our War Department," declares that "there is no charitable donation like pikes for the poor." Certainly, in one sense, there is no charitable donation which can be said to bear any resemblance whatever to pikes, whether for the poor or the rich; and thus it would seem that the *United Irishman*, like the personage whose suggestions appear to actuate that periodical, can occasionally speak the truth. Such, however, we apprehend, is not exactly the meaning of the organ of MR. MITCHELL. The English put food into the stomachs of the Irish poor, which was rather charitable; but to put pikes into their hands would be more charitable, according to our fiendish contemporary. The *United Irishman* would have the poor Irish pike the English people for relieving them, pierce them with steel for having been penetrated towards themselves with compassion. Its demoniacal axiom might have been more clearly worded thus:—"There is no return for a charitable donation to the poor so grateful as—the thrust of a pike."

Better Security of the Constitution.

WHEN SIR GEORGE GREY gave notice that he should move to bring in a Bill for the better security of the Constitution, we learn that very many pensioners and sinecurists, believing—naturally enough—that the measure was levelled at their plunder, called a private meeting of themselves to defeat the Bill. Buttoning their pockets, they one and all exclaimed, "No surrender!"

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM HAMBURG.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S barber has applied for an increase of salary, owing to augmentation of work, caused by the length of His Majesty's face.

NOT SO *VERY* UNREASONABLE!!! EH?

John. "My Mistress says she hopes you won't call a Meeting of her Creditors; but if you will leave your Bill in the usual way, it shall be properly attended to."

A CRY FROM THE CASSEROLE.

IR,—MUCH is said, at this momentous crisis, of the probable political consequences of the French Revolution. Important as these may be, what are the political results of such an event to the culinary?

"I have little hesitation in stating that the art of cookery is, at this moment, at an end in France!

"It is easy to improvise a Provisional Government; but where is the genius that can improvise a provisional cookery-book, adapted to the new posture of affairs?

"It will not do to re-christen the old *plats*. A Republican palate would detect the royalism of a *côtelette à la Maintenon* under the title of a *côtelette à la Robespierre*, and tear off the thin disguise of such an envelope with disdain.

"The *cuisine* of France is profoundly and essentially royalist. Its Augustan age was the reign of LOUIS QUATORZE, and VATEL is its OCTAVIUS. Its first stage of Imperial decay was the corrupt but culinary era of the Regency, with its *petits soupers*. The whole art is indelibly impressed with the reminiscences of this period.

"Republican France cannot accept the *petit plats* of a Bourbon *chef*, or the *hors-d'œuvres* of an Imperial *cordon bleu*. She demands a *cuisine de la République*; chaste as Liberty, simple as Equality, and harmonious as Fraternity! I look in vain for the *artiste* who is to create this new and noble school.

"CARÊME might have been equal to the emergency; but alas! he is departed to that region in which alone his own delicacies can be surpassed. UDE was ambitious enough to have attempted it, but he was essentially an aristocrat, and could not really create out of a ducal kitchen. There is one man in this country—I may say in the world—whose genius has already comprehended the mission of the cook of the nineteenth century. Need I hint at the great inventor of the *potage à la Peuple*, the *consommé à la Communiste*, the *soupe Sociale*—whose conceptions have already swept over St. George's Channel, and arrested the spread of Irish discontent?

"The Hour is come, and he is the Man. Unfortunately, England claims his services. Devoted to the sacred duties of the missionary, spreading the light of his beneficial and beautiful science amongst the barbarians *d'outremer*, he is divided from his beloved country at this moment of culinary anarchy. Alas for France! Her government has ever risen and fallen with her *cuisine*. When the latter is disorganised, how can the former prosper?

"*Reform Club.*" "SOYER."

Questions for anybody who chooses to answer them.

How do the French now deal with their playing-cards? Do they still retain the kings and queens, or are they thrown out of the pack, according to the game now being played throughout Europe? What do they substitute for the kings and queens?—a greater proportion of knaves? or clubs? or what? At Paris, at all events, the clubs seem to win everything, and to make what game they please; but the game is one so completely of chance, that it would be the greatest gambling to speculate upon what would be the turn-up to-morrow. As far as the game has gone hitherto, honours do not count, excepting LAMARTINE, who is certainly a great card, and has proved himself in every instance a trump, though he has had to play against such shocking bad hands that any one else would have thrown them up.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

A GENTLEMAN who, we request to state, was a bachelor, has left the munificent sum of £3000 for the invention of a shirt *without buttons!*

HOW TO INVADE ENGLAND.—Come as an exile, and not an arm will be raised against you.

Punch's Maxims Moralised.

30.—*Fortune knocks once at least at every man's door.*

PERHAPS it does; but there are many who have no sooner gone to open the door, than they find the knock proceeded from a runaway.

31.—*For want of company, welcome trumpery.*

This is a maxim well adapted for the manager of a theatre, who, being unable to engage a good company, resorts to show and other trumpery to supply its place.

32.—*He is a wise man who speaks little.*

Where then, alas! is the wisdom of the House of Commons to be found?

33.—*He that will steal an egg will steal an ox.*

Undoubtedly he will, if, after stealing an egg, he should find an ox under the yolk.

34.—*It is no small conquest to overcome yourself.*

If this be true, you are never so triumphant as when you have regularly knocked yourself up.

35.—*Keep your tongue within your teeth.*

This is not always advisable, for you may occasionally find yourself bitten by your own over-caution.

36.—*Let the cobbler stick to his last.*

He ought to do so; and indeed his last ought to be his first consideration.

37.—*Light come, light go.*

This maxim would have made an excellent motto for WIMBUSH's omnibus, whose only passenger always got in after the vehicle started, and got out before it stopped.

AN ALLEGORICAL GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES.

LO, yonder Liberty, torch in hand, is kindling her glorious flare-up over the Continent. See, Fraternity, is cementing the hearts of Europe in one brotherhood. Behold, Equality, with extensive survey, is reducing the nations beneath her dumpy level. How spirit-stirring, how exciting is the view! But amid the scene of transport and enthusiasm, what form is that so lengthy of visage, so dejected and woe-begone of aspect? What being is it, so stationary amid the general commotion? Who is it, the dull, the flat, the heavy? Alas! it is Business, oppressed by Panic, paralysed by Dismay, the offspring of Hubbub. It is Business at a stand-still, with his hands in his pockets, because he is afraid to employ them. It is Business pining for his absent mate, Quiet, scared by Confusion. Good people, the reign of Rumpus has lasted long enough; begin to listen to the voice of Order. Restore Quiet to the bosom of her beloved, and suffer Business to go about himself!

The Royal Academy.

IN the *Times*, an "Admirer of the Fine Arts" asks the R.A.'s to turn the Octagon Apartment, during the coming exhibition, into "a refreshment-room." *Punch* backs the request. Old FUSELI used to say to his servant, "Bring me my umbrella; I'm going to look at MR. CONSTABLE's pictures." Thus, the visitor may observe—"Please to favour me with an ice; I'm going to take a peep at TURNER."

SOMETHING NEW AT LAST.

WE wager we have seen something which has never yet been seen by a pair of mortal eyes. We were eating a bun at the time, and involuntarily dropt it from surprise. This sacrifice was occasioned by a Special Constable appearing suddenly at the door. He was attired in the garb of a Quaker!!!!

Irish Angling.

MR. MITCHELL angling for martyrdom does not realise the Johnsonian picture of a fisherman. There is not the worm at one end, and the fool at the other. Nevertheless, the angling is peculiarly Irish, inasmuch as MITCHELL, to catch gudgeons, baits with—a pike!

SPECIAL.—The promoters of riot call the friends of peace and quietness "THE CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY."

GREAT FACT.—When a good measure is introduced to the House of Commons the Ministry are always sure to *carry it out*.

THE ANTI-ENGLISH MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

THE Anti-English feeling in France has, we understand, extended to the Canine Species, among whom it seems more appropriate than when exhibited by human beings professing an attachment to the cause of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. We have heard that several Parisian poodles have registered a (bow) wow to exterminate all the Bouledogues—*anglicè*, bull-dogs—found on French soil, and an influential British cur has been walking about the boulevards with a placard tied to his tail, complaining of the rights of hospitality having been cruelly cur-tailed. There would be no end to the modes of developing this narrow spirit in every country if it were to be carried out, and we might begin in England by hunting out all the Welsh rabbits from our shores, packing off to Belgium the whole of our Brussels sprouts, and exterminating, as a Jerusalem pony, every donkey we happened to come across.

We are glad, however, to see that this ill feeling towards anything British in France has at last gone to the dogs, where we trust it will remain.

THE COLD WATER CURE.

WE never had so much reason to admire the efficacy and appropriateness of this prescription, as in its application to the disease of red-hot rebellion, in a case where M. DE LAMARTINE administered the cold-water cure with wondrous effect to the rabid Irish deputation, who went over to Paris thirsting for fraternity, and who got their thirst quenched in a most unexpected manner. The French orator, poet, and statesman, deserves the thanks of Europe, and, indeed, of humanity at large, for the unmistakeable hint he has given, that MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, or any other foreign rebel, is a proper goose if he expects to find in France any disposition towards prop*agander*.

LAMARTINE RECEIVING THE IRISH DEPUTATION.

Payment for Parliament.

ONE of the five points of the Charter is the payment of Members of Parliament. We do not know that this plan may not be better than that of Members of Parliament paying themselves, as is supposed to be, pretty generally, the present arrangement. But how is it proposed that they should be paid? If at so much per annum, this would be making no difference between the idle and industrious Members; and a LEADER would get as much as a JOSEPH HUME, which would be unjust. If at so much per speech, in proportion to its length, we should have longer speeches in Parliament than ever, which would be a bore. It is manifest that they should be paid for doing, not for talking; and this would amount to paying them by the job; in which case the job-work ought to be considerably more creditable than what has hitherto been performed by Honourable Members.

A NEW MANTLE.

M. QUÉRARD has written a book on literary forgeries, in which M. DUMAS is turned inside out like a Paris glove. We see a cloak has just come out called the "Monte Christo!" Ladies, beware. After the exposure of M. DUMAS, the Monte Christo cloak can only be considered a cloak to steal under.

Clearing up a Mistake.

"SHRUBLAND ROAD" has written us a most pathetic appeal. In one of our late Numbers we said it was a most aqueous neighbourhood, only fit for *Ondine* to pass the honeymoon in, or something to that effect. However, "Shrubland Road" assures us we were mistaken, and we are willing for its sake to believe it. The roads about Dalston are so clean, that the purest white satin might walk up and down them for hours and not be defiled by a single dab of mud. The paths are as dry as a captain's biscuit. The sewers are models for the Sanitary Commission, and the whole neighbourhood such a perfect Paradise that we can safely say, if we did not live in No. 85, Fleet Street, we would willingly reside in the Shrubland Roads.

The Wisdom of Parliament.

THE *Times*, discoursing of what constitutes treason in England, and what does not constitute it in Ireland, says:—

"In England the *intention*, if evidenced merely by uttering or writing what directly tends to treason, is itself treasonable. The act of GEORGE III., under which treason is so construed, does not extend to Ireland."

Here is wisdom of Parliament! This is as if it were unlawful to explode fire-works in any part of HER MAJESTY'S dominions, except in such parts as should be in the neighbourhood of a powder-mill.

REFORM YOUR FLAGS.

As continental potentates have been compelled to dispose of much of their prerogative at an alarming sacrifice, *Punch* has to propose to the nations in general—England and America, of course, excepted—a total reform of their flags. We think that the ensign of the country ought to bear in its field some object significant of the tremendous change. We hope not, neither do we propose, to alter the flag of France. LAMARTINE's eloquence would again prevail as it prevailed before. So we will start with Austria. We propose, then, to utterly abolish the Eagle, as quite unfit for the reduced circumstances of the emperor himself; whilst we would perpetuate the memory of the triumph of the people over FERDINAND, whose goose, to speak in the popular idiom, was cooked so very brown in the streets of Vienna. We therefore propose that the flag—we care not for the colours—should contain a Goose and Gridiron; and herewith make the Austrian Government a handsome present of the requisite design.

And next for Prussia. In token of the freedom of the Press, two Iron Pens and a broken Bayonet. Something after this fashion.

Nor shall the heroic LOLA MONTEZ be forgotten. It is the hard fate of reformers to be most persecuted even when most benevolent. To LOLA the Bavarians owe everything. With her, it may be said, they have had every freedom. Shall she, then, be unrecompensed? No. Albeit the populace would have torn the *figurante* to bits, we cannot forget that she has helped to regenerate Bavaria. With her lady's fan she "brained" the Jesuits. Had she lived in the ancient day, her bull-dog would have been placed among the constellations with SIRIUS, and not travelled in pieces through Europe, disguised in exotic sausages. LOLA cut the bonds of the press as they were no more than a silken stay-lace. LOLA, like a true woman, introduced into the state the freedom of speech. LOLA has deserved well of the country that has ungratefully translated her from German back to Spanish; and LOLA shall be recompensed. For we do not believe the rumour that LOUIS, the ex-king, resolves to follow the syren to Sicily. (LOLA in Sicily! LOLA in the country of Ætna! What a monopoly of brimstone!) We do not believe that LOUIS took off his crown only to put on a shepherd's hat; and that he is now taking lessons on an oaten pipe to play all sorts of pastorals. These are rumours; but the patriotic doings of LOLA, some time COUNTESS OF LANDSFELDT, are facts:

and—for the gratitude of future Bavaria—we would have them typified in her flag.

What say ye, Bavarians, to this—a double-barrelled opera-glass, and a pair of castanets?

Irish Price Current.

(*From* MESSRS. MITCHELL AND MEAGHER'S *Patriotic Trade Circular.*)

	£	s.	d.
A nice handy Rifle	3	6	0
A Pike	1	0	
A Pike with a six-foot shaft	1	10	
A Scythe "	3	4	
Vitriol, per gal.	(no returns.)		

Paving-stones, swordsticks, sledge-hammers, bludgeons, &c., at the lowest possible prices.

*** A REDUCTION ON TAKING A QUANTITY.

CRUEL IRONY.

THE "rebels" who seized METTERNICH's domain of Johannisberg, containing a stand of some 1,000,000 bottles of glorious wine, have had the cruelty to send to the expatriated Prince—a corkscrew!

The Claremont Court Circular.

THE *Morning Post* will not let LOUIS-PHILIPPE, COMTE DE NEUILLY, alone. The Count wishes to be quiet and unobserved; nevertheless, the *Post* insists upon making his late Majesty walk in print, for the curiosity and amusement of *Post* beholders. *Post! Post!* leave the old man to solitude and silence.

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode."

France has, weeks since, forgotten him; why should England be told of his daily doings? France so entirely wishes to let the ex-king lapse into oblivion, that she treats with marked coldness the exhumation of *Robert Macaire*, dug up to swindle and grimace at the Porte St. Martin. France says—by this indifference—"We have got rid of the prototype, we will not be annoyed by the resurrection of the imitator." England affords hospitality to the exile; she can do no less. Therefore, let England's penny-a-liners respect the solitude of a penitent old man.

"The COUNT and COUNTESS OF NEUILLY, with the members of their family circle, remain in the strictest retirement at Claremont. Nothing can possibly exceed the plain and unostentatious manner in which the household is ordered, the most rigid economy being observable in all its arrangements."

They remain in strictest retirement; nevertheless, Penny-a-liner will make his few groats by dragging them into print. They economise, and the virtue is published that the chronicler may earn his two-pence by the history of the heroic fact.

"The COUNT and COUNTESS go out very little. The COUNT generally rides *in a close carriage* on his way to and from the railway station, *and evidently studies to avoid* the appearance of any display."

But Penny-a-liner will not be thus baulked. Let the Count desire to ride with the blinds down, Penny-a-liner *will* pull them up, to exhibit the Ex-King. Ex-Majesty "studies" to avoid the appearance of display,—and Penny-a-liner is equally resolved upon making money by making a show of the humility. Is it generous that Claremont, the last retreat of a fallen man, should be turned into a glass-house, and the "rigid economy" therein practised exhibited to all the world?

TO R.A.'s IN GENERAL AND ARTISTS IN PARTICULAR.

WE beg, as a special favour, that there will be no pictures of the French Revolution in the next exhibition. We are already saturated with takings of the Tullieries, and the avalanche of furniture from the windows of the Palais Royal, and gentlemen with fancy whiskers and classic blouses doing duty as Garde Mobiles, and have had more barricades on paper than we shall be able to get over during the remainder of our lives. The illustrated papers have had the cream of these subjects, and they have whipped the cream by this time into the thinnest trifle.

Besides, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN forbade at the theatres all pieces upon the French Revolution. Artists, in the same way, should prohibit their brushes from mixing in scenes of fire, and smoke, and bloodshed. We hope LOUIS-PHILIPPE, also, will be spared. There is *Gil Blas*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and many other subjects which have not yet been sufficiently explored. All politics should be thrown into the shade, even a greater shade than that of the Octagon Room—that is to say, they should not be seen at the Royal Academy at all. An artist should paint history in the most neutral colours, and should canvass his subject well before he sends an exiled king to the wall.

We hope the author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, (a MS. poem), will take these observations in friendly part, and send in his crop of "lobster salads" this year, without any titles to them, for fear that they might be understood. By these means all mischief will be avoided, and the pictures will not lose anything in interest, as it will be easy enough to find titles for them after the exhibition is over. *Finding the Body of Harold* will do very well for one of them.

A Curious Patient.

WE see a medical work advertised by "the Surgeon to the Bank of England." We are aware that the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street was lately in a very bad state, but how far the surgeon relieved her, we cannot tell. There is one thing certain, he did not bleed her to a very great extent. How does he feel the Old Lady's pulse? We always believed that was the Stock Exchange; and the Surgeon must be a cunning fellow if he can take that in hand. The appointment is a curious one; and we should as soon have thought of an "Apothecary to the Mint," or of a "Chemist to London Bridge," as a "Surgeon to the Bank." By the bye, if our Statues had had medical men to look after them instead of sculptors, the chances are, they would not look so bad as they do. But we doubt if even SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE could save Trafalgar Square now, for it seems to be past all cure.

THE NEW CONTINENTAL COACH, "REVOLUTION."

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE FINE ARTS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

We are informed that M. Lamartine, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, has written the following important letter (how the copy was obtained, the reader will not have the bad manners to inquire) to the Spanish Ambassador at Paris:—

"*Paris, Hôtel des Etrangers, April* 10.

"Your Excellency,—The Provisional Government of the Republic desires that its relations with all countries shall be those of highest honour, and most scrupulous honesty. Animated by these feelings, I have the satisfaction to acquaint your Excellency that Marshal Soult has received an order to place in the hands of your Excellency all the Spanish pictures brought by him from Spain in the days of the Empire, always excepting those pictures for which the Marshal can show a proper receipt, in full of all demands.

"The Marshal has further received orders to hold himself in readiness to accompany the pictures to Spain, and to superintend their hanging in their old familiar places.

"Deign, your Excellency, to receive, &c., &c.,

"*His Excellency the Spanish Ambassador.*" "Lamartine."

CONTEMPT OF THE COUNTY COURT.

The treatment of Mr. Pollett, lately brought before the House of Commons, proves that inability to pay a debt amounts, by County Court Law, to contempt of Court, and is punishable in the same manner as petty larceny.

We propose that, by way of warning to persons on the brink of insolvency, the Court should be appropriately decorated, and that the judges of County Courts, in passing sentence, should recite in full the particulars of the punishment to which that offence is liable. As, for instance:—

"John Tomkins. After a full and patient investigation, you are convicted, to the satisfaction of a judge and jury of your country, of the heinous crime of Contempt of Court, in neglecting to pay a debt. You are well aware that your inability to pay is no excuse. The sentence of the Court upon you is, that you be taken from this place to the House of Correction, and there be imprisoned, and kept to hard labour for five days. You shall be first conducted to a lock-up house, where your pockets must be unbuttoned, and your whole dress searched; and you shall not be suffered to open your lips. A pint of gruel shall be given you to drink, and a bit of dry bread to eat; and these materials shall form your diet during your imprisonment. You are to sleep at night, under inspection, upon a low iron bedstead, with a bed of straw, three blankets, and a rug. At six in the morning you shall be compelled to take your bed and bed-clothes under your arm, and be paraded with rogues and vagabonds for half-an-hour around the prison-yard. You shall next breakfast on bread and gruel; and after that you shall be searched again. Thereupon you shall be taken, together with thieves and pick-pockets, and forced to strip and bathe with them in the same bath. When you come out, you shall be clad in coarse blue clothing, and your own dress shall be taken away from you. A ticket shall be sewn on your right arm and back; and, having suffered these indignities, you shall be set to work at the picking of oakum with a crew of the vilest convicts. But your punishment is not to end here: for your hair is to be cut off, and your whiskers are to be shaved close to your face; and, may your degradation be an example to all others in your unfortunate circumstances."

PORTRAIT OF A "POOR DEBTOR."

The above is a literal description of the punishment inflicted on Mr. Pollett, for being unable to pay a debt of two pounds. The impressiveness of the sentence of the County Court would be much enhanced were it thus delivered in detail—the judge, we may suggest, putting on a black cap. The humanity and justice of County Court law would also be displayed advantageously to an enlightened public. Nevertheless, we are afraid that such sentences will hardly operate to the suppression of the *contempt* of County Courts.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, April 15th, 1848.

THE GOTOBED LETTERS.

REALLY it is henceforth a matter of military history—quite as much so as the investment of Paris—that on the 10th of April, 1848, a division of the —th regiment took up their quarters in the house of MR. PETER GOTOBED, stockbroker, Consol Place. That house commanded one of the bridges, by which it was expected—especially by the GOTOBED family—that the rebellious mob would return into Middlesex and Westminster, to proclaim the Republic. The hopes and fears and final delight of the GOTOBEDS may, perhaps, by a lively imagination be conceived; but sure we are they can never be wholly expressed, as the writers of the subjoined letters (to their relatives and intimates in the country) occasionally testify.

MR. PETER GOTOBED *to* MR. LAURENCE POULTENEY.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"IT 's all over; and our glorious QUEEN sits tighter on the throne than ever. I knew you 'd have the gout yesterday. I was sure of it, when you would drink the Constitution in that manner with nine times nine bumpers at the Hall; I knew you 'd be in bed with the gout on the glorious 10th, and so miss a chance of going down to posterity with a Special Constable's staff in your hand (as my wife insists upon my being painted, as she says, for the children.) However, as you were wrapt in flannel, and missed the glory, I'll give you all the particulars.

"The morning broke dull and hazy, and I said to myself, 'PETER, you'll have a hot day of it.' Never did I eat my eggs, and ham, and herring, with so much alarm for the British Constitution. My wife saw my feelings, but said nothing, and made the tea, calmly as a Roman heroine. The mother of GRACCHUS couldn't have been more herself. The girls, too—I must say it—seemed in the best spirits. More than that, I remarked that they had dressed themselves like new pins. It was quite plain that the principles I had brought 'em up in, were bearing the noblest of fruits, and they had put on their best bibs and tuckers, to stand resolutely by the British Constitution.

"With not so much as a tear in her eye, did my wife bring me my staff; so much did that heroic woman (although I was going to leave home for many hours) control her feelings. Just as I was going, the bell rang at the back-gate, and SARAH ran in all of a fluster, saying, 'If you please, Sir, the sojers!'

"You see, F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON had written to me overnight (that letter is, for ever and ever, an heir-loom to the GOTOBEDS!) requesting me to give the back-rooms to a division of the gallant —th. To ask was to command. The children's beds were immediately removed; and, as I said to my wife—'For the sake of the country, and for one night, the boys must bivouack in the drawing-room.'

"I immediately went to the back-gate, and showed the division up stairs to their quarters. You will think that a whole troop of soldiers, coming suddenly into a private house, would a little alarm a quiet family. Not the GOTOBEDS, depend upon it. The girls saw every soldier, bayonets and all, defile up stairs, and never shrank a muscle. I felt proud of 'em: I own it: I was a happy father.

"'From this angle, Sir,' said CAPTAIN RATIONS, taking me to a corner of my own window, 'from this angle, Sir, my brave fellows would hit any one waistcoat button of any one Chartist; if, indeed, such vagabonds can afford waistcoat buttons.' 'Dear Captain,' said I, 'my house and family are doubly insured with you in it. I leave it. I go upon my duty with perfect confidence.' 'MR. GOTOBED,' said the Captain to me, taking my hand with that ease and good breeding that makes the soldier at home everywhere; 'MR. GOTOBED, if the worst comes to the worst, depend upon it, all my troops, with your amiable family, shall be buried in the ruins of this house, before a Chartist shall cross the threshold. Buried, Sir—in the ruins.' What could I do? I squeezed the Captain by the hand. Words! I had none to thank him with. Luckily, however, I recollected myself; and, drawing the key of the wine-cellar from my pocket, I gave it to the Captain's keeping. With a whisper—and I saw he felt the delicacy of the attention— I merely said, 'The left-hand bin,' and left him for my duty.

"I went upon my beat. Having nothing to do—for there wasn't so much as a dog stirring—I caught myself a-humming the *Marseillaise*. And then—how it happened, I can't say—I did nothing but think of all the Six Points of the Charter. They would keep tumbling about in my head whether or not. And upon my life—never having thought of 'em so much before—some of 'em I can't think so full of rebellion as I did. In the first place—but no: when we meet I shall be ready to defend an extension of the suffrage, triennial parliaments, and certainly, vote by ballot! It 's very odd; but this you may depend upon. There were so many Special Constables on the 10th, with nothing else to do, that they never thought so much of the Charter before.

"Well, the day went off splendidly. I got home at nine at night; just in time to see the Captain and his men—(I assure you they hadn't forgot the left-hand bin)—defile again out at the back-gate. Once outside, the fife and drum struck up *The girls we leave behind us;* and didn't we have a jolly supper! and didn't we drink the QUEEN and the Constitution! and at twelve o'clock didn't my wife say, in her own clever manner, 'My dear PETER, as that 's the fourth glass of toddy, and as you 're a Special Constable, I think you couldn't do better than take yourself up—to bed.'

"After the excitement of yesterday, and after feeling that the Throne is right as a trivet, I cannot settle myself down to business, so make holiday till to-morrow. *Vive the Whigs!*

"Yours ever truly,

"PETER GOTOBED."

"P.S. Just received a letter from LIEUTENANT SNIGGS to dine at the Mess; who tells me that F. M. the Duke takes a quiet chop with 'em on Tuesday, and I *must* come."

MRS. GOTOBED *to* MRS. DEFURBELOW.

"DEAR MRS. DEFURBELOW,

"ALL your fears, kind as you were to express 'em, have been in vain. Our house, as my daughter JULIA says, was invested by the military; but never, never were there such dears of men. Your account of the siege of Brussels, where you lived three days in a henroost, supporting yourself upon nothing but the eggs, did, I own it, terrify me with notions of the military character, garrisoned in the bosom of a family. But your soldiers were filthy foreigners. You had not to deal with the gallant —th.

"I assure you the regiment had possession of our house for a whole day, and not one speck was left upon the carpets; not a rumple on the chair-covers. But for a few dozen broken glasses, with a small heap of cigar ash, nobody could tell that a soldier had been near us.

"MR. GOTOBED was absent with his Staff. Therefore, upon me alone devolved the duty of all the honours; though, I must say it, JULIA acquitted herself most heroically. After our military luncheon, (I mustn't call it dinner) the dear girl sang—*We may be happy yet*, the brave LIEUTENANT SNIGGS turning the leaves with a feeling, that showed the true musician.

"JULIA is a little depressed this morning—and I don't wonder at it. One can't be calm for a whole day upon the eve of Revolution, without paying for it the next.

"Yours always,

"ELIZA GOTOBED."

"P. S. I don't know why I should ask; but you know these things better than I do. What is the fullest pay of an army lieutenant?"

MISS JULIA GOTOBED *to* MISS ARABELLA ROSEGARTEN.

"YES, ARABELLA; the die is cast. He has come—he has seen—and I have conquered. I always had a dim, mysterious notion that my fate was somehow bound up with the fate of my country. And so it has turned out. The Revolution that has broken against the throne of England, harmless as a ripple upon Herne Bay beach, has enthroned in this bosom the

tyrant Love. I cannot express to you the *émeute* of my feelings! Nor can I think that an envious destiny will throw up a barricade between me and happiness!

"We have passed through a most magnificent day. There was no fighting; but the bayonets in our house had an awful glitter. What I should have done had the mob attacked us, nobody can tell; but the gallant LIEUTENANT SNIGGS, with an oath so pretty, you might work it in crewel—the gallant creature said, he would mow 'em down like turnip tops! It would have been dreadful, would it not?—but still interesting.

"ARABELLA, I am now about to intrust you with a secret that—if your school-girl feelings are still the same—you will not let a team of wild horses tear from you. Handing me down to lunch, LIEUTENANT SNIGGS proposed! Did I not say the die was cast?

The dear fellow has invited Pa to the Mess; and, though I believe he has nothing but his sword at the present, his expectations are immense. Pa dines on Tuesday; on Wednesday, expect to hear that the happiest woman upon earth is your devoted and affectionate schoolfellow,

"JULIA GOTOBED."

"I know the dear DUKE OF WELLINGTON attends weddings. If Pa gives his consent to SNIGGS—the dear fellow's name, I should tell you, is my favourite—EDGAR—do you think the Duke would, out of compliment to a fellow-soldier, give me away?"

SUSAN MOPLEY *to* SARAH GRITTS.

"DEAR SARAH,

"I've given warning, have drawn from the savings bank, and leave here in a month. I know you'll ask me, why? when I was so comfortable. Well, SARAH, for this special reason; I'm more comfortable still. I'm sure I should like a Revolution every day in the year, for we never had such a happy house as last Monday. We'd a division of the Coldcream Guards, to protect the Crown of England, from the second-floor windows. Our house was like a garrison, and smelt of powder like a magazine. They talked of throwing sky-rockets from the garrets, and more, of throwing shells to the mob, which I thought foolish waste, seeing how nice they look upon mantel-pieces.

THIS IS HOW WE TOOK IN THE BREAD.

"I suppose you think I were in a pretty pucker. Indeed, I warn't. I couldn't ha' thought it till I'd tried, what a deal of comfort there is in seeing so many guns about one, with noble fellars not afeard to fire 'em off. And then the soldiers—'specially CORPORAL FUBBS—was in such good humour, it was impossible to fear nothing. I do believe I could have looked upon a battle of Waterloo, with never so much as a single twitter.

"Well, to make a long story short, CORPORAL FUBBS asked me to be his wife—though he said he could, if he liked, marry a governess in a duke's family, that knew French and the use of the globes, the next day. The dear cretur was so straightforward, I couldn't have the heart to worrit him; so I promised at once, and showed my savings bank book, which he said was beautiful.

"He talks of going to Indy, when we marry; as he says it's easier to get made a Captain there. I'm rayther afraid of the sun, as you know I freckle with so little—still, a soldier's wife (and I almost feel one already) must be afeard of nothing. I shall ask you to the wedding, which will be in a month at least; and so seeing what's come of the Revolution, and how happy I've been made by it, shouldn't I be an ungrateful cretur not to cry—Hoorah for the Charter!

"Your constant friend till death,

"SUSAN MOPLEY."

"I sit and count the clock; for at seven I'm going to take four new shirts, a pigeon-pie, and a bottle of ale to FUBBS."

To Those who Cultivate Liberty.

JOHN SMITH, Market Gardener, Hammersmith, begs to inform the Provisional Committee, and its agents in Ireland and elsewhere, that he has on his grounds a beautiful collection of young trees, well adapted for "Liberty in all its branches," or any other plant. They are best fitted for an Irish soil, as they are just about to shoot. N. B. Plots laid out, and attended to by the week, month, or year.

THE ASYLUM OF EUROPE.

COME, all ye kings kick'd out of doors
By foreign insurrection,
Oh! come to Britain's peaceful shores
For safety and protection;
Ye Ministers, obliged to run
From climes too hot to hold you,
Come to JOHN BULL, each mother's son—
Let his stout arms enfold you.

Here, on this little halcyon's nest,
Encompass'd by the billows,
Each night you may securely rest
Your heads upon your pillows;
Shelter'd, like chicks, ye banish'd blades,
By hen's maternal pinions,
Beneath the British Oak that shades
HER MAJESTY'S dominions.

No tocsin here, with brazen tongue,
At midnight calls to riot;
E'en dustmen's bells we won't have rung
To break the morning's quiet.
No barricades obstruct the way
In this pacific nation,
Save now and then, when Fleet Street may
Be under reparation.

Hither, ye merchants, haste, and bring
Your wares from every quarter;
We're quite prepared for anything,
To buy, or sell, or barter:
For Business is a refugee
From other lands distracted
By revolution; wherefore she
Comes here to be transacted.

Count not your spoons, good folks, your plate
Hide not—we won't purloin it;
Your silver will be safe—our State
Has no desire to coin it,
Since, our finances to recruit,
Our country nowise needs it:
BRITANNIA'S perfect substitute
Entirely supersedes it.

Come to the island of the free,
The solvent, and the steady,
Ye foreigners of property,
And here invest your "ready,"
Whilst things look up with British Stock,
And British Trade advances,
And hand in hand, on Credit's rock,
Ease, joined with Discount, dances.

"Tis now Ten Years ago," &c., &c.

THE French Revolution has been accused of having produced nothing great, excepting deputations, demonstrations, and poplar plantations. However, something great is at last to grow out of the chaotic confusion. After the discord, is to come the harmony. The eternal *Marseillaise* is to be succeeded by an opera of MEYERBEER. We are to be indebted to the Revolution for the production of the *Prophète*. This opera has been in portfolio for ten years; a little pamphlet might be written on its vicissitudes, forming a musical supplement to *L'Histoire de Dix Ans*. Many persons have doubted its existence; but so was that of ABD-EL-KADER, until he was caught. The *Prophète*, however, is in custody. No less than five acts have been handed over to the copyists of the Académie. Every note is under the strictest surveillance, and a patrol is placed in the orchestra to prevent the escape of a single bar.

THE EMIGRATION FROM FRANCE.

THERE is one Emigrant from France against whom the Alien Act will certainly never be enforced, however rigorously it may be carried into effect in the case of seedy firebrands with long hair, long beards, and long faces, who go about London trying to persuade Englishmen, in the spirit of the fox without a tail, that this country would be mightily benefited by giving up some of those things that France has lately sacrificed. These gentlemen are not progressing very rapidly in their propagandist attempts, and, indeed, the cases of fraternisation are so few as to be scarcely worth mentioning.

The most interesting of all the emigrants, and the only one that is sure of a cordial reception from the British people, belongs to a peculiar species or specie which one of our artists has been at some pains to indicate. This emigrant finds every door open to him; the best hotels are at his service, and he sees every hand stretched out to receive him. His initials are *L. S. D.*, and he is welcomed with as much avidity as any exiled sovereign.

It is expected that his presence in England will be productive of much good, for he is partly of English extraction, and his long sojourn on the Continent has been very injurious to the country to which he probably belongs, and where his return will be hailed with the utmost satisfaction. He has hitherto failed to contribute his fair share of taxation, and has been otherwise unprofitable in his character of an absentee; but the greatness and stability of England will amply repay him for the calls that will be made upon him, and *L. S. D.* will be as gratified at having got back as we shall be delighted to hail his restoration to the land to which he chiefly owes his existence.

A SERIOUS LECTURE ON BROAD GRINS.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

GENTLEMEN,

You will readily give me credit, when I assure you I am no enemy to laughter. It is a foolish child that quarrels with its bread-and-butter; and my bread-and-butter is the Broad Grin. But you will excuse me for pointing out some little distinctions between my mirth and yours.

I laugh at foolish people and folly; because, though insensible to reason, they are keenly alive to ridicule. I make few of them better by this, perhaps, but I make a great many ashamed of themselves. The Spartans fuddled their slaves to show their children what a contemptible thing is a drunken man. So I occasionally play the fool, that possibly fools may see the absurdity of the thing, and avoid it.

Again, I laugh at knaves, because the lancet of the satirist may often be a better tool for pricking the world's humours than the scalpel of the reformer, the discipline of the priest, or the sword of the judge. There is always one face of roguery which is purely ridiculous, and as this is the face which least imposes on people, I do some good by turning it towards them.

I sometimes, though rarely, laugh at wickedness; but when I do, it is not with a kindly or natural laughter, but a bitter and contemptuous chuckle, which indeed is the only way I have of expressing disgust and indignation. Lastly, I laugh a great deal in pure lightness of heart, and this is the laughter I best like the echo of.

You see I can explain my laughter. But hang me if I can explain yours. It is true we have some subjects and objects of laughter in common. You laugh, for example, at SIBTHORP, and so do I. I could mention some other of our common friends; but let that pass. It is where *you* laugh every now and then at what goes as near as anything can go to make *me* cry, that I desiderate your theory of Broad Grins.

For example, you laugh whenever the Charter is mentioned, or Chartists. Now, that there are knaves and fools in plenty, who ask for the one, and call themselves the other, is certain. But when I remember that, though MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR and his friends have a knack of sticking in their ciphers very much at random, there are some hundreds of thousands who blindly believe in those Five Points, and that of those hundreds of thousands there is a large proportion of ignorant, hungry, and squalid men, who have no share in the exaggerations of Conventions, but who in their intolerable suffering, and hopeless toil, cling to something which, delusion as it may be, is the only pleasant delusion they have—when I think that if their ignorance be crass and gross, it is only the more dangerous for the society of whose base they form no small part—that if their passions and desires be desperate and hopeless, they will only rend the fabric the more by the wildness of their straining—and more than all, when I think on what society and the state have done for these squalid, blind, striving masses, and that you represent the collective wisdom of our society, if they embody its collective ignorance—then, to me deeply pondering these things (as BROUGHAM would say), your laughter at these men, and their Charter, sounds the strangest, saddest, vainest—I had almost written, wickedest—of sounds utterable by human voices. Did you never hear of Alpine travellers whose laughter has brought down an avalanche? So far as I can see, you must abandon this habit. I do not suppose it is the wisest, or oldest, or most thoughtful among you who indulge in it. But, for your own sakes, such of you as are wise and thoughtful should put down this crackling of thorns under a pot. At such a time as this, gravity at least, if not sadness, would better become all of us. I sometimes feel in my motley as if I were clad in sackcloth and ashes. But nothing in the eventful history of the last two months has gone so near to dry up the spring of mirthfulness in me altogether as that ominous, asinine laughter of yours. I thought of it on Monday week, when the streets were blank with vague anxiety, and London bristled with bayonets, and I said to myself, "What if that silly laughter of the Commons were to be re-echoed (after the Irish fashion) this day with the voice of cannon?"

PUNCH.

PORTRAIT OF COLONEL SIBTHORP ON HEARING THAT HE HAD SIGNED THE CHARTIST PETITION. (BY AN EYE-WITNESS.)

Something in a Name.

A CORRESPONDENT, who is evidently not very well versed in his pronunciation of the French language, has addressed to us a letter of seven sides, very closely written, for the purpose of proving that the French were wrong, and have only themselves to thank if they are disappointed at finding they have got no *prize* in LOUIS *Blanc*. Our correspondent, of course, read the word—Blank.

Special's Wife. "CONTRARY TO REGULATIONS INDEED! FIDDLESTICKS! I MUST *INSIST*, FREDERICK, UPON YOUR TAKING THIS HOT BRANDY-AND-WATER. I SHALL BE HAVING YOU LAID UP NEXT, AND NOT FIT FOR ANYTHING."

HOW TO TAME IRELAND.

WE are happy in making an announcement which will instil the utmost joy, we are sure, into the breasts of all loyal subjects living in Ireland. Government has determined on sending to that unhappy country the proprietor of the *Happy Family*—a zoological republic, in which the wildest animals elbow one another in the same cage—to see whether Irishmen cannot be induced, or made, to live peaceably together. He is to be empowered with authority for making experiments, and LORD CLARENDON is to assist him in all his benevolent schemes.

We are informed his first experiment will be tried upon a Young Irelander, an Old Irelander, and an Orangeman. He will shut them up in a room, and not allow them to leave it till they have shaken hands together, and have but one idea, one impulse in common—the benefit of their native country. We confess we have our doubts, but it would be ungenerous to give expression to them at present. The talented tamer of animal passions, however, is sanguine of the result. The best wishes of the intelligent accompany the gentleman on his noble mission of peace.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CITIZEN LOUIS BLANC, *Membre du Gouvernement Provisoire*, is engaged on a work, *La Disorganization du Travail*.

The French Minister of Finance will receive tenders for supplying National Bank-notes for a thousand millions. As the notes will be of very doubtful value when issued, the terms must be moderate.

A *Service Funèbre* will be performed at Paris for the Chartist victims of Monday last.

The Provisional Government announce that they intend to seize on all the Railways, finished or unfinished. They make no distinctions between the shareholders—they are all to be finished.

The Clubs are at a loss to select a Speaker to be recommended for the choice of the National Assembly. There will be 900 candidates.

PUNCH'S REVIEW.

The Parliamentary Duellist. Waistcoat-pocket Edition. By FEARGUS O'CONNOR, ESQ., M.P. To be had of all Parliamentary Agents.

THIS is a very timely book. No gentleman's pistol-case can be complete without it. MR. O'CONNOR has taken the whole breadth and length of the subject; and has proved himself singularly capable of teaching the rising Member, whoever he may be. Our first intention was, for the good of the world, to infringe the law of copyright, and transfer the whole of MR. O'CONNOR's book to our pages. A latent feeling of honesty induces us to limit the larceny to one extract; and as that one contains the whole essence of the volume, the economic reader will pause before he wastes his money upon the book itself. Here is the whole kernel of the nut:—

"There may arise an occasion upon which the manifestation of an heroic contempt of powder and ball will give the House a very elevated notion of the courage of the Member. The occasion is this. Fasten a quarrel upon yourself. Translate in a high and arbitrary spirit the assertion of an opponent as reflecting the very strongest bull's-eye light upon your probity. Whereupon, looking hard at Mr. Speaker, and then turning to your opponent, say—'This, Sir, must be answered in another place. You shall hear from me. Chalk Farm, or Wimbledon—take your choice.' Upon which, with a pistol-ball in either eye, stalk hurriedly from the House, going straight to your own lodgings. For, depend upon it, the Minister or somebody, will rise to prevent bloodshed; will move that you are immediately brought before the House; and it would be ill-manners to the Serjeant-at-Arms to be denied at your own lodgings, when that distinguished officer feels it his duty to call upon you. Showing a proper respect for the dignity of Parliament, you will suffer yourself to be led back to the House: and further, to illustrate your docility to the law, you will permit yourself to be bound like a tame lamb, as POPE says, to shake the hand 'just raised to shed your blood.'"

It must be confessed that this passage pulsates—every syllable of it—with wisdom. Moreover, it has this recommendation. It is not offered on a crude theory; but is further recommended by the sincere knowledge of the writer; he having personally illustrated by example what he so eloquently teaches by precept. The book (with a gratitude as rare as it is touching) is dedicated to the Serjeant-at-Arms.

CHARTIST PETITION.—Among the wicked forgeries appended to this document was the signature "No Cheese." A worse, but a much truer one might have been written; namely, "No Bread."

1*st.* "TALK OF INTERRUPTION TO BUSINESS! VY, I GIVE YER MY VORD OF HONOUR, THAT WAT WITH THEM SPECIALS AND THE REGLAR CRUSHERS, I AIN'T SO MUCH AS PRIGGED A SINGLE HANDKERCHER FOR A VEEK."

2*nd.* "OH, IT'S ENUFF TO MAKE VUN TURN RESPECTABLE."

SPECIAL CONSTABLE PUNCH.

"Now, Young Fellow! These are not times for loitering. If you don't keep moving, you and I shall fall out."

NOBILITY AT THE PYRAMIDS.

THE season for continental tripping and touring being happily rather remote at the present period of the year, there is just a chance that, by the time the autumn comes round, the state of Europe will be sufficiently tranquil to allow one to entertain the notion of going, for pleasure, to France or Italy. Unless a change does take place, the Pyramids will be the only perfect substitute for Baden-Baden, and the port of Ascalon will be the recognised apology for Boulogne, as a foreign bathing-place. We shall be hearing of a *table-d'hôte* on the shelving precipices of Palmyra, and a boarding-house started on the Libyan sands, with water laid on from the Grand African Junction and Friendly Nile Association, for the supply of genuine Nile on equitable principles. The means of rapid locomotion are so very numerous, that the journey to these remote places will be almost as easy as it used to be formerly to visit France or Italy; and, as peace and quiet are indispensable to the full enjoyment of a holiday, nothing nearer than the Pyramids can be thought of, at present, by travellers for pleasure.

COMMISSION OF LUNACY EXTRAORDINARY.

A COMMISSION of Lunacy, which had been issued on the prayer of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, against three unfortunate individuals, JOHN MITCHELL, THOMAS MEAGHER, and W. S. O'BRIEN, was opened last week, in Dublin.

Several witnesses deposed to acts of lunacy on the part of these unfortunate persons. JOHN MITCHELL laboured under a delusion that he was a slave, and that he was oppressed by certain imaginary persons called "Saxons." He would walk about the room for hours, brandishing a pen, which he declared was a pike, and calling upon every one who came in to "break their chains." Witnesses never saw anybody with any chains on at the time he called out so. MITCHELL, MEAGHER, and O'BRIEN often quarrelled. When they were fighting, they used to call themselves "united Irishmen." They often tried to set the house on fire with lighted newspapers. When remonstrated with, they used to shout out "Ireland for the Irish!" Witnesses had known them dress themselves up in strange uniforms. They would get hold of guns or any weapons left about, and witnesses had often been alarmed by the reckless way in which they brandished them about. O'BRIEN was once so violent that he had to be put into the cellar. He was much quieter for some time after that. Witnesses believed they knew the value of money when they had any, but did not consider them capable of managing their own affairs. The house they lived in was kept by a MR. JOHN BULL. He was very kind to his lodgers—used often to send them up victuals, and clothes, and money. They eat the victuals and took the money, but used to tear the clothes to pieces and go about in rags. They always abused MR. BULL, and witnesses believed it was he they meant by "Saxon." When he sent them up victuals, they used to complain he was starving them, and when he gave them money, they would shout out "robbery!" thus collecting mobs under the windows, and alarming the neighbours, who used to come in, believing that they were being ill used.

After hearing much evidence to the same effect, the Commission proceeded to examine these afflicted persons. They found them very much excited, raving about chains and slavery, though at the time perfectly free from any restraint whatever. MR. MEAGHER was on a chair making a speech. He had arms, as had also his companions; and MR. BULL declared he did not consider himself safe under the same roof with them.

When the Commissioners came in, the three unhappy lunatics demanded that their chains might be taken off, and that they might no longer be starved and murdered by the "Saxon," shaking their fists at MR. BULL, who declared that so far from robbing them, he was seriously out of pocket for provisions with which he had supplied them. The Commission, after putting a few questions to the lunatics, to which they could not get any intelligible reply, gave their verdict unanimously, that "JOHN MITCHELL, THOMAS MEAGHER, and W. S. O'BRIEN, have been of unsound mind, and incapable of managing their own affairs, since the 1st of April, 1846. They further recommend that the said JOHN MITCHELL, THOMAS MEAGHER, and W. S. O'BRIEN be put under restraint, as their violence is attended with danger to themselves and others."

CONSCIENCE-MONEY.

EVERY now and then we find an acknowledgment in the *Times*, that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received so many pounds from SO-AND-SO, on account of unpaid taxes or unclaimed income-tax. A qualm of conscience on the part of some secret defaulter sends a five-pound note flying towards the national coffers. It is a refreshing thing for our country's resources, when a sinner cannot unburden his heart without unbuttoning his pocket. It would perhaps be satisfactory if the sums sent in by reformed rogues were described under the heads to which they properly belong in the quarterly accounts of the Revenue. We ourselves have sometimes had our brains racked, and our feelings tortured, by a recollection of having once brought over a letter from abroad to a friend in England, and twice have we made the effort to summon the courage to forward the eightpence to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. But no; the resolution on some occasions, or the money on others, has always been wanting, and we walk about, a wretched robber of our country to the tune of eightpence. Besides, we are of opinion that Conscience is not to be pacified by restoring at our own convenience what does not belong to us. Such tardy honesty is but a doubtful virtue, and we recommend the parties who practise it to be a little more prompt, for the future, in the performance of their duties.

What will become of Him?

THIS important question is suggested by a contemplation of the probable fate of the author of the following

WE-DON'T-KNOW-WHAT-TO-CALL-IT—

We understand that when it was proposed in the National Convention to die on Blackfriars Bridge, rather than give way, MR. JULIAN HARNEY, who is a little fellow, leaped enthusiastically on to the shoulders of his friend CUFFEY to make himself visible, and that CUFFEY thereupon declared his wish to rush forth to battle, exclaiming —"At least we'll die with HARNEYS (*Harness?*) on our back."

Dreadful Mortality.

WE have heard of Irish patriots promising to die upon the floor of the House of Commons, but we little expected the frightful mortality which has taken place in that patriotic cemetery within the last week. We allude to the deaths of the 3,600,000 persons who were said to have signed the Chartist Petition. They all gave up the ghost on the floor of the House of Commons, and were followed to the grave by MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR, who was chief mourner on the occasion. Their remains were properly attended to by MR. CRIPPS, who was deeply moved on the melancholy occasion. Though they all died for the benefit of their country, yet not one of the 3,600,000 has left a name behind him.

Parliamentary Oaths.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THE Wizard of Lincoln, COLONEL SIBTHORP, a night or two since, swore amidst "great laughter" of the House. Pray, Sir, how often is an Hon. Member expected to take an oath in Parliament? I thought that one was all that was required of Members; but, perhaps, distinguished senators, like the Colonel, are allowed to swear *ad libitum?* Will the gentle, honeyed bigotry of SIR ROBERT INGLIS permit him to answer this? When SIBTHORP swears, why doth not INGLIS rebuke him? Or is the Colonel to be allowed to have the run of the QUEEN'S English, especially when it runs into Billingsgate?

"Yours, HEAR! HEAR."

SPECIAL CONSTABLE PREPARING FOR THE WORST.—DRYING HIS GUNPOWDER IN THE FRYING-PAN.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

DREADFUL OUTRAGE IN THE CITY.

Monday, April 10th. We stop the press to announce that the Bank of England has been entered during the night. Its doors are closed, and all cash payments suspended.

The whole place is filled with arms. The Old Lady has taken refuge in the cellars, and it is rumoured that the Directors have fled there also, to enjoy their rest.

The Beadle has deserted his post, and not a clerk is to be seen for love or money.

LATER LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

A gentleman has just rushed into our office. He is almost speechless; but what we can gather from his awful statement, distributed only a syllable a minute, is—

That a body of men is busy at this moment sacking the Bank!!

LATEST LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

10*m. past* 10. The worst is realised. THE BANK IS SACKED UP TO THE VERY ROOF!!!

[The above is copied from a poster of the *Electric Terrifier*, a journal whose circulation must depend upon the shocking nature of its placards. The more it alarms the passers-by, the more it seems to sell. A Revolution, we are told, is as good as a dozen copies to it. The above may be taken as a good specimen of its awful intelligence. A "Fifteenth Edition" is published sometime in the evening, which informs those who happen to buy it, that it is perfectly true "the Bank has been sacked up to the very roof; but their informant neglected to inform them that it was only with *sacks of sand!*"]

A Joke from Chancery Lane.

A FACETIOUS lawyer, who is the delight of the Master's Office, and the pet of the County Courts, attended at Bow Street to be sworn in as a special constable. He proved himself worthy of the occasion. As the loyal staff was put into his hands, he exclaimed, playfully shaking it, "Instructions to defend—6*s.* 8*d.*" There was loud laughter, in which the facetious lawyer joined himself,—another proof that he is well skilled in the art of joking.

THE MODEL HUSBAND.

HE walks out with his wife on a week day, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has "change" when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterwards. He is not above carrying a large brown paper parcel, or a cotton umbrella, or the clogs, or even holding the baby in his lap in an omnibus. He runs on first, to knock at the door, when it is raining. He goes outside, if the cab is full. He goes to bed first in cold weather. He will get up in the middle of the night to rock the cradle, or answer the door-bell. He allows the mother-in-law to stop in the house. He takes wine with her, and lets her breakfast in her own room. He eats cold meat without a murmur or pickles, and is indifferent about pies and puddings. The cheese is never too strong, or the beer too small, or the tea too weak for him. He believes in hysterics, and is melted instantly with a tear. He patches up a quarrel with a velvet gown, and drives away the sulks with a trip to Epsom, or a gig in the Park on Sunday. He goes to church regularly, and takes his wife to the Opera once a year. He pays for her losses at cards, and gives her all his winnings. He never flies out about his buttons, or brings home friends to supper. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains, and never smokes in the house. He carves, but never secretes for himself "the brown." He respects the fiction of his wife's age, and would as soon burn his fingers as touch the bright poker. He never invades the kitchen, and would no more think of blowing up any of the servants than of ordering the dinner, or having the tray brought up after eleven. He is innocent of a latch-key.

He lets the family go out of town once every year, whilst he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on a brown holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a charwoman to wait on him. He goes down on the Saturday, and comes up on the Monday, taking with him the clean linen, and bringing back the dirty clothes. He checks the washing-bills. He pays the housekeeping money without a suspicion, and shuts his eyes to the "Sundries." He is very easy and affectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary punctually; never complaining if the dinner is not ready; making the breakfast himself if no one is down; letting his wife waltz, and drink porter before company. He runs all her errands, pays all her bills, and cries like a child at her death.

Beware of your Leaders.

WE must not be too angry with the forgeries to the Chartist Petition, for they have evidently proceeded from poor uneducated persons, whose principal flourish is in never allowing themselves to be dictated to. Such grossness never could have occurred, if they had had proper rulers to guide them. It is a doubtful point whether MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR is anxious for a Republic, but one thing is certain, he never would be popular as a DICTATOR.

Appointments.

WE have great pleasure in stating that the Order of the "High Constable" is to be established in England. This appointment is to be conferred on *Mr. Punch*, whose achievements in preserving the public peace last Monday week must come home to the bosoms and heads of many. He will be invested with the *bâton de connétable* in a few days; that is to say, he will be allowed to retain the one he has flourished so long and successfully in the service of his country.

NATURAL HISTORY OF ENTHUSIASM.

THE tricolor flag hung out of a house in Paris means "No rent paid here." No wonder, under such circumstances, that an unflagging zeal displays itself among the house proprietors.

Real Equality.

A THEATRE, it is said, is about to be established at Paris, in which the prices are to be equal to all parts of the house, the salaries are to be equal, for all the performers high or low, and the temper of the manager is to be equal under every trial to which it may be exposed. The system of perfect equality is also to be applied to a variety of other matters. The equinoctial line has already given in its adhesion to the French Republic, and the engineer's level is the only one that has been known to turn dumpy in France at the present state of affairs.

FRENCH SYMPATHISERS.

THE French gentleman who, on the evening of Monday, the 10th of April, was shouting out that all the English were cowards, and that the French would show them how to fight, and who was knocked down by a butcher boy, is requested to send to our office for the papers which fell out of his hat, and which will be restored to their owner.

The CITIZEN CORNICHON appears to have come to this country as one of MR. SMITH O'BRIEN'S fifty thousand friends, having a strong sympathy with the cause of insurrection all over the world. He has not been heard of since the events of the 10th: perhaps he has gone to Dublin.

Extracts from his papers, literally translated, are given; the originals lie for his inspection, and the butcher-boy has left his card.

"*The Representative of France*, CORNICHON, *to the President of the Tyrannicide Club.*

"LIBERTY! EQUALITY! FRATERNITY! DEATH TO DESPOTISM!

"*London*, 8 *February.*

"I have the honour to announce my arrival in the modern Carthage, and to report as to the measures taken by us for conferring liberty upon an island whose treachery has passed into a proverb, and who groans under a hideous aristocratic despotism.

"The traject from Boulogne was made in two hours; a strong wind agitated the waters of the Sleeve (*la Manche*); unaccustomed to maritime motion, I suffered frightful anguishes. More dead than alive, I was supported to shore at Folkestone, by a couple of English operatives who, (with many more of their nation) found themselves on board.

"These miserables and their families are quitting our country, where they have been enriching themselves for many years at the expense of France. I cannot but applaud the decree which banishes them from our soil. Are there not Frenchmen enough to till it? Are we inferior in art, in bravery, in science, to these insularies? Let them be flung out of a nation which has need of all its wealth for the support of its own children.

"I protest against the manner in which the fugitive artisans were received upon the brumous shores of Albion. Hypocritical means of shelter have been provided for the fugitives. The Lord Mayor of Folkestone received them with expressions of condolence, and with offers of bread and the national beer. These expressions, this food, this sympathy that Albion flings into the figure of France, is an insult to the Republic. She will wash herself of it, as of PRITCHARD indemnities and other outrages, with which she has been for a long time beveraged.

"The Citizen Superintendent of the baggage of this port is an Irishman. 'Are you and your nation prepared to act?' I asked him. It is a good sign to find this harbour in the hands of our allies.

"My sack-of-night was passed without difficulty at the Douane. My commissary-scarf was not remarked by the supervisors, or if so, treated with insular scorn. Glorious emblem! In three days, in the midst of bayonets and battles, it shall gird the heart of the patriot! WELLINGTON shall see that signal, and PALMERSTON kiss the foot of the wearer. I proceeded to London uncomfortably in the third-class wagon.

"An omnibus transports the voyagers from the station across the foggy Thames and the bridge of Vestmainsterre, by the Vite Hall built by the Norman William, and where a traitorous monarch justly met his doom, to the place of the Gallery of the Nation,* as the Chambers are here called. Fountains bubble before it, endlessly, dirty and frothing emblems of the deliberations within. Hideous equestrian statues offend the eyes of the visitor. The palace of the QUEEN, called Northomberland Ouse, is opposite the Chamber: surmounted by a stupid British Lion, which shall not long remain on those pinnacles. A column of stone, called the Column of Trafalgar, of which I do not understand the meaning, for history makes no mention of such a man or place, is in the centre of this Squarr, as the places of London are called.

"My lodgings were selected in this neighbourhood. Descending from the omnibus with my sack-of-night, and showing the card on which the address of my hotel was engraved, I had little difficulty in reaching that place of refuge.

"I have an apartment in a lofty and wholesome situation—at the Hotel de l'Ail, in the most fashionable quarter of the town, called Lester Squarr. A bronze image of the infamous PITT on horseback decorates the green and smiling garden of the Squarr. I promised myself to level that superb bronze on the day of the national deliverance.

"The principles of our glorious Revolution I saw were everywhere progressing: in almost all the shops in the neighbourhood of the Squarr pancarts announced that French was spoken by these commercials. They are evidently prepared to declare themselves after the great day; when the nation shall be ours, and the stain of Waterloo wiped away.

"I tendered a hundred-franc note at one of these establishments in a beautiful gallery called the Quadrant, and for a white paletot doubled of rose-coloured silk which attracted my regards. With disgusting indifference the infamous proprietor of the magazine refused the paper of the Republic. The Republic will remember him in the day of vengeance. I will wear that rose-doubled paletot under the scarf of the Commissioner of France.

"On the day of my arrival, one infamous had the odious insignia of a fallen and corrupt dynasty gilt over his door. I have pointed it out to the attention of patriots: and bid CITIZEN GROSJACQUES remember that there are such things as Vengeance and Retribution.

"This, the fashionable quarter, is *entirely in the possession of Frenchmen.* In those superb but smoky arcades, in those crowded streets round my Squarr, I rencountered none but compatriots, and many friends. The CITIZEN CHOUX and myself made a careful survey round the Squarr, and arranged where the barricades of the glorious 10th of April are to be erected. An estimable artist has erected here a temple to the Goddess of Reason, under the name of Walhalla. The CITIZEN CHIPPARD conducted me to its halls.

"I have consulted with the Citizens who are to blow up the Bridge of Waterloo. A select band is appointed who is to take possession of the Lor Maire. With him in our hands, the Town is ours.

"The QUEEN has fled.

"The Chartist Citizens are to be invited to join in the demonstration. We shall lead them against the troops. They are clamorous for the day when this island shall become a French department.

"*Sunday*, 9 *April.*

"The shops are closed, as if the Citizens dreaded the morrow's combat. They are flocking to their churches, where they grovel in abject superstitions. I have made myself known to several of the Chartist Club. Their respect for the grand name of France is universal. They sing the *Marseillaise* generally, but grievously out of tune.

"A friend of the great FEARGOOSE has just showed me the petition monster, which the millions of the people have prepared. It will require a carriage of the force of twenty horses to carry it to the Chamber. It is signed by five millions seven hundred-and-sixty-three thousand nine hundred-and-seventy-nine persons. This I swear to you. I counted every one.

"Names are in that parchment that I trembled to behold. Ah! Citizen Minister, how shall I describe to you my sentiments, when I saw on the list of petitioners the name of the QUEEN VICTORIA, and the miserable WELLINGTON!

"With these eyes I saw their writing! With a coward eagerness they have signed the document, not once, but many times. So, you train yourselves before the popular car, do you? So, by devancing the ranks of the nation, armed for liberty, you think to hide your own liberticide projects? Miserable hypocrites! I unmasked at once their intentions to the agent of the CITIZEN FEARGOOSE, who showed me the parchments. He was much struck by what I said.

"Other names were mentioned in the inscribed, which will astonish the Statesman. SIR PEEL has signed it!—What principles has he not already professed? PRINCE ALBERT, husband of the QUEEN, has signed it. Even the infamous PALMERSTON has written that name which has insulted France at the end of so many protocols.

"'Who are these, SNOOKS's,' asked the Citizen Commissary, whose names I read so many times? It must be a numbrous family of patriots that of SNOOKS: and merits well of the country. I should think there must be five hundred SNOOKS's at least on the parchment.

"My informant, smiling archly, said, 'he thought there were.'

"'And will they all be in the field of honour to-morrow?' I asked.

"'Behind the barricades, my brother Citizen,' responded BROWN, giving me a grasp of a hand, dirty, but friendly. And putting his other hand to his nose, he playfully extended its fingers.

"CHEEKS the Marine also has signed: his corps of red-coats is with the people to a man. They garrison Portsmouth and Plymouth, and form the fighting force of all the ships of the fleet. After to-morrow the brave CHEEKS and his brethren will pull down the accursed old flag of the Union, and the tricolor shall float at every fort and mast-head in the harbours of Albion.

"The miserable coward *Punch* has also signed the petition: that tardy conversion shall not save him. Since he knew how to speak, this hunchback THERSITES of the press has prodigated insults to our country. A band of my followers shall avenge them to-morrow. "CORNICHON."

"*Monday*, 10 *April*"

* * * * * * * * * * *

* It would appear that CITIZEN CORNICHON mistook the National Gallery for the Parliament House.

LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

Special Constable. "NOW MIND, YOU KNOW—IF I KILL YOU, IT'S NOTHING; BUT IF YOU KILL ME, BY JINGO IT'S MURDER."

THE REPEAL POETRY.

IF we are to judge by some of the specimens we have lately seen, the Repealers are very badly off indeed for poetry just now; and they could not do better than engage our old friend, the Invisible Poet of Cremorne, to rub up their reputation for lyrical talent. He could aid them by contributing some of his "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," to a cause that makes burning one of its principal objects. Some of the recent Repeal effusions are scarcely worthy to take their place by the Saxon "high diddle diddles" of a primitive era. One of the latest consists of a chorus, whereof the burden—and a precious leaden burden it is, in more senses than one—amounts to nothing more than

"Buy a rifle, buy a rifle,
For a trifle—for a trifle."

And there is another distich, made up of the sage remark—

"Onwards, onwards,
The foe is before us;
Our cause is so just,
It *must* be victorious."

We think the effect of this would be materially aided by a "tooral looral" or two, and perhaps a little "right tooral" in, just to give an agreeable and cheerful finish. The Repeal cause must be in a very poor way, if it will not allow the engagement of some poet of superior powers to those displayed in the rubbish we have quoted. The Chelsea Swan, who warbles like a woodlark in the Caves of Cremorne, would supply some real poetry, warranted to send the blood up to boiling point, at a very moderate price, and would entirely supersede the necessity of resorting to such sorry couplets as those we have extracted from the Irish newspapers.

BROUGHAM A FRENCHMAN?

No, no, no; a million *times* no to this supposition. England cannot spare him, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON cannot spare him, *Punch* cannot spare him, our artist cannot spare him, nobody can spare him from the land he enlivens with the play of his wit, and enlightens with the play of his eloquence. Great Britain would fancy herself reduced in circumstances indeed, if she were compelled to put down her BROUGHAM. While *Punch* has often made him the vehicle for fun, the country has generally found him a vehicle of progress. It is true the BROUGHAM has been at times somewhat crazy, and indeed, as some may have thought, rather shakey about the pole; but the BROUGHAM has been very serviceable in the long-run, and we are disinclined to part with the old familiar article.

We had therefore heard with sorrow that his Lordship had resolved on getting himself naturalised in France, where it is true enough that things are in such a state as to offer him the prospect of realising any ambitious project he might entertain, either as the possible wearer of the imperial purple, or the future mounter of the military cocked hat, great-coat, and telescope. BROUGHAM'S vast experience in the general line would warrant him, in his own opinion, in making an attempt upon the Commandership-in-chief of the French or any other forces; and though we are sure that the "Gallant HARRY" would do nothing unworthy of a loyal subject, yet it must be remembered that if he became naturalised in France, the heading her armies would become—not as now it might be, the act of a traitor—but the proceeding of a true patriot.

Down, Derry, Down.

THE Parisian tradesmen are beginning to complain bitterly that the levelling system now prevailing in France has made everything very flat. Notwithstanding the commercial depression there is nothing half so flat as the people themselves, who expect prosperity to arise from the way in which they are now going on.

COMMON RIGHT.

LORD DENMAN declares that the Chartist Meeting was illegal at Common Law. Does he mean Kennington Common Law?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, APRIL 22nd, 1848.

PUNCH'S POLICE.

QUEEN SQUARE.—A gaunt, oldish-looking boy, who, turning up his nose at the magistrate, gave his name as HENRY BROUGHAM, was charged with having attempted to injure PIO NONO, present Pope of Rome, by squirting at his Holiness a quantity of gutter-mud.

It appeared that some evenings ago an Italian was going down Parliament Street, carrying upon his head a collection of plaster-casts, modern and antique. The Italian belonged to that humble but useful class of the *cognoscenti* who have done so much to abolish the spotted cats and painted parrots from the shelves of country parlours and cottages; placing in their stead the forms and faces of beauty and genius. The Italian was one of the serviceable wayfarers, complimented by MR. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH:—

> "Or thro' our hamlets thou wilt bear
> The sightless MILTON, with his hair
> Around his placid temples curl'd;
> And SHAKSPEARE at his side—a freight
> If clay could think and mind were weight,
> For him who bore the world."

Well, this harmless Italian paused to rest his load in Parliament Street—his load of grace, and worth, and beauty. There was BAILEY'S *Eve*, with FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT, and, among other notables, the bust of PIUS THE NINTH. The complainant deposed, that, a friend with a barrel-organ coming up, they began to talk about the glorious regeneration of Italy, when the defendant passed them. "Regeneration! Humbug!" said the defendant, making a mouth, and going on. Knowing the offender, from his much frequenting the neighbourhood, the Italian took no notice of his insolence. However, in a few minutes he was covered with filthy water; and, looking round, he saw the defendant kneeling beside a gutter, and filling a squirt. Watched him, and saw him deliberately attempt to squirt mud upon the bust of the Pope: the filth, however, fell quite short of the mark, and the bust remained as pure as ever.

The magistrate, commenting very severely upon such dirty conduct, asked the defendant what he had to say for himself?

The defendant, with inimitable assurance, said his worship was a humbug—the Pope was a humbug—the complainant was a humbug—in fact, that all the world, save one individual christened HENRY, was a [illegible] of the most forlorn and crass description. As for what he had done, it was his pleasure—in fact he had no other enjoyment—to squirt dirty water at everybody and everything. He had squirted ink at GEORGE THE FOURTH, and very lately at the KING OF SARDINIA. He had squirted at PIUS THE NINTH, and for the same reason that he would squirt at the man in the moon; namely, for the light and lustre that surrounded him.

The magistrate expressed the strongest regret that there was no law to reach the offender.

"I know that: I know the law," said the defendant; "I know how far I can enjoy mischief and never pay for it. I say, old fellow," added the hardened old boy, winking at the magistrate, "perhaps *you* don't know who signed 'Pugnose' to the Chartist humbug; but *I* do."

And again the defendant impudently winked, and again the magistrate regretted that there was no law to reach him.

Blister and 'Ounds.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR tells us he received ninety wounds on one occasion at Manchester. Are we to take this number as accurate, or to knock off the same liberal discount which reduced the signatures of the Chartist Petition one-fifth? Eighteen wounds are not bad, and we think FEARGUS ought to be content with our generous taxation. Many persons would not have allowed him a single one. As it is, we may say (if the reader and CUFFEY will forgive us) that how he has survived it, is a perfect wounder!!!

THE LION, THE COCK, AND THE EAGLES.

STORM-CLOUDS were over Europe, light slept on England's breast,
The nations heaved with earthquake throes, but England was at rest;
A cry went up from Passaro unto the Baltic shore,
And every tongue but England's had its echo in the roar.

The couchant Lion from his cliff looked o'er the Channel-sea,
To where the smoke wreathed o'er the wave its sulphurous canopy;
His ear erect, his big fore-paws stretched, claw-sheathed, out at length,
And in his eye the calm that comes from consciousness of strength.

Hark, hurtling-wings and hurried! What flight thus cleaves the smoke?
The Gallic Cock—his mate and chicks—his crow changed to a croak,
Forlorn they stand about the strand, and cheep—all limp and lame—
Cock missing hen, hen missing cock, for they scattered as they came.

Still looked the Lion o'er the sea, where the storm lay black as night,
When he was 'ware, high up in air, of a strange and sudden sight—
Two huge black Eagles—double-beaked—their lean necks iron crowned,
At buffets with a screaming flight of their own eaglets round.

A ruffled mass of tossing plumes, red beaks, and rending claws,
Dashed all about the northern heavens—and then a panting pause—
And those two monster Eagles reeled bloody from the cloud
Of their own eaglets' battle—crest-fallen, conquered, cowed.

The Emperor Vulture of the North, from his Carpathian height
Looked with a restless anger on that stern but short-lived fight;
And uneasily kept pacing his eyrie to and fro,
And spread his broad black wing to hide from his brood what passed below.

Then thought the Lion, "So it is—a lesson written plain—
I only, among beasts or birds, hold peaceable domain.
The Gallic Cock was crafty, the Almaine Eagles strong—
But what are craftiness and strength, with folly, fraud, and wrong?

"In the shrillest of his crowing, the Cock is chased from power;
In the fiercest of their swooping, the Almaine Eagles cower;
I only hold untroubled rule o'er beasts of fold and field—
I, that know the strength of weakness, yield to keep, and keep to yield.

"All beasts I take to council—the Fox's craft I share
With the Elephant's sagacity, the brute-force of the Bear,
The wisdom of the Serpent, the mildness of the Dove;
I mate majesty with meekness, and wrathfulness with love.

"When the Ass insists on braying, the Ass is free to bray;
When the Bull-dog's bent on growling, I give his growl free way;
All my Macaws may scream their screams, my Parrots speak their speech,
All my Quacks, Professors, Preachers, may puff, profess, or preach.

"I hold a time for all things—admit each fact a fact—
See the world changing round me, and with it change in act.
I look on nought as final, save the Good, and Just, and Right;
With these for backers, what care I under what flag I fight?

"Jostle it out among ye, blind leaders of the blind,
The windy empire of the Birds is little to my mind.
Light as your bodies float through air, so light your minds may range
From theory to theory, from endless change to change.

"Ye shall not stir the Lion from out his island lair,
In your brawlings, and your bluster, and your bickerings to share;
He keeps here in his quiet nook, ringed by the salt sea-foam,
For all opinion a retreat—for all distress a home."

JOKES ABSOLUTELY THROWN AWAY.

SEVERAL constables' staffs, on the memorable Chartist-Petition-Failure, were made of Gutta Percha. We wonder such a fruitful subject has escaped joking. The soluble qualities of the "best substitute for caoutchouc" seem to melt almost into a rich cream of jokes. For instance, we can imagine its being said that Gutta Percha was selected purposely to enable the constables to stick to their duty. Again, we can fancy it probable some daring humourist would hint that such a material naturally was chosen to enable the Chartists, by being sworn in, to prove their adhesion to the Government; or, in any case, there was a good chance of some one facetiously observing that the staff was put into their hands so that, in the event of their displaying any turbulent warmth, they would be bound down to keep the piece.

We hope, when such a subject presents itself again, it will not be allowed to pass with the same neglect which universal jokers have passed upon it this time, or else we shall have to reprimand our young pupils severely.

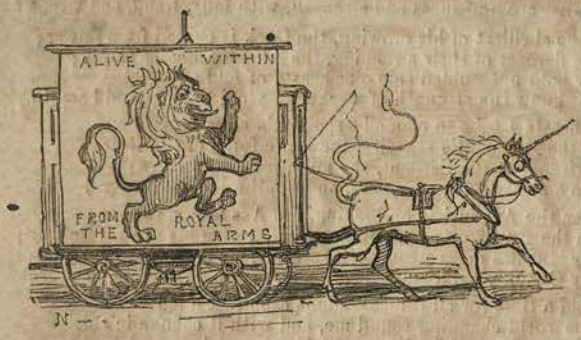
INFRA DIG.

A MARKET Gardener calls the rage for Trees of Liberty in Paris, and thinking they will survive, "only a pop'lar delusion."

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

Pimlico has been in a perfect panic. The loyal neighbourhood of Stafford Buildings has gone crazy—and indeed the houses were crazy enough before—at the startling announcement that if this, that, and the other, are not done to please Feargus O'Connor, he (Feargus O'Connor) will turn Republican. Fancy the adhesion of the "Convention Pet" being withdrawn from the Crown, and Monarchy losing the prop it has hitherto possessed in this loudest of the friends of Universal Nothing and Equal Everything. As to the Palace, we tremble at the most distant contemplation of the melancholy effect that must be produced by the announcement that Feargus O'Connor threatens to turn Republican, reaching the ears of his sovereign. We can almost see in our mind's eye—which, by the way, is most emphatically our total optic or "all our eye"—we can, we say, almost see Her Majesty rushing to one of the royal bandboxes, and thrusting into it that Crown which Feargus O'Connor has threatened with his contingent hostility.

We can imagine the making of preparations for removing the establishment of the Royal Arms, and putting the Unicorn into the position of a London cab-horse, while the British Lion may be seen "Alive, alive!"



—like last Monday's mackarel—in a caravan containing the trappings of Royalty, removed in consequence of Feargus O'Connor having withdrawn from his allegiance.

We hope Feargus will pause, before he goes further, and that he will not think of carrying out his horrible threat of turning Republican. Of course, if he joins Republicanism, the thing is done, as everything else is done that he meddles with. Let us hope that he will pause in time, and continue that very valuable career of loyalty which has done so much to consolidate the throne and the institutions of his country. Let him not persevere, and drive his sovereign into private life, or Prince Albert into making a profit of those agricultural pursuits which he has hitherto cultivated only as an amusement.

Probable Line for the next Six Months.

"Amongst the fashionables present, we observed Count D'Orsay, Lord Cantelupe, Duke of Beaufort, Prince George,—and Mr. Cuffey."—*Morning Post.*

BROUGHAM ON GOVERNMENT.

Lord Brougham has volunteered an explanation of his request to be turned inside out into a Frenchman. It was only to protect his property when in France; as, on arriving in England, he could—upon the principle that one good turn deserves another—turn again, bringing the ermine outside. Curious, however, are the views of Brougham upon government. Liberty is a tree that cannot grow in a Republic; and Truth is the amaranthine flower that will not flourish in a Court. A few nights since, in the House of Lords, Brougham said:—

"Let Venice become a Republic if she pleases: perhaps she may find in that form of government some peculiar advantages; but there is one thing that she will not find, and that is liberty. Experience has led me to form this conclusion, that liberty is not a plant that can flourish in a Republic."

Let the reader turn to Brougham's *Sketches of Statesmen*, article (and what an article!) *George the Fourth*. He will there find these opinions applied to Kings and Courts:—

"They who believe that they are exempt from the toils, and hardly liable to the casualties, of other mortals—all of whose associates and most of whose instructors set themselves about confirming this faith—are little likely to waste the midnight oil in any contemplations but those of the debauchee; and beings who can hardly bring themselves to believe that they are subject to the common fate of humanity, are pretty certain to own no inferior control."

Again; and this is rather strong:—

"That they who draw the breath of life in a Court, and pass all their days *in an atmosphere of lies*, should have any very sound regard for truth, is hardly to be expected."

From this it appears that Lord Brougham neither likes the republican nor the monarchical form of government. No: but he has a Utopia of his own; and *Punch* believes that he shall violate no confidence by briefly describing it in his Lordship's words.—"My dear *Punch*," said his Lordship to us—for it is well known that, in the handsomest manner, Lord Brougham always sits to us when we require his portrait—"my dear *Punch*, my form of government is not a Republic, nor a Monarchy, nor an Oligarchy, nor a paternal Despotism—but the excellencies and advantages and manifold beauties of all these combined; and in that government you will find—a paternal Brougham."

GREAT BARGAIN!

Who wants a Brougham, still fit for any sort of work?
I'm a rum 'un, p'rhaps, to look at, but a good 'un sure to go;
The only thing I can't abide at all is being short of work;
All weights I'm up to, but a bore—all paces, but the slow.

There's not a road in Europe but I've trundled every inch of it;
From the palace to the pothouse, I know all, and all know me;
English boy or French postilion, I'll bowl you, willy nilly, on,
And in a crack I'll plant you, smack, where you never thought to be.

Either pikes or barricades, Sir, I'll go at undismayed, Sir,
If my head you'll only give me—else I'm stubborn as a bull;
No odds how tough, no odds how rough the work, I'm not afraid, Sir,
There's only one thing I *can't* pass, and that's a sack of wool.

I've run every sort of rig, Sir—Tory, Radical, and Whig, Sir—
I've come out in every character wheeled thing could figure in;
I'm *vettura* at Milan, Sir, I'm French *calèche* at Cannes, Sir,
I'm *drosky* at St. Petersburgh, and *wagen* at Berlin.

For speed there's nought can catch me, for pluck there's nought can match me,
The perfection of all drags, Sir, in my single self I blend;
I'll take odds as fast and far I go as Louis Blanc or Arago,
Be quite as rash, yet save the smash that waits them in the end.

THE SWEETS OF SEDITION.

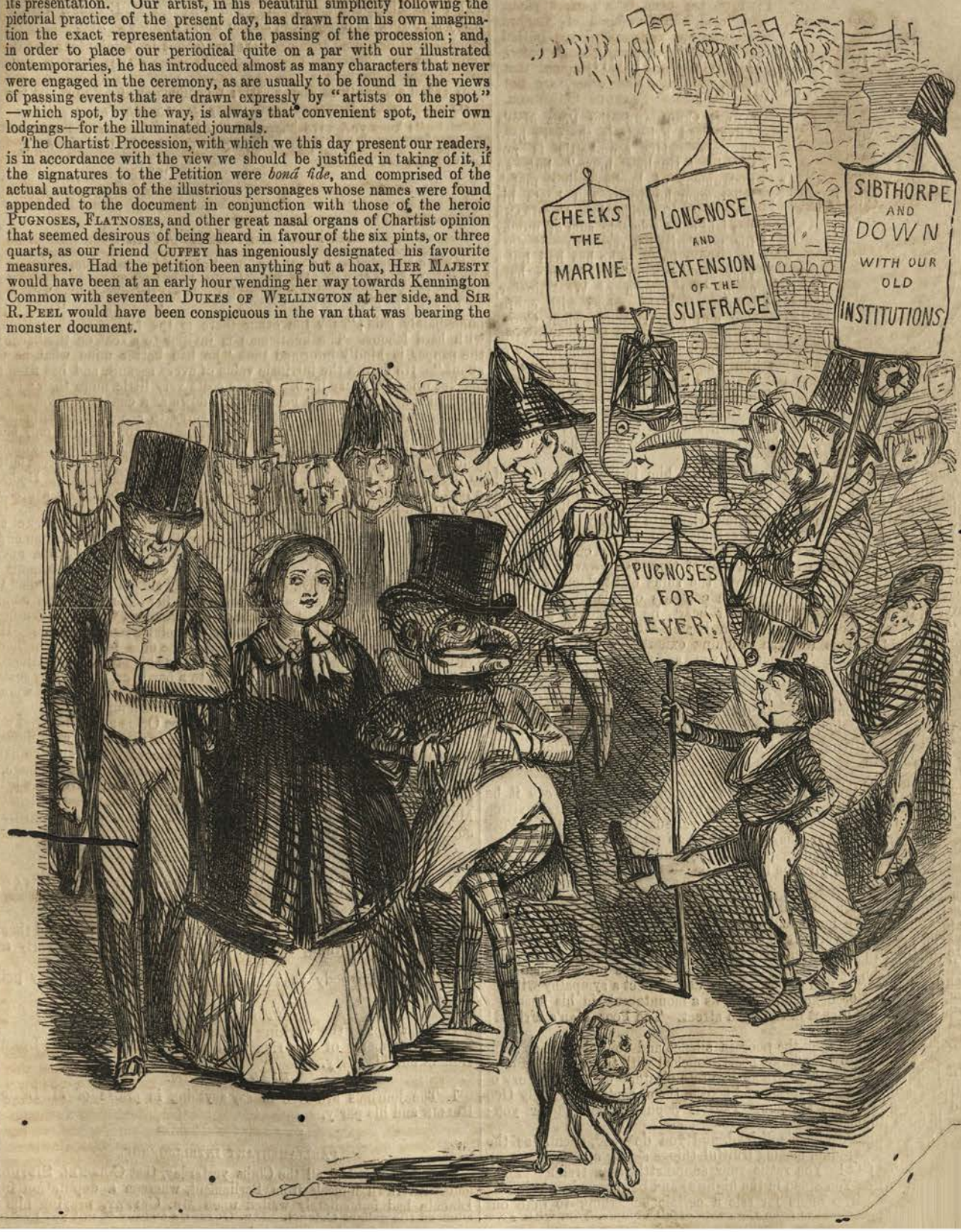
The sweets in the sugar-shops of Dublin have lately run into the popular mould of warlike sedition. Thus, little children have been able to imbibe the instructions of Mitchell and Co. by buying a pike for a halfpenny, in painted sugar. This is instilling poison into the infant minds of Ireland with a vengeance. Any ammunition, from a cannon-ball in Spanish liquorice to a musket in chocolate, can be had, we are told, at these saccharine depôts. There is one consolation, however, that these arms will not stand fire, but are likely to run if they are at all warmly handled. This Young Ireland must be a tremendous fire-eater, if, as we are informed, red-hot coals are sold three for a penny, at these incendiary arsenals. One sweatmeat vendor has taken advantage of this new rage, and has written over his door, "Pike-maker to the Infantry of Ireland." Thus is Sedition made succulent to the most childish taste.

THE CHARTIST PROCESSION ACCORDING TO THE SIGNATURES OF THE PETITION.

It is a very remarkable fact connected with the late Chartist Petition, that the parties who appear to have contributed the largest amount of signatures were not forthcoming to back the document on the day of its presentation. Our artist, in his beautiful simplicity following the pictorial practice of the present day, has drawn from his own imagination the exact representation of the passing of the procession; and, in order to place our periodical quite on a par with our illustrated contemporaries, he has introduced almost as many characters that never were engaged in the ceremony, as are usually to be found in the views of passing events that are drawn expressly by "artists on the spot"—which spot, by the way, is always that convenient spot, their own lodgings—for the illuminated journals.

The Chartist Procession, with which we this day present our readers, is in accordance with the view we should be justified in taking of it, if the signatures to the Petition were *bonâ fide*, and comprised of the actual autographs of the illustrious personages whose names were found appended to the document in conjunction with those of the heroic Pugnoses, Flatnoses, and other great nasal organs of Chartist opinion that seemed desirous of being heard in favour of the six pints, or three quarts, as our friend Cuffey has ingeniously designated his favourite measures. Had the petition been anything but a hoax, Her Majesty would have been at an early hour wending her way towards Kennington Common with seventeen Dukes of Wellington at her side, and Sir R. Peel would have been conspicuous in the van that was bearing the monster document.

Perhaps, after all, the two Premiers—ex and present—have as much interest as the Cuffeys the Reynoldses, and the M'Graths in one


CHEEKS THE MARINE
LONGNOSE AND EXTENSION OF THE SUFFRAGE
SIBTHORPE AND DOWN WITH OUR OLD INSTITUTIONS
PUGNOSES FOR EVER!

at least of the points of the Charter—the payment of Members—for LORD JOHN RUSSELL and SIR R. PEEL would, at least, have some prospect of earning the money, while the Chartist heroes, if they did happen to get smuggled into the Legislature once, would so disgust their own constituents that the salaries would soon be stopped to such worthless representatives.

THE RAGGED REVOLUTION.

RAGGED LETTERS.

CHARLES COCHRANE—the Poor Man's Advertised Friend—is the very hero of rags. His soup-kettle is not merely "tinkling brass," but an instrument of loud-sounding metal, whereupon he drums and beats his continual self-glorification. COCHRANE has laid out a tolerable sum of money for popularity; nevertheless—it does sometimes happen—he has had but a very shabby penn'orth for his hard cash. The women of Westminster, who covered themselves with confusion and blue ribands—when COCHRANE was blighted as M. P.—notwithstanding behaved very handsomely to him when he called the meeting in Trafalgar Square, having worked two flags in black and white worsted—a skull and cross-bones as natural as death—wherewith their hero was to walk, as straight as possible, to Buckingham Palace. Why COCHRANE staid at home it is not our business to inquire. That knotty point we leave for the teeth of History.

However, following our hero, we now find him in the workhouses of London. Determined upon a Ragged Revolution which should repeal the English Unions, CHARLES COCHRANE addressed a circular to the poor, calling upon them to send their friends to take a walk with him on Easter Monday from Leicester Square to Downing Street, by Whitehall. The letter was a very pretty thing. On one side was, "No Bastiles!" illustrated by a portrait of COCHRANE waving a bird's-eye handkerchief upon a stick, above the ruins of St. James's Workhouse. "After you have secured the contents of this in your brain, and stamped its impression upon your heart, be pleased to put it in your hat for the grand deputation on Easter Monday at one, Horse-Guards' time." This was the touching exhortation of C. C. on the cover of the Circular. The contents were as follow:—

"As it is very likely, from a base and contemptible envy of my growing reputation, you may not be permitted by your stony-hearted tyrants to come yourselves,—send your friends. And if I am not there to head the procession, be sure of one thing: they will find the Police.

"Your friend till death (but not to the Station-House),

"CHARLES COCHRANE."

What is to be said of the gratitude of human nature—how *can* it be defended—after a dispassionate perusal of the subjoined letters, written by pauper hands, and forwarded from various Unions to the "Poor Man's Friend?" Why, they are enough to make C. C. throw down the cap and bells of trading philanthropy, and turn man-hater for the rest of his life. We give the first epistle:—

"SIR, "*St. James's Union, April* 19.

"I have been an inmate of this place for three years; once kept a comfortable house and all that, and know what the bitterness of a Union is. Nevertheless, Sir, I don't choose my poverty to be made the plaything of men with the disease of popularity raging, like the small-pox, in 'em. Let me alone, Sir. I have my wretchedness, but leave it to me: don't approach it: don't affect a sympathy with it, to mum the part of benefactor, even as a mountebank, in his spangled jacket, plays on a carpet in the open street. The Poor Man's Friend! Are you indeed that, Sir?

"Well, then, you seek the poor in silence and solitude. It is sufficient consolation to your large heart, touched with the woes—many of 'em, I fear, not altogether curable by state plaster—with the misery of your fellow-creatures, to lessen and soothe them, content that only God and his angels should see you. *That* is popularity enough for you; that is public sufficient.

"You are the Poor Man's Friend, and you do good, silently as the dew falls to the ground, making fruitful things spring up.

"No, you don't! You rattle your soup-kettle as a trading tinker rattles his pot! You stand in the highway and bawl your benevolence; and like a man who offers for sale a certain something to take out spots of paint and grease from the coats of all comers, you, with *your* specific, would minister to the cure of poverty, of wretchedness, and pain.

"I won't have it, Sir. I won't be tried upon. I won't have you make experiments with my misery—leave me alone. Let the poor wear their tatters in quiet; why should you tog yourself in their rags to act the philanthropist? The real Poor Man's Friend doesn't dress and paint himself for the part: and why not? Because, when he really performs, he doesn't call all the world to look at him.

"Yours, (about to break stones),

"JOHN STRAIT."

We shall give only another epistle; recommended by its brevity:—

"MISTER COACHRANE, "*sunt giles his onion inn the fieldes.*

"i knos yer. ive heerde of Traff al Garr. ive got too pick ocum. Hand ard it his, butt no ocum soe hardd too pic as your yarn too swaller.

"i am yourn,

"PETER BRIC."

THE MODEL MAGISTRATE.

HE is a barrister with a subdued practice, and but little known beyond the usher of his Court. He soon learns, however, that the scales of Justice have two sides—one for the rich, one for the poor. The balance, as he holds it, is rarely equal. For the one there is a fine, "which is immediately paid;" for the other there is the House of Correction, with hard labour. The gentleman is invited to a seat on the bench; the pauper is kindly informed that "he had better mind what he is about." He knows the intrinsic value of every assault, and has fixed a market price for every limb. An eye costs very little more than a case of drunkenness. A broken head he puts down at a couple of sovereigns, or a donation to the poor-box. He is sorry to see young gentlemen, "who have been dining out," forget themselves so, and will only fine them five shillings this time. He is sure he has seen every applewoman before. He will have no trading on the kerbstones. He has great faith in the words of the police, and calls them by their real names. He has a just hatred of a cabman, only to be equalled by his profound aversion for an omnibus-conductor. He sees a poacher in every smockfrock.

All beggars he sentences to the Mill. He addresses a pickpocket as "Sir," and is sarcastic upon boys, calling them "young gentlemen." He delights in summoning overseers, and beadles, and enjoys a good collision with the workhouse. He regrets exceedingly to commit a nobleman. He has a private room for a lady shoplifter, and is glad to inform her that she "leaves this Court with her character quite unimpugned," though the matter has been compromised within his hearing. He has the most sublime contempt for the opinions of the press. He does not care what they say of him, though he does inveigh sometimes rather strongly against them. He does not like his law to be questioned, but of the two evils prefers a lawyer to a barrister. He jokes sometimes, and the whole Court, excepting the poor prisoner, at whose expense the lugubrious joke is cut, laughs tremendously.

The Model Magistrate arrives at the Police Office at 10, but does not mind keeping the Court waiting. He leaves as soon as he can, though he is not very partial to visits at his own residence. But what he likes least are remonstrances from the Home Office, for, strangely enough, a Magistrate has been dismissed before now. This may have some little influence in keeping the race of Model Magistrates rather restricted. May it soon become extinct! It is most pitiful to hear of a Magistrate committing himself as well as others!

M. LEDRU-ROLLIN'S NEW RIGHTS OF (FRENCH) MAN.

Rights of Persons.

1. To do everything that M. LEDRU-ROLLIN and his party bid them.
2. To give everything that M. LEDRU-ROLLIN and his party ask them for.
3. To elect anybody that M. LEDRU-ROLLIN and his party point out to them.

Rights of Property.

1. The wages of the working classes shall be equal.
2. The property of the rich shall be at the disposal of M. LEDRU-ROLLIN and his party.

Rights of the Press.

1. The journals are free to say anything in praise of M. LEDRU-ROLLIN and his party.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

IT was reported at all the Clubs yesterday, that COLONEL SIPTHORP had withdrawn himself from Parliament, whereon a deputation from Lincoln had immediately waited upon MR. CUFFEY, praying him to succeed the gallant Colonel. MR. CUFFEY's answer is not yet known.

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD;

Or, Lord Brougham Naturalized Everywhere.

JOHN BULL'S ALIEN ACT.

Bull. "I 'LL 'PROPAGANDA' YOU, YOU MEDDLING FRENCH SCOUNDREL. TAKE THAT—

THE CITY TOLLS.

We feel it our duty to call the attention of the civic authorities to the recent establishment of a rival toll at the corner of St Paul's Churchyard, which levies contributions upon the female foot-passengers as strictly as the Flying Pikeman at the corner of Chancery Lane makes his claim upon passing vehicles. The toll at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard has been gradually growing into a permanent exaction during the last twelve months, and it may now be said to have acquired all the authority of long custom. The collector is a black fellow—one of the original importers of the celebrated Indian dodge, that has inflicted so much loss upon our native mendicants. This impudent Malay addresses his demand for toll to all ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen, who happen to pass by him; and his mode of collection consists of a violent thrusting of his hand into the face of the female passenger, with a sort of dismal growl, which is converted into a malignant muttering if his demand is not complied with.

We are not aware of the revenue produced by this toll, or whether it forms any part of the City funds, but the collection is very rigorously made, and any attempt to elude payment is almost impossible. We have often thought the turnpike man at Temple Bar tolerably resolute in hanging on to the back of carts, clinging to the spokes of coal-waggons, and jumping into the midst of baskets of clean linen, when the drivers of the vehicles containing them have shown a disposition to omit the usual fee; but we can assure the Lord Mayor and Corporation that their toll-collector at the corner of the City is mild, gentlemanly, and forbearing in comparison with the Malay at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, who pounces, something after the, to him, local fashion of a tiger on his prey, upon all the well-dressed females who pass, and who seem likely to be agitated or otherwise intimidated out of their loose silver or their halfpence.

ENGLISH SUBSTITUTES FOR GERMAN SPAS.

The utmost consternation is beginning to prevail among the English *habitués* of the German Spas, in consequence of the probability that all access to them will be cut off during the ensuing season; and it will therefore be desirable to find some substitute near home, where a kind of fashionable watering-place may be got up, presenting all the *agrémens* of Baden-Baden, with all the comeatableness of a suburban tea-garden. We understand that the proprietor of St. Chad's Well, in Gray's-Inn Lane—familiarly known as the Montpelier of Holborn,—has been making arrangements with a view of trying, on a small scale, the experiment of converting his establishment into a fashionable Spa, combining all the attractions to be met with on the Continent.

It is well known that gambling forms one of the chief sources of amusement at the Spas abroad; but this pastime being unpopular among the better classes in England, it has been determined to introduce at St. Chad's Well nothing in the shape of *rouge-et-noir*, but simply to afford the public an opportunity of playing at the game which has been so popular for centuries at our English fairs, and consists in turning round a sort of iron dart upon a board, which is surrounded at certain distances by pieces of good wholesome British gingerbread.

The fine old Saxon Skittle will also be set up for the amusement of the more muscular of the *dilettanti*; and that popular puppy to which our ancestors have prefixed the epithet bumble, will enable the lovers of bumble-puppy to indulge in their favourite pastime.

We have every confidence in the arrangements that are being made; and when we consider the facilities that exist for reaching Gray's-Inn Lane—when we remember that threepence will transport the denizen of the distant regions of Kensington to the New Road frontier—we feel convinced that St. Chad will soon be restored to his old place in the affections of the British people.

THE ART OF FIGHTING A DUEL.

("In a Parliamentary Sense.")

Be valiant. Don't weigh your insult. The heavier it is the better. Throw it boldly at your opponent, and if it floors him, be quick and fling another.

The legal time for the duel is uncertain. It is according to the sport, and comparative skill of the opponents. Sometimes it is interrupted at the first shot. If you are very smart, you may load and fire several times. It is best, however, after an exchange or two to get some friend to cry "Order." This is the more necessary if you are getting the worst of it. The House will soon take up the cry. The Speaker next interferes. He will appeal to you as a gentleman. You must not be surprised at this, but talk of your honour. Leave the House instantly,

first telling your man, with a pair of duelling eyes, that "he shall hear from you." You will be pursued, of course, by the Serjeant-at-Arms. Don't be foolish, but follow him quietly, and be grateful to him for the opportunity. You will be conducted to the Speaker. He will remind you, in the most pathetic manner, of your insult. He will tell you it is very wrong. He will insist that it does not go any further. You will say you never meant that it should. If you insulted your opponent, it was not personally. No: you have the highest opinion of him—you always had, and you only intended to insult him in a parliamentary sense. You will be cheered for this manly confession. Your opponent will rise, and say the very same thing. He will be cheered. You will cross over and shake hands with him. You both will be cheered tremendously, and if you are very forgiving you can retire arm-in-arm to finish the duel at Bellamy's, or you can adjourn it till the next house-dinner day at the Club.

N.B. By following these simple rules, you may fight your six duels every session, and kill your six men easily, and be perfectly alive to resume the sport the following year.

Royal Jealousy.

The Duke of Cambridge is getting rather uneasy about the growing popularity of Mr. Cuffey, and his numerous invitations to dinner. His Royal Highness has given all Charities distinctly to understand, that he will not attend where Mr. Cuffey is invited. There has been great agitation down in the kitchens of the principal taverns, which has since spread to the drawing-rooms of May Fair. Several noblemen have undertaken to persuade His Royal Highness to break his resolution, on condition that Cuffey comes in only at dessert. It is feared that the Duke will reject this compromise.

"NOT SO GREEN AS THEY LOOK."

A horticultural paper says, "Many of the trees of Liberty will go long before they get any leaves." In this case it is but natural to suppose they will take French ones.

HOW TO TREAT A FOREIGN PROPAGANDIST.

We are glad to find that the dirty long-bearded foreign Propagandists are coming in for the sort of treatment they deserve. Everybody knows the story of the French revolutionist lamenting the other day in Trafalgar Square the want of pluck of the British people, when a British butcher boy, taking off his coat, gave the *brave républicain* such a sound thrashing that its echo might have been heard half way down Charing Cross. This treatment of a foreign Propagandist may have been a little too summary, perhaps; but at all events there can be no harm in our expressing a hope that the hint will be good-humouredly followed up; and should any foreigner of any description begin to prate his revolutionary stuff, or doubt English pluck, why—

WE TRUST NO ONE WOULD EVER THINK OF SUCH A THING AS PUTTING THE FRENCH AGITATOR INTO THE FOUNTAINS AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE

AN AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION.

COLONEL SIBBY, *an English Gentleman and Member of Parliament.* | MR. Y. DOODLE, *a Gentleman from Philadelphia.*
MR. BENJAMIN DIZZY, *Ditto* *Ditto.* | MR. CUFFEE, *a Delegate.*

Gentleman from Philadelphia. THAT cider we had at dinner was tarnation good, but d—— your pickles, COLONEL. Why, the stones on 'em's fit to choke a body.

Colonel. Cider! Pickles! The cider was champagne, and the pickles are olives, MR. YANKEE. [*Aside.*] What an ignorant son of a gun it is!

Mr. Benjamin. I never could understand, MR. CUFFEE, why an olive tree should have been selected as an emblem of peace. It has an ungainly trunk, a scanty foliage, and a bitter fruit. It grows where no other trees will grow; I have seen it, SIBBY, lining the bleak hill sides of my native Syrian hills, and speckling the mangy mounds which they call hills in Attica. BROUGHAM cultivates oil yards at his place in Provence—a comfortable box enough, where he and I have speared a boar many a time. But the Greeks were fools in their choice of imagery. They call an olive tree peaceful, which neither gives shade nor fruit fit to speak of; as they call an owl wise, which only knows how to whoop in the dark, and is a beast unfit for day-light. Peace is a palm tree, Wisdom is the sun.

Colonel. What the deuce are you a driving at, about suns, palm trees, owls, and emblems of peace? Pass round the claret, DIZZY, and give MR. CUFFEE a glass.

Cuffee. Thank ye, Colonel; I stick to Port. And yours is uncommon rich and strong, to be sure. My service to you, gents. I suppose now you ave a reglar fish and soup dinner, as we ad, and wine every day?

Colonel. Ha, ha! Here's MRS. CUFFEE's health.

Cuffee. Thank ye, gents. She's gone out engaged professionally, with MISS MARTIN, or I'm sure she would like to ave ad her legs under *this* maogany. What's the use of keeping the cloth on it? You ain't ashamed on it, Colonel, are you?

Colonel. Good for washing, you know. Ha, ha! had him there. How are you off for soap?—Has your mother sold her mangle? Good for trade, don't you see?

Mr. Dizzy. We wrap up everything in this country, my worthy CUFFEE. We put a wig on my Lord Chancellor's head as we do powder on the pate of that servant at whom I saw you winking at dinner. We call a man in the House an honourable gentleman; we dish up a bishop in an apron. We go to Court dressed in absurd old-fashioned bags and buckles. We are as lavish of symbols as the Papists, whom we are always abusing for idol worship. And we grovel in old-world ceremonies and superstitions of which we are too stupid to see the meaning, the folly, or the beauty. Do you apprehend me, CUFFEE?

Cuffee. I'll take a back-hand at the Port—hey, neighbour?

American Gentleman (*shrinking back*). I wish that man of colour would know his place.

Mr. Benjamin. You complain that the cloth is left for dessert; why was it on at dinner? The Colonel's soup would have been just as good on a deal-table.

Sibby. But where would MRS. CUFFEE and her mangle have been? No table-cloth, no washerwoman.

Cuffee. Washin and luxuries be blowed, I say. What I want is that every man should have a bellyful, and (here's my health to you, Colonel) that there should be no superfluities. I say we ave ad victuals and drink enough to support twenty men. Look at this table and all this your plate. This year gilt fork (don't be afraid, I ain't a going to prig it, Colonel) would keep a family for a week. You've got a dozen of 'em. Why should you? I once ad two teaspoons marked with a C; but that was in appier times, and they are separated now. Why are you to ave dozens? What ave you done for 'em? You toil not, neither do you spin. You ain't a SOLOMON in all your glory, certainly. You are no better than me; why should you be better hoff? And not you only, but those that is higher than you. The time has come for doing away with these superfluities, and that's the great Principles of Freedom. Your health, Citizen.

Mr. Dizzy. If our friend the Colonel had no security for his spoons, those articles, which are indeed very elegant, would lose half their worth. My horse may be worth twenty pounds in London now; but if I am certain that the Government will take possession of him to mount the cavalry, my tenure in the brute becomes hazardous, and his value instantly drops. And suppose you were to make a general distribution of all the spoons in the kingdom—what would happen next? He would exchange his silver for bread; that is, the man who had the most bread would come into possession of the most spoons, as now. Would you commence the process over again? You propose an absurdity, MR. CUFFEE. No: our friend and host has as good a right to his forks as to his teeth; and may he long use both in the discussion of his meals.

Mr. Cuffee. The law of man and nature is—that a man should live, and that he is as good as his neighbour. No honest Chartist wants your rights, he only wants his own. The Aristocracy have managed matters for us so badly: have made themselves so rich and us so poor, by managing for us, that now we're determined to manage for ourselves. We can't be worse—

Mr. Dizzy. Yes, I say you can.

Mr. Cuffee. I say, again, we can't be worse: and that we are the strongest, and mean to have it. We'll come down in the might of our millions, and say we will be heard—we will be represented—we will be fed—or if not—

Mr. Dizzy. That's your Convention talk, CUFFEE—don't talk to *us* in that way.

Sibby. No, no, you may wish it, and you may wish you may get it; but since the 10th, I think that cock won't fight—Ay, my boy? I say, wasn't that a glorious sight, MR. DOODLE, to see a people rally round their Queen in the way that the citizens did?

Gentleman from P. Rally round the Queen! You would have had to go to Osborne to do that.

Cuffee (*with a satirical air*). Where His Royal Highness, the Prince, was a taking care of HER MAJESTY.

Dizzy. Pish! The flag-staff was here, on Buckingham Palace arch, with the crown on the top—What matter that the flag was down? My dear Sir, Monarchy is but a symbol, by which we represent Union, Order, and Property.

Sibby. Our Glorious Constitution, dammy!

Dizzy. And we can rally round a stick just as well as a living sovereign. The times are gone by when kings turned out with white panaches, and tilted against their enemies like so many dragoons. Would you have had HER MAJESTY, on a side-saddle, haranguing the police, and His Royal Highness the Prince carrying a baton?

Cuffee. He is a Field-Marshal, ain't he?

Sibby. Ha, ha! Had him there, CUFFEE!

Dizzy. His Royal Highness is, so to speak, only an august ceremony. He is an attendant upon the Ark of the Monarchy; we put that out of danger when commotions menace us.

Cuffee. If a stick would do as well as a sovereign, why not have one? It don't cost as much—it never dies. It might be kep in a box lined with erming, and have a stamp at the end to sign the warrants. And it might be done for less than four hundred thousand a year.

Gentleman from P. We can do it for less in our country—our President, MR. POLK, for instance.

Dizzy. Your President, MR. POLK, cost you a Mexican war: how many millions of dollars is that? If in this country we were to have an election every year, a struggle for the President's chair every three years, men taking advantage of the excitement of the day, and outbidding each other on the popular cry, we should lose in mere money, ten times as much as the Sovereign costs us. Look over the water at your beloved France, MR. CUFFEE.

Cuffee. Veeve la liberty (*drinks*).

Dizzy. They have already spent two hundred millions of our money in getting rid of old ULYSSES. What is the value of the daily produce of a nation? When MR. CUFFEE is professionally occupied, he earns—how much shall we say?

Cuffee. Say five bob a day, you won't be far wrong; and here's your health.

Dizzy. He loses thirty shillings every week, then, that he does not work; and either of free will or necessity spends it. If he does not work himself, if he prevents others from working, if he frightens customers, our worthy friend ties the hands of labour, and stops the growth of bread.

Cuffee. You mean by all these grand phrases that there will be a convulsion, during which the labour of the country will stop temporary?—of course there will. But then see how much better we shall be after, and how much freer to work! Why, give us our six pints (and have 'em we will) and this country becomes a regular Eutropia.

The Colonel. Explain—MR. CUFFEE—explain!

Mr. Cuffee. I will, Gents, I will: but the bottle's empty, and, if you please, JOHN shall bring another, so as not to interrupt me.

[*The Colonel rings for more wine.*

ASTRONOMICAL AMUSEMENTS.

PASSION WEEK has restored to us, as usual, our old friend ADAMS, with his canvas solar system, his spermaceti stars, his oil moon, his gas sun, and his rushlight satellites. We are always delighted to meet with him every year, but we hope, for his sake, that the astronomers will give him breathing-time; for discoveries are now going on so rapidly, that it costs him a little mint per annum in adding new planets. If he is compelled to go on enlarging at the rate of the last four or five seasons, the thing will never pay; for he was, in 1847, compelled to augment his astronomical establishment, and this present Lent we find him advertising no less than—"FIVE NEW PLANETS."

If we were in ADAMS'S place we would get beforehand with the astronomers, and stick on a dozen new planets at once, in anticipation of what may be brought to light during the ensuing lustrum; for we understand that his planet manufacturer will charge no more for making a dozen or so while his hand is in, than he would for producing a solitary star if ordered separate. We believe the principle of a single comet at the wholesale price does not prevail, but that it is with constellations as with kid gloves, and other articles of ordinary traffic—a reduction on taking a quantity.

A HUMBLE ATTEMPT TO ILLUSTRATE THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

There is only one thing wanting to give completeness to the Professor's exhibition, and that is some appropriate music; but we have every reason to believe that he will form an arrangement for introducing the original music of the spheres at his next year's entertainment.

"The Noble Earl Explained."

"MR. PUNCH,—PERMIT me to observe, when I stated that LORD CAMPBELL had filled the post of Lord Chancellor of Ireland 'for a very brief period,' I had no intention of suggesting to the arithmetical genius of the country the following sum:—'If LORD CAMPBELL, for a Chancellorship of three months, takes a retiring pension of £3692, enjoying the said pension for, we will suppose, twenty years—how much will the amount reward his late official life per minute?'

"I assure you, *Mr. Punch*, whatever may be said to the contrary, I had no intention of suggesting any such democratic calculation, and am your constant reader (in the House), "ST. GERMAINS."

A TRIP TO PARIS IN SEARCH OF LIBERTY.

A SANGUINE gentleman, whom we call not a Democrat, or a Republican, or a Chartist—for we dislike calling names—went to Paris in search of Liberty.

The first day he met a troop of his own countrymen. Their wives and children were with them; they were in tears. "We have been expelled," said one of the men, "because we are Englishmen; our wages have not been paid to us, and we have lost all our instruments. The money we had put into the Savings Banks has even been denied to us: we have nothing but charity to depend upon." The gentleman would scarcely believe his senses. "I have made a mistake," he said, after giving them a trifle; "surely this is not what they call Liberty?"

The second day he read a circular of a Minister of Instruction, in which electors were directed to choose those men whose greatest recommendation was their ignorance—not talent, nor wealth, nor character, nor position were to be a Member's qualifications; but ignorance, and the greater the better. He said nothing, but thought to himself, "Hum! this is strange Liberty."

The third day he met bands of vagabonds parading the streets of Paris. Their occupation was to break the windows of those who would not illuminate. Thus they went from house to house, insisting upon a blaze of tallow candles and *lampions*. He who refused had not, the next moment, an unsmashed pane left in his house. He was astonished, and wondered if Liberty had ever been viewed in this light before?

The fourth day he attended a large meeting of workmen. He sympathised with them when they talked of their wrongs. His heart beat for them when they vowed that all they wanted was justice. They went in a body to their master's factory. He followed them. They unrolled their grievances. They must have double wages; they must work less; they must have a share in the profits of the concern. The master could not yield these demands. "Very well," said the foreman, "you must close your doors;" and a guard was appointed, to prevent any workman entering the factory. The Englishman's face lengthened, and his head dropt, as he heard these proceedings coupled with the name of Liberty.

The fifth day he paid a visit to a Democratic Club. He expected to hear the loftiest patriotism, the noblest sentiments of humanity. A long-bearded gentleman was speaking. He claimed equality of riches; everything should be in common; same wages, same profits, same everything. The wealthy should give to the poor; if not, the poor had a right to take from the wealthy. The Provisional Committee were all traitors. France would not be free before every aristocrat's head was rolling in the dust. The Englishman shuddered at these new notions of equality. He inquired who the speaker was. He was informed in a whisper, "A convicted spy of the late Government." He could not help looking with suspicion on this fiery apostle of Liberty. However, it was mere talk, he thought; but he was astonished, the next day, to hear that 20,000 men had assembled in the Champ de Mars, to listen to this prophet; and that they had proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, to demand fresh concessions. These were granted; and the Englishman began to doubt whether this was the best way of proving the holy rights of Liberty.

The sixth day he was amused with the universal plantation of trees. This was harmless enough, and the Englishman only smiled at the sport. "May they all bear good fruit!" he said; but in the middle of the night the *rappel* was sounded, the streets were in alarm; the Government was overturned; Paris was in flames; and many other reports equally agreeable, but equally untrue. The Englishman went to bed again, only too glad to hear it was a false alarm; but the same thing was repeated the following night, and the night after that; and he came to the conclusion there must be something the matter with Liberty, since she passed such restless nights.

The following morning the Englishman packed up. He had seen enough of Liberty to last him all his life. He is now in England, and has made up his mind never to leave it again; not, at all events, before the Liberty it enjoys ceases to be a practice, and becomes a mad, impracticable theory. Since his arrival in London, he has drawn up the following programme of Liberty:—

There are different kinds of Liberty.

There is the Liberty of smashing windows.

There is the Liberty of not paying your rents.

There is the Liberty of not doing anything, and receiving a franc a-day for it.

There is the Liberty of seizing upon railways which do not belong to you.

There is the Liberty of the Bank to suspend cash payments.

There is, likewise, the Liberty of kicking any foreigner out of the country, who is cleverer than yourself, to say nothing of the smaller Liberty of playing at gardening, and at soldiers, and making speeches about Liberty, and a host of other Liberties, which are freely taken without the slightest degree of Liberty.

Our Englishman says, however, and we must admire his good sense, that he would not exchange all those Liberties, popular as they may be in Paris, for the simple one of Order and Peace which he enjoys in England.

"IT IS OUR OPENING DAY."

On Monday the first of May, the Royal Academy consented to open its doors for the usual price of one shilling, umbrellas at the door included. The rush of artists was well sustained this year, and the numerous falls on the staircase proved once more the powerful truth, that the greatest genius is apt to fall when he attempts too bold a flight. The admission to the Academy is a most slippery thing, and many an artist who thinks that he is just on the point of entering, finds the door-handle slip through his disappointed fingers, and that he is driven back for another year. Several, however, get up again, not at all hurt by their fall, and, mounting step by step, rise at last to the very top of the Academy, going far beyond the very men who first excluded them. The forty R.A.'s have earned the reputation of being dreadful "exclusives," and we must say the hard raps they have received for shutting their doors in the face of rising talent, have not been given without a very good handle. But we intend to pay a "bobbing" visit to this Royal Exhibition, and then we shall be able to report whether it is a good shilling's-worth, or whether it is not worth a rush.

One thing is certain: there is sure to be plenty for the money; but that is a recommendation which ought to be limited solely to stale pastry. These *Pictures of the English, painted by Themselves*, ought to be published gratuitously. They certainly manage these things better in France, and we never recollect hearing of an instance of a *gamin* cutting up with his penknife the portrait of any one at the Louvre, or of a *chiffonier* walking off with a statue under his arm. The British Public, however, is never admitted anywhere unless he has a silver ticket; but no: we are wrong, they do let him in at Westminster Abbey with a copper one—and a precious let in it is!

A PETITION FROM PETER PINDAR THE THIRD, TO MR. PUNCH.

Sovereign of all the jesters, autocrat
More dread than Russia's emperor barbaric,
We humbly beg thee on the back to pat,
And set up in thy type this lay Pindaric.

A Scot once met a Briton, each a sticker
For his own country's fame—their names you 'll pardon—
And the two fools debated o'er their liquor
The merits of a Scotch and English garden.

Sawney maintained, with slow enunciation,
"So help him good St. Andrew at his need,
That plums and peaches never reached perfection
Or near it, one Scotch furlong south of Tweed."

The burly Briton swore with native wrath,
By all a Briton's oaths—I won't repeat 'em—
"As for all wall-fruit from the starving North,
Burn his old breeches, if a pig would eat 'em."

'Twas clear the case could not thus be decided,
Each backed through thick and thin his own avowals;
Their swords were out, all compromise derided,
And Sawney ran the Briton through the bowels.

Repenting when too late, and on his knees,
Bent on consoling to his utmost power,
"Freend, I forgot," howls Sawney, "to premeese
I like them vera' hard and vera' sour."

"Friend," replies Bull, "I'm glad there's enough life in me
To tell you that I quite forgive your haste;
But why the devil, ere you stuck your knife in me,
Didn't you tell me your outlandish taste?"

Sire! such a time as ours your wisdom craves,
For every man has need of his seven senses,
When all the fools at home, and foreign knaves
Would goad John Bull to break down his good fences.

We therefore pray your witship, ere we quarrel,
And send conciliation to the right about,
To knock into your lieges' heads this moral,
For Heav'n's sake *first* to settle what they fight about.

IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.

In a case the other day, in the Court of Common Pleas, Mr. Justice Maule laid it down with considerable learning and acuteness, that a tiger or any other wild beast is decidedly distrainable for rent. This is a "real blessing to landlords," who have only to take advantage of the clause in the Act, to seize the claws in the tiger, if the livery of seisin does not happen to be anticipated by the animal himself. As to the hyæna, we are quite sure that he would take care to defeat the statute in his own peculiarly pleasant manner, by laughing the plaintiff, as hyænas will, completely out of court. We believe that a bear may also be taken for debt, unless he comes over the creditor's attorney by that species of huggery in which bears are frequently skilled.

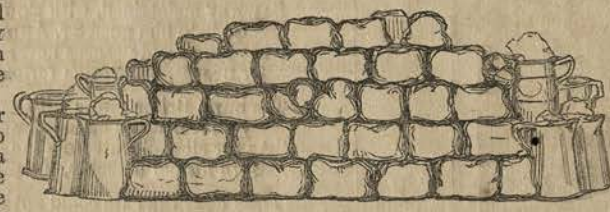
We have it likewise on excellent authority, that if A. owes B. money, and A. is owner of an elephant, B. may detain the elephant's trunk till the debt is paid; and it is also tolerably clear in all the books, that a boa-constrictor lying dormant, as if dead, in a deal box, is recoverable by an action on the case; but if the plaintiff mixes himself up with the boa-constrictor, so as to identify himself with it, he, the plaintiff, will not be recoverable at all. If the boa-constrictor should unfold his tail early enough, the plaintiff may have a severance; but otherwise, says Mr. Justice Maule, he must inevitably be quashed.

The Soyer Sauce.

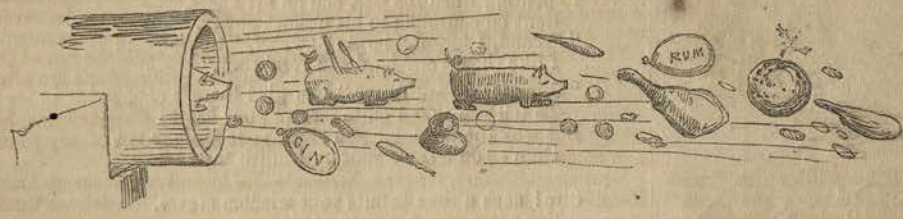
M. Soyer has invented a new sauce—a day or two ago, there was a magnificent article upon it in the *Chronicle*, written by Mr. Disraeli—a new sauce of such wondrous power that with it Colonel Sibthorp has already professed himself ready to swallow the Charter!

PUNCH ON STREET-FIGHTING.

From a long experience as General-in-Chief of the Artillery of Wit, and Commander of the Forces of Humour, I am enabled to give some suggestions upon the practice of Street-Fighting. I do not recommend the plan proposed by some of my contemporaries, and by some disloyal maniacs in Dublin, who would throw down their chimney-pots, wash-hand-stands, looking-glasses, bedsteads, and other furniture, on the troops or the rioters, as the case may be; but I think there is another mode of warfare to be adopted, which would have a wonderful effect in keeping down an excited multitude. I should propose, in the first instance, throwing up a breast-work of four-pounders—I mean four-pound loaves—and I would then call over the muster-roll, by mustering all the rolls I could lay my hands upon. This I should look upon as the very flour of my army; and I am convinced that the force would be quite sufficient to keep in check a party of insurgents, who, receiving the four-pounders in their stomachs, would get what is vulgarly called a bellyful. I would recommend that these forces should be well flanked up by a division of Barclay and Perkins's Heavies, and I am sure that the united force would be irresistible.



With reference to artillery for street purposes, I am prepared to advise the use of the pop-gun on a gigantic scale, which should be loaded up to its muzzle with grape—in the shape of wine—and with ammunition of various kinds, such as balls of forced-meat, blades of the bones of shoulders of mutton, and other effective missiles. It is certain that if the disaffected were to be met in this way, they would very soon be satisfied, or in other words, have had quite enough of it. Barrels of beer would



be more efficacious than barrels of gunpowder, and nothing would be easier than to secure the ring-leaders, if they had been well played upon by the double-barrelled force I have suggested. These are the chief points in the system of street strategy recommended by

PUNCH.

MERRY MAY IN PARLIAMENT.

May was never before so busy in Parliament. The Whigs—who may now be considered the political sweeps of the country—promised a capital show on the 1st. Jack-in-the-Green Russell was blithe and confident as ever; dancing about as though clothed in immortal laurel. Then the Chancellor of the Exchequer rattled the box for the Indian Loan; then there was the hornpipe (with Whig double-shuffle) of the Aliens Bill; then Merry May brought up the Jews to have their Disabilities removed; and then Lord Morpeth was to go on blowing the Soap-and-Water Bubbles Bill. On the 15th we are to have the Navigation Laws set right. Indeed, everything seems reserved for May. We have no doubt, however, that she will contrive to defer much of her business until August, when Lord Russell will observe, that it being too late in the Session to do anything—(hot weather and all that)—why, the House will adjourn to the Moors! Having killed nothing but time in the Commons, honourable Members are then fully justified in looking for game elsewhere.

We Beg to Apologise.

Monsieur Michelet, amongst many other new truths thrown down upon England, says—"No Englishman ever had an idea." Now we take the liberty to state that we had once an idea, which was that Monsieur Michelet was a very clever, sensible man. Now that idea, it is clear, had no right to come into the head of an Englishman, and we willingly retract it. We confess our error. We cannot account for it, and promise Monsieur Michelet, as we love ideas of justice, that we will never entertain an idea like it again.

THE NOBLE ART OF FRATERNISING:

BY LEDRU-ROLLIN.

Nothing easier. You must help yourself first, and if there is anything left, help your brothers. The best bonds of brotherhood are Treasury Bonds, so collect as many as you can. Self-preservation is the first law of Nature, which means that you must take the best care of yourself. If Smith has £30,000, you, as his brother, are clearly entitled to half of it. Communism means share and share alike: so, if Rothschild has a thousand railway shares, you are fairly entitled to five hundred of them.

For perfect happiness society should have but one opinion, and of course that opinion should be your own. What right has anybody else to force his opinion upon you? Freedom of speech, when translated, means persons being at liberty to think as you think. If every one was to have a separate view and interest, and to think for himself, whatever would become of the noble principle of Equality? You are bound to relieve all workmen, and if they are English or foreigners, their claims are all the stronger, so do your best to relieve them of their tools and wages; and if the wretches murmur, tell them to leave the country instantly, for they are not worthy to participate in the blessings of Fraternity. If they are not convinced, mind force is better than persuasion; one bayonet is sharper than a thousand arguments.

There must be a master-mind in all things. Prove this, especially at elections, where the candidates should be your choice and not the electors'. Communism is all very well, but, like writing, it is liable to fewer errors, when guided by dictation. Think of your country, of course—don't forget the sacred claims of your brothers; but there is no true Fraternity unless you think of yourself first. A rainy day may come, and you are a fool if you do not provide for it; for there was never a brother yet, that would lend another an umbrella.

Ledru Rollin.

Heavy Blow at the Church.

"On Thursday, the 27th inst.," says the *Morning Post*, "the advowson of Clevely, near Newmarket, was put up to public competition, at the Auction Mart." Well may the French believe that we sell our wives at Smithfield, when we vend the right of appointment to the cure of souls. "It was knocked down," adds our contemporary, "for £5950, which was below the reserved price." It is a pity that this variety of the game of "knock-em-downs" should be legal. Of all the blows that are struck at the Church, none are likely to be more injurious than those of the auctioneer's hammer.

The Cochrane Doll.

Mr. Charles Cochrane has so nobly distinguished himself in his attempt to make personal notoriety out of the poverty of other people, that a very high and significant compliment has been paid to these efforts by sundry humble dealers. The Black Doll has been taken down from the shops, and an effigy of Cochrane hung in its place, with this notice (containing the whole gist of the Cochrane philosophy)—"Here the greatest price is given for old rags."

Gutta Percha Again!

In spite of our remonstrances last week, we have received another joke on the above subject. A correspondent recommends all special constables and soldiers to wear boots and shoes made of Gutta Percha, for, in the event of a riot in the dog-days, it will enable them better than anything else to *stick to their flags*. We declare, contributions like these are enough to make us turn Communists, for then all dullards would be obliged to share their jokes equally, instead of their being inflicted in their weighty entirety upon us. We ask the reader if the above isn't too bad?

THE MODEL WIFE.

She never comes down to breakfast in curl-papers. She does not grumble if her husband brings a friend home to dinner, even if "there is nothing in the house." She does not remonstrate if her husband puts his feet on the steel fender, or cry if he does not wipe his boots on the door-mat. She subscribes to no circulating library, and if she reads a novel, she falls asleep over it. She is proficient in pies, and has

a deep knowledge of puddings. She never talks politics; or "wish that she were dead," or "a man;" or slam the doors, or shut herself up in her bedroom on the plea of a "nervous headache." She is very slow in tears, and a stout heretic as to hysterics. She allows a dog to be kept in the house. She goes to church, but not to criticise the bonnets. She is not above descending into the kitchen to get "something warm" for supper. She allows a fire in the bedroom on a wintry night. She has a quick eye for dust, but does not martyr her husband with continual complaints about the servants, nor worry herself to death for a man in livery, or a page in buttons. She can walk, and without thin shoes, or a Jeames to follow her. She prefers table-beer to wine, and does not faint at the idea of grog, or in fact, faint at all. She never sees that it is necessary to go out of town "for the dear children's health." It is true she follows the fashions; but then it is at several years' distance. She has the smallest possible affection for jewellery, and makes the sweet children's frocks out of her old dresses. She is never "delicate," and would scorn to send for the doctor because she is "a little low." She never tells her husband when any of her friends have got a new bonnet, or exclaims with enthusiasm that she saw "such a lovely cachemere in the City yesterday," and then rhapsodise on the smallness of the price. She never opens her husband's letters, and preserves her wedding-gown with a girlish reverence. She is not miserable if she stays in town on the Ascot Day, nor do penance in the back parlour if she does not go out of town when the season is over. She mends stockings, and makes unexceptionable preserves and pickles. She does not refuse to go out with her husband because she hasn't a good gown. She asks for money sparingly, and would sooner "eat her head off" than make anything out of the housekeeping. She always dresses for dinner. She never hides the latch-key. She rarely flirts, and it makes her too giddy to waltz, even with an officer.

The Model Wife always sits up for her husband, to the most unmatrimonial hours; and still she does not look black, or say "He's killing her," though he should bring daylight in with him, or even come home with the "milk." She hangs over the little bit of fire, watching the mantelpiece clock, alarmed by every sound, jumping up at every cab, shivering and sleepy, her only companions during the long night the mice in the cupboard, or a stray blackbeetle, and her only occupation the restless fear lest her husband should not come home safe. She cries sometimes, but never before him; and, above all—hear it, all ye Wives of England—she does not Caudle Lecture him when she gets him inside the curtains and knows there is no escape for him!

TO THE UNEMPLOYED.

We have read, with the combined attention of the philosopher and the patriot, a little book that, gay as a summer butterfly, has just fluttered from the press. The book is called *Sketches of Her Majesty's Household;* and, among other intoxicating intelligence, the work professes to be *A Guide to Situations in the Queen's Domestic Establishment!* A very solemn little tome, it must be confessed, is this. Common paper, and mere printer's blackness, are indeed too vulgar for its sublime purpose. Its leaves ought to be of the vellum of the sheep that grew the golden fleece; and conserve of the hearts of Maids-of-Honour should be its ruddy ink. However, it is not so; the book is, notwithstanding, a nice little book that, helped by the imagination of true loyalty, will gleam a *libro d'oro.*

With so many worthy men and women out of employment, *Punch* is desirous to show to those who want places, how many excellent situations are to be had in the Royal Household; situations with this double recommendation, namely, a high salary and nothing to do. We are not aware of any kind of post that can offer to man or woman a more eligible investment of temporary attention.

In the first place, there is the post of Lord Chamberlain. His duty is, we believe, to carry a stick in his fingers; to wear a latch-key of the door of the back-stairs at his button-hole; and always, on state occasions, to walk backwards. The salary for doing this is—£2000 per annum. In 1805, the place—held by the Earl of Dartmouth—was only £1200 a year; but, the Aristocracy having struck for an advance, the wages are now £2000. The duties of the post being made easy to the commonest understanding, no man's modesty need stand in the way of his preferment.

The Vice-Chamberlain is engaged as a sort of double; taking the Chamberlain's post when absent on his own business. This post (salary £924 per annum) is well adapted for any good-looking young gentleman of leisurely habits. No talent of any sort required. He must, however, know his right hand from his left, and keep his thumb from his mouth.

The Lords-in-Waiting have £702 each per annum, with the run of the Royal box at the opera and playhouse. They do nothing; and are often much puzzled to get through their work.

The Master of the Ceremonies, in addition to the Chamberlains, has £300; and would be a very nice addition to the income of any young man of good deportment.

Gentlemen-Ushers, Grooms, Serjeants, Table-deckers, Kings-at-Arms, Heralds, are all well worthy of the unemployed; whose leisure would in no way be interfered with by an appointment to either post.

To a retired sportsman the Master of the Buckhounds would be a very eligible situation; inasmuch as he is not required to hunt above four or five weeks in the season; for which he is paid £1700 per annum; besides being free of all turnpikes. The Master has a very handsome turn-out; the expense of the establishment averaging between £6000 and £7000 a year, and triumphantly showing how much of the people's money goes to the dogs.

The Hereditary Grand Falconer. This is a very eligible situation for any person of genteel exterior. The salary is £1200 a year. Not a single hawk is kept; but the Falconer is expected, on certain state-days, to give toast to the parrots!

The Keeper of the Queen's Privy Purse is a very nice post, indeed, for any respectable young man; good security is of course required. The salary is £2000 per annum. This is as it ought to be. Honesty, like all other good things, is not to be bought except at a high price. Hence, the Keeper of the Purse is removed from all temptation, by having £2000 a-year for only taking care of it.

The Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle would be a capital appointment for a steady man; only it is at present in the possession of Prince Albert. Vulgar people might imagine that his Royal Highness would have no objection to swear himself in as a continual special constable to take care of his own house gratis; his Royal Highness, however, knows the worth of fidelity; and hence (in addition to his £30,000) receives £1120 per annum with the constable's staff of Windsor Castle!

The Ranger of Windsor Home Park would be a pleasant post for any man with no objection to the country. Prince Albert, however, being particularly fond of the Home Park, takes £500 a-year for warning people "off the grass."

We shall not number the many situations conducing to the real strength and glory of the Crown, to be found in this inestimable volume. *Punch* recommends it to the earnest study of the true and loyal. The writer attempts to show (very unsuccessfully, as *Punch* thinks) that easily enough a sum of £29,104 might be saved to the country without "interfering, in the most trifling manner, with either the domestic comforts and conveniences, or the necessary state ceremonies, of the sovereign of this country." *Punch* thinks the suggestion very disloyal. The true strength of the British Constitution is in the money it costs us. Make Government cheap, and you make it contemptible.

A Suggestion for the new Statue of Liberty, to be erected at Paris.

OUR DOUBLE BROUGHAM.—In consideration of the amusement which has been created by LORD BROUGHAM in seeking to combine in his own person a French citizenship and an English peerage, *Punch* is graciously pleased to allow his Lordship to adopt the style and title of LORD HALF-AND-HALF.

RAILWAY REPUBLICANISM.

THE monarchy of KING HUDSON is at an end; the iron crown is torn from his brow; and his supremacy over the world of lo-comotion has been extinguished by a very low-commotion indeed. He made an attempt to abdicate in favour of his son, the PRINCE OF RAILS, and called out the whole of the Light Stokers; but they, having fraternised with the Guards, a rush was made into the refreshment-room, where a Provisional Government was declared. The immediate cause of the outbreak was the refusal of KING HUDSON to recognise anybody or anything, and his determination to throw himself upon the line. Every attempt to move him having proved fruitless, a general agitation ensued, which extended even to the sleepers, some of whom were torn out of their beds by the insurgents, who sent a great moral engine as a vehicle of progress, to inform persons in every station that the HUDSON monarchy was at an end. The Secretary, who had hitherto been on the Civil List, sent in his immediate adhesion to the new order of things, and the whole of the clerks, being very anxious to retain office, fraternised with the railway people against their late king.

Nothing has yet been decided as to the new style of Government, but a Directory has been spoken of as the most obvious form to adopt. The engine-drivers have resolved on driving matters to the utmost extremity, and crowds of railway porters are rushing about frantically in all directions, singing *The Steam Arm*, which corresponds among them with the famous *Chant du Départ* of France. The electric telegraph is in the hands of the revolutionists, and the *Chemin de Fer* has become a perfect *Chemin d'Enfer*, for everything is going in that direction as fast as it can.

THE DAY-SLEEPER.

"SOMETHING MUST BE DONE." Such is the "great fact" which every newspaper has lately discovered; such is the strong conviction of every sensible man who is fond of order, and averse to riots and revolutions; and such doubtlessly was the soliloquy of every special constable on the 10th of April, after a ten hours' duty. But LORD JOHN RUSSELL hears the national cry, and twirls his thumbs. He is rather prepared to admit that "something" ought to be done, but has not made up his mind yet what that "something" shall be. His eyes are rivetted upon the ceiling, and he is ready to rush to the House of Commons as soon as the inspiration comes down upon him. In the meantime, the minutes of "Finality" are numbered; if not, the days of Whig Government soon will be, though we know that Finality is the very last thing which a Whig Government is likely to surrender. "Finality," in the RUSSELL vocabulary, means "Government without end."

Neat and Appropriate.

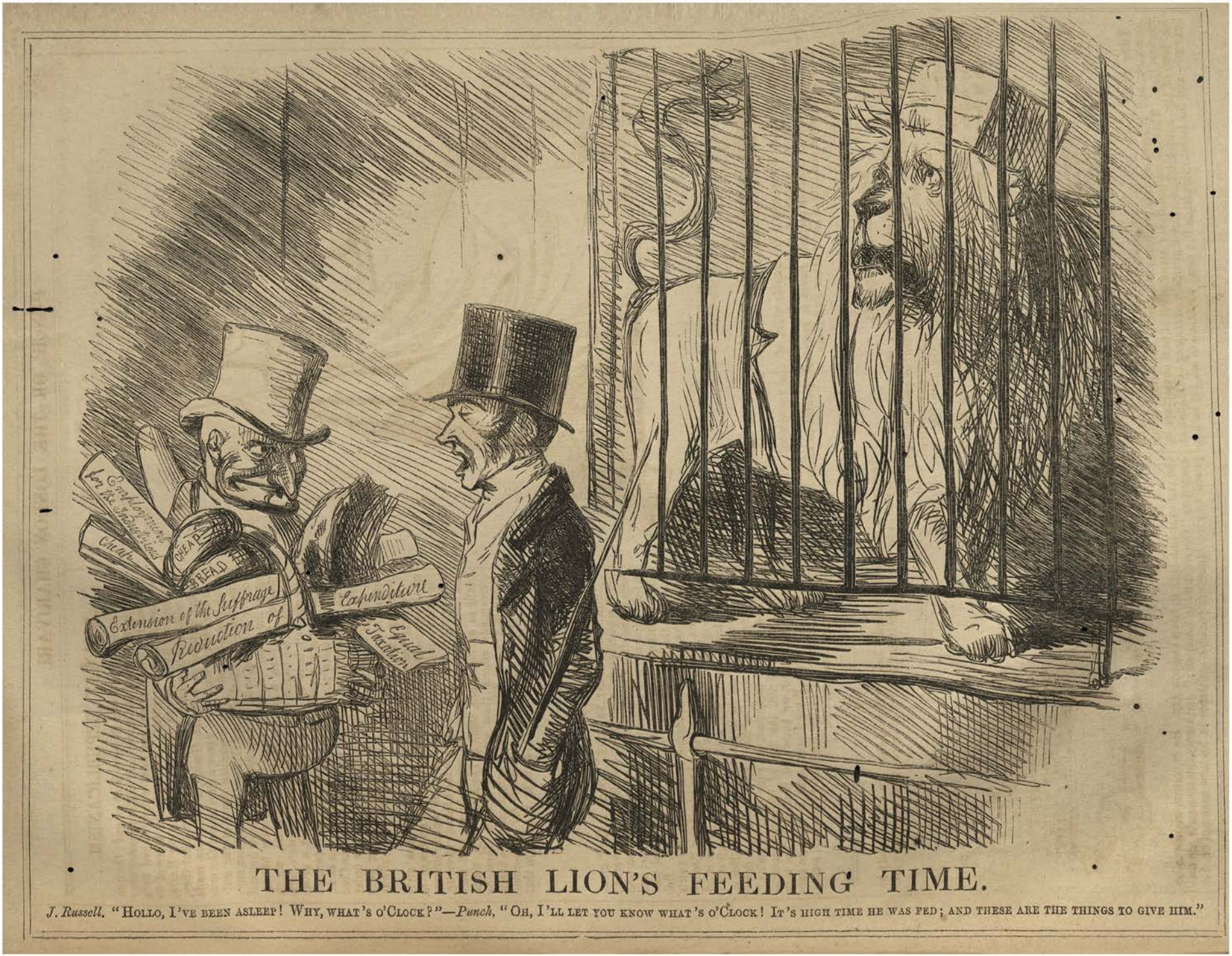
THE "Special Polka" is announced, addressed to the loyal Special Constables of the nation. Every Special is requested to present his wife, daughter, or sister with a copy, if only to commemorate the glorious 10th. We trust, that though the dandies of the 10th "don't dance," the Specials of the 10th do, and that the leader's *bâton* will keep the dancers "moving on" to the strains of his composition, which may well be called a Polka, for it is adapted to stir the fires of patriotism in the coldest heart.

THE COCHRANE DEMONSTRATION.

Sure COCHRANE 's the monarch of humbugs;
He proved it long ago,
With his row so rare
In Trafalgar Square,
Where he didn't appear, Oh no!

THUS would LORD BYRON have sung, had he lived in the days of COCHRANE, and hanged up this precious charlatan by the strings of his precious lyre. There is no end to the assumption of new characters by this hero of the soup-kitchen—this legitimate successor of MARSHAL TUREEN—and his latest disguise is the most wretched of all, for he has come out as the celebrated Cockney Avalanche. In this capacity he undertakes to tear up forests and remove cities; so that he is going into

the removal line both in town and country. He in future wishes to be known as "COCHRANE the Cataract;" and surely the elements are disposed to give him every possible assistance in his new assumption, for



THE BRITISH LION'S FEEDING TIME.

J. Russell. "HOLLO, I'VE BEEN ASLEEP! WHY, WHAT'S O'CLOCK?"—*Punch.* "OH, I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT'S O'CLOCK! IT'S HIGH TIME HE WAS FED; AND THESE ARE THE THINGS TO GIVE HIM."

they furnished him on Easter Monday with water enough to start half-a-dozen waterfalls at once, and place him as a permanent cataract in the public eye immediately afterwards. He compares himself to a flake of snow, which, barring the whiteness, is an apt comparison, for he dissolves with wondrous rapidity; and, as snow brings to our mind the ancient image of the old woman picking the feathers out of her goose, the number of white feathers COCHRANE has displayed are suggested to us very vividly by his own simile.

ORNITHOLOGICAL REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

WE imagine the Austrian Eagle, which but two months ago held its two heads so high in Italy, must at present be rather crest-fallen. Pulled off its official perch in Milan, left without a single eyrie all through Lombardy, it must be at present in rather reduced circumstances. It has not even the consolation of presiding in its old age over a tobacco warehouse, or the poor resource of selling a pack of playing cards, two branches of trade from which it formerly derived its principal income. All monopoly has been snatched from its rapacious claws, and we doubt even if it has the common comfort of a pinch of snuff, which was another of its revenues, when it was in high feather. This is proper retribution for having made the Italian people pay through the nose for their common necessaries. It is a question with many, whether this imperial bird of prey is now alive. Some say it was ashamed to wing its way back to Austria, and has flown to England, where it is hiding its double head in some miserable garret near Hanover Square. Its principal amusement is to screech revengefully at the Brunswick Hotel, since the PRINCE METTERNICH has arrived in this country. It had better offer its services to the Coliseum, where it might fill the place on Mont Blanc, which has been vacant since the death of the late lamented eagle.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

WE beg to congratulate Westminster Bridge on the very narrow escape it has lately had; for if the Chartist Petition had really passed over it, it never could have survived the severe shaking. The tremendous weight of that document, even with one-fifth of its supposed signatures, must have broken it down. The tottering old bridge must have sunk for ever into its "native element"—we mean, of course, the water, for it has been more in water than out of it all its life. Might we ask as a favour of MR. COCHRANE, and others who devote their waste hours to arranging processions and collecting pickpockets, to choose Westminster Bridge as the next place for their meeting? By these means two nuisances might be put down at the same time, and MR. COCHRANE'S ardour might be so far damped as to prevent him plunging for some time into the turbid stream of popularity. Thus Westminster Bridge may supply the place of the old ducking-stool that used to be tried formerly, in its very neighbourhood, on those who were convicted of libellous or too much talking. Thames water would prove an admirable cure for all rabid spouters. It would be the first time, also, for many years, that Westminster Bridge had been connected with anything like Public Safety.

Advertisement Extraordinary. Weakness of Mind.

WANTED, to take the charge of a few Irish Lunatics, a person who has no objection to travelling; for the lunatics will no doubt have to go abroad very soon, and the allowance for superintending them will therefore be liberal.

COCKROACH'S PROGRESS.

A Ballad.

OF a farce ridiculous, list ye while I tell,
Which on Easter Monday last pleasantly befel;
Sing we how to head a row, with intention vain,
COCKROACH unto Downing Street rode, and back again.

Insects wondrous in their kind are your busy bees,
Vermin very marvellous your industrious fleas;
But, the things diminutive on the earth that crawl,
COCKROACHES political strangest are of all.

COCKROACH 'gainst the Income Tax, first, to gain his ends,
Raised a tumult, then for fear of law forsook his friends;
Next against the Poor Law, his credit to retrieve,
He got a demonstration up, all so make-believe.

London's paupers COCKROACH bade unto Leicester Square,
Thence with him to Downing Street in posse grand to fare,
With petition setting forth all the workhouse wrong.
"Ho!" cried COCKROACH to himself, "won't I come it strong!"

There, from morning until noon, COCKROACH twirled his thumbs,
Fruitlessly expecting arrivals from the slums.
Hard it rained; the clouds on his scheme cold water threw,
Plenty of police were there, ragamuffins few.

COCKROACH in an open chaise then at length did mount,
Some three hundred vagabonds, near as one might count,
Cheering him: hard words to use much our heart it grieves
But most of them in sooth were boys, principally thieves.

Onward COCKROACH took his way, follow'd by a van,
Showing forth, in loathsome daub, the wrongs of the Poor Man.
Verily thy taste was good, feeling was thy heart,
COCKROACH, thus to blazon thine advertising cart.

Down the Street of Panton rolled, with motion slow,
Chaise and van; fast after, the mob were fain to go;
But a body of police, arm'd with trusty staves,
Forming straight across the way, stopp'd the ragged knaves.

To Cockspur Street thro' Haymarket COCKROACH crawl'd along,
Hiss'd, and groan'd, and hooted by "Specials" in the throng,
Housekeepers from first-floor fronts on his head let fall
Gibes and execrations; that, luckily, was all.

No encouragement had he, not a single cheer,
Save from some few cab-drivers much the worse for beer:
Thirstily drank COCKROACH the plaudits of the sots;
Not with greater zest did they drain their pewter pots.

At the Street of Cockspur again the mob essay'd
In his wake to follow: again their course was stay'd,
Like a kennel in its current, by the men of A,
First division of police, under MR. MAY.

Round the Union Club he doubled, up Trafalgar Square.
COCKROACH, certes thou hadst face if thou couldst show it there.
Halting, "Fellow Countrymen!" his speech he then began;
They, being chiefly constables, wouldn't hear the man.

On came the merry men of A, the ragamuffins flew.
"Now then, move on, Sir, if you please," cried the men in blue.
"This won't do, we can't allow no more of this here gab."
'Gainst the steeds of COCKROACH here ran a hackney-cab.

Thus was luckless COCKROACH brought unto a stand;
Round his carriage closed the constabulary band.
Grievously they chaffed him, the "Specials" and the A:
"What right had you to come round here?" quoth Inspector MAY.

When from its entanglement his vehicle was freed,
Again was hapless COCKROACH permitted to proceed.
His van had gone without him, to the Green Yard it was said.
COCKROACH, thy advertisement ill indeed hath sped!

Once more when our COCKROACH passed Messrs. Drummond's Bank,
All athwart the thoroughfare the blue-coats formed in rank:
Thus he went to Downing Street, unsuccessful quack!
With no rabble, after all, following at his back.

When he reached the Home Office, no SIR GEORGE GREY was there;
He left his sham petition to an under-porter's care.
"I think I'd better now go home," he to his friends did say.
"Upon our word we think you had," wisely answer'd they.

COCKROACH left without a tail, turned his steeds about,
'Mid some fifty urchins, who raised a scornful shout.
Thus his demonstration contemptibly did end;
Thus derision evermore humbug doth attend.

PUNNING AND PUNCHSLAUGHTER.

Our death will certainly lie at the door of the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*. "At present," observes that inhuman punster, speaking of M. Ledru-Rollin—

"He is merely letting I dare not wait upon I would; but with *Até* (perhaps even *ninety*) on his side, he is ready to cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war on all who differ from him."

Punch will never survive this joke. He is where its perpetrator ought to be—at his wits' end. All is up with him. In *extremis*, with his last breath, he offers a reward of One Million Pounds to anybody who will point out to him the meaning of the above antithesis between *Até* and ninety.

COLVILLE'S SCHOOL FOR POACHING.

"Mist. *punch*,

"they Tells me as how that mist. Colville—i thinks that's the neam of un—a brawt a Bil into the Housacommuns for mendun the laws 'bout geam. Now mist. *punch* praps you'll say bob that aint no bisnus o yourn—beg your pardn sur for conterdictun of ye Tis. And i'll Tell ee Wy. sur i Be wun o that respeckble Class o her madjsy's Subjicts—long life to her—Call'd Pochers. And I baint shamed on't. keep your hands bob i says from pickun and steelun but if so be as you cums Across a Hair or a Patridge wild bout the fields—nab un. Tis Noman's propperty says Law o natur, tis a baste o the field and a fowl o the air and blongs to whoever first catches un. No says Law o the land a blongs to Squire. bob thee help thyself says Law o natur. Dost I'll send thee to Jhale says law o the Land. Thee dost me wrong then i says to Law o the land and thee oughtst to be alterd. so mist. *punch* as an englishman and a Pocher you'll allow bob's consarned in the mendment of the geam Laws. Now wot's this here bil o mist. Colvilles. wy a gives farmers lafe to kill hares and rabbuts on the lands they holds only they baint to shoot 'em. Trap em says the Bil and wire em as much as ever you mind only you mustn't nock em over wi a gun. Thankee mist. Colville says I. Here's success to pochin—and yourn is the bill to send it. You'll meak evry farm bout country a scool for pochers. Thats eddication for the rahural distericts. Thats tachun the yung Ideear how to Poche if it isn't tachun of un to Shoot. you'll hav all the boys set catchun Hairs and Rabbuts as they be now to keep corn. Just wat I shood like if I was a young un. tis an imployмunt as is

"I ax yer pardon Master—but I want to bring my little Boy up to the Poaching bus'ness—and should like to Apprentice him to you, if so be you'll have 'un.

easy to the Boddy and Plezzunt to the Mind. Tis more greeable than worken in the feelds or follerin of the Plow. now mist. *punch* if you plase sur i hopes you'll stand my frend. If this here Bil passes and you nose ar a farmer as wants his Hairs thinnd off recummend me to un. Tell un theres bob. bob ull poche wi ar a man in england. He'll show ee how to wire Hairs and rabbuts. put bob into a cover or a warren and see if he wunt beat his weight in polecats. taint only for my Self mist. *punch* I spakes. ive got a yung Granson. Name is Blue-cur. i wants to Trane un Up in the way a should go. i wishes to make him a man and a Pocher. Only give bob the oppertoonity bob ull find the scoolin. this Here sitchewashun ood be just the Thing. tis the fust mist. *Punch* as i ever heerd of as ood suit me. bob would make his Self useful therein and Do his dooty accordun to his Stashun in Life. Nayborwood to a wel Stocked Preserv Purferrd. no objeckshun to nitework tother side o the Palins. Noterbeny. A Good Dogg found up to t in all the Branches and Badjurs at a Days Notis. By

"honnured mist. *punch*
"Your most obeegent servant
"BOB MOODY."

"P.S. if ever you wants a bird or a levert drops a line. Or a Dish o Trowt. bob is at your Servis Day and Nite. Fine streem Through bishops Garden. And if ever yu cums this way hopes youll low bob to Drink yure Helth."

"*Parsonstown. Hance. May* 3. 1848."

*** We shall be happy to place our correspondent in communication with any of our agricultural readers whose lands may be infested with the vermin called game. We cannot quite agree with him in his preference of poaching to the more normal branches of industry; but in his views with respect to the tendency of Mr. Colville's bill, we entirely coincide with Mr. Moody.

COCHRANE'S MONSTER MEETING.

Mr. Cochrane and his two friends may certainly say "We met," but they cannot continue by observing "'twas in a crowd," though each of the precious trio may exclaim, in reference to Commissioner Mayne, "His eye was upon me."

The great demonstration consisted almost literally of that collection which has already given celebrity to Trafalgar Square in bygone days, namely, "a boy and a man," the man being very old and the boy very juvenile. When Cochrane entreated this moblet to "disperse," the effect was rich in the extreme. It was like requesting a pat of butter to spread itself over an acre of bread, or reading the Riot Act over a couple of dumb-waiters. An unhappy terrier, who would keep barking at a policeman's heels with a sort of dogged obstinacy, was the only creature on the ground that seemed determined to stop there; and poor Cochrane went away whistling "Nobody coming to shout at me," with a look so lugubrious, that it brought water into the eylet-holes of the fountains as he passed through Trafalgar Square.

So dimly they met, and so foolishly parted,
Which failure was greater e'en I could not tell—
The wretched set-out when the caravan started,
Or the *exit* from Downing Street after the sell.

A Promising Pupil.

We see a gentleman has been taken up for picking thirty pockets—of hops. This must be the greatest pickpocket of this pocket-picking age. If he had studied at one of Mr. Cochrane's Meetings, he could not have fallen more naturally, or have gone more profoundly, into the business.

GREAT MEETING OF PETTICOAT PATRIOTS.

BRITISH MANUFACTURES!

YESTERDAY, a very important Meeting was held at WILLIS's Rooms—a meeting attended by all the beauty and fashion (they invariably go together) of London. The great object of this most interesting gathering of the season was to receive pledges—the deepest and tenderest—from the ladies assembled, with respect to the necessary encouragement of all articles of British manufacture. (We sent our own reporter to attend the meeting; but, as it seems, he had, upon private business of his own, to call on his way at the offices of MESSRS. SHADRACH, MESHACH, and ABEDNEGO, he was unaccountably detained by those gentlemen; and, strange to say, has not been altogether himself since. We are therefore indebted to the fraternal feelings of the *Morning Post* for the flimsy copy containing a true report of the proceedings.)

LADY DE TISSUE was called to the Chair, which she filled. Her Ladyship—odd as it may appear—in very few words explained the object of the meeting. They had met together to give a blow to the foreigner. The French Revolution had wiped Paris from the world; that magnificent city had been discharged from the map of Europe like a claret-stain from damask. (*Hear.*) LORD BROUGHAM had assured her (*Great laughter*)—her Ladyship begged to say she was not aware that there was anything in the name of that great man to provoke mirth—his Lordship had informed her that what was once Paris was now *un petit fumier*. (*Cries of "Dear me!"*) The Tuileries, where they had all danced—(*Sensation*)—where LORD BROUGHAM had always put up his carpet-bag—was crushed, smashed, broken to bits like a china tea-pot! (*Symptoms of hysteria.*) The trade of France was gone! No lace—no silks—no bijouterie—no, not even a bit of *virtu* to be had for love or money! (*Cries of "Well, I never!"*) Such being the case, it behoved them as patriotesses to take care of themselves. Lyons being abolished, they must, as true Englishwomen feeling for their country, go to Spitalfields! They could moreover still effect a tie of sisterhood in the ribands of Coventry! (*Faint cheers.*) Valenciennes, worked into such historical associations in its beautiful laces, was ruined—gone like a dropt stitch—in which case they must go to—

A VOICE. Brussels?

The CHAIRWOMAN. Certainly; Belgium being still a monarchy, they might still go to Brussels. Her Ladyship, concluding a very eloquent and rapid speech, called upon the meeting to rally round the Altar and the Throne, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON and the British Manufactures.

The MARCHIONESS OF PACKEMOFF said she was prepared to make great sacrifices for monarchical principles all over the world. She had married six daughters at six different courts; and—why should she blush to own it?—she was the grandm—that is, her daughters were the mothers of six young princes. (*Very faint cheers.*) She had still two daughters to marry (*Signs of impatience*), and neither she nor they were to be put down by clamour. She had already discharged their maid, a Frenchwoman, and had taken a girl—a thing with red elbows, at reduced wages—from Devonshire; she had, moreover, changed her laundress, the woman being obstinately wedded to an Italian iron. (*Cries of "Bless me!"*) After this, need she say she was prepared for great sacrifices?

The COUNTESS OF STRAWBERRICREME had only one—one little word to say. (*Ironical cries of "Oh!" and "The last word, no doubt."*) One little word; upon her word and honour, only one. She was married when quite—quite a child herself, and therefore that must account for the strange fact of her already having just—she might say just—a marriageable daughter. ADELIZA—it was not perhaps too much for a mother to say—was favourably known to many ladies present. She might add, very, very favourably known. The child was to be married to LORD WORMWOOD DE SCRUBS to-morrow: and she would go to the altar, as wholly and solely a bride of English manufacture. (*Cheers*). *That*, her ladyship thought, was something like a pattern for the Hymeneal season about to commence in high life with its usual severity. (*Three cheers from the Mothers.*) If not intrusive, she would indulge the feelings of a parent by reading the wedding-dress—(she had brought a copy of it with her to give to the man on the press, if he had a salver about him to receive it)—the wedding-dress of darling ADELIZA. It was this:—"The very young and lovely bride was magnificently attired in a splendid shot gingham from the mills of MESSRS. COBDEN and BRIGHT, trimmed with Honiton lace of the British Lion pattern. Over this she wore a Paisley shawl, embodying an exquisite design (the work of a North British artist, and very touching for the occasion, namely, CUPID in a kilt, with a nosegay of thistles.) The fair and timid one also wore a bonnet of the most delicate Dunstable, enriched with a wreath of British buttercups and daisies; to these may be added a beautiful riband from the House of Peeping Tom of Coventry, the bride's-tear water pattern. Neither were the manufactures of the Principality forgotten in the wardrobe of the bride, who seemed to combine all the industrial resources of the United Kingdom. Whilst upon the subject—and we dwell upon it at this length, the *saison de noces* just beginning—it may not be too much to remark, that the bride's dress was wholly put together with Whitechapel needles, and even her wedding-ring had the good old English hall-mark. We feel it moreover only due to the patriotism of the bride's distinguished parents to observe, that the marriage settlement of LADY WORMWOOD DE SCRUBS was engrossed upon British parchment, and enriched with an English stamp." (Here her Ladyship, with the conscious air of a woman who deserved well of her country, dropt the MS. upon the salver handed by MR. JENKINS to receive it.)

LADY POPPET addressed the meeting with considerable diffidence. She so much admired the patriotic principles of her friend the COUNTESS OF STRAWBERRICREME—if she might be permitted to call her her friend—that she should wish to see them carried entirely through. She rose with respect to infants—cherubs in the cradle. A poet had said, "And as the bow is bent, the boy's inclined." By which she inferred that bows of foreign lace upon a baby's cap could not but have an unpatriotic influence on the brain of the little precious. (It might, her Ladyship added, be gathered that she spoke as a mother.) She was prepared to go to the root of the matter, and to abolish babies' caps at once. Let them trust to the benign influence of their dear native hair. When, moreover, it was remembered that so many of their little darlings came into the world quite ready for the House of Lords (*Cries of "Order!"*)—her Ladyship believed that she was speaking to an historical fact; their dear male eldest-born coming into the world with all the statutes in their sweet little heads—it behoved them as mothers to guard them against foreign influence. Therefore, she would abolish lace on babies' caps once and for ever. (*Faint cheers.*) Again; she would not put a coral in the hand of a child of hers; he should not cut his teeth upon an exotic, a foreign substance; but—and she was prepared to be called a leveller; notwithstanding, if she knew herself, she was quite the contrary—but upon a piece of home-grown, home-made English crust! She believed that coral, and ivory, and India-rubber rings—all, it must be remembered, the produce of the foreigner—had done more to spoil the wisdom-teeth of the House of Lords (even before they had them) than the chewing of any other thing soever. (*Cries of "Question!"*)

The DOWAGER LADY MARROBONE said they had pretty well discussed two questions—What babies were to be reared in, and what girls were to be married in. She now, as an old woman—and she confessed to having danced with the poet ROGERS, in pink and silver—she wished to inquire in what sort of manufacture ladies would like to be buried!

[Here there was a sudden shriek. Then confused cries of "*Shame! Shame!*" "*Show that person to the door!*" and the meeting finally separated in several carriages, without coming to any resolution whatever.]

PARLIAMENTARY DEBTORS.

WE perceive that MR. MOFFATT and MR. BROTHERTON have brought a bill into Parliament to provide for the exclusion from the House of Commons of Members who shall be unable or unwilling to pay their just debts. It is said that this bill will encounter a very determined opposition. This at first sight may appear strange. It is certainly odd that the House which refuses the concession of that point of the Charter which demands a no-property qualification, should persist in retaining Members whose property, since they owe more than they can pay, is less than nothing. But if among the just and lawful debts of Members may be included those which they owe to their country, experience has shown how likely it is that the utmost possible resistance will be offered to any measure calculated to compel them to discharge their obligations.

Cause and Effect.

A FINICAL gentleman—the rose-coloured correspondent of the *Post*—writes with the quill of a poll-parrot on the doings in France. He speaks of the eatables at the late *fête*, and says, among other things, there were—"most *suspicious* sausages, which made one shudder." The shudder, no doubt, arising from the old instinct, "Puppy doesn't eat puppy."

WANTED.—By a Gentleman going into the Patriotic Line, a few Grievances of strong manufacture, warranted to wear well. Also, some materials for making a Good Mob, that will not shrink in the washing, if a shower of rain should come on. Best price given for Old Grievances, if they are not too much worn, and will admit of turning over to the other side. Income-Tax objected to. Good Substantial Wrongs, to which there are no appropriate Rights, will be taken with alacrity by the Advertiser, whose object is chiefly occupation; but he is indifferent as to its being profitable to anybody but himself. No Irish need apply.

DREADFUL DESTITUTION.

1st. "My dear Frank—What is the matter, Old Boy?"

2nd. "Oh! I am distressed to Death about Money Matters—I don't know what I shall do? Why, here's Jenny Lind coming out on Thursday, and I positively haven't the money to pay for a Box."

A GREAT DAY FOR SCOTLAND.

We all remember the occasion when Scotland—repentant Scotland—ate a dinner in Ayr (Burns had often dined there before) in honour of the memory of her poet; and in touching compunction of the neglect with which, while living, she treated him. The Earl of Eglintoun—whose portrait is henceforth destined to hang in every tap-room of England, the Earl having nobly indicated the right of every publican to have a Black-leg Club for Derby Sweeps—the Earl was very eloquent, very pathetic, too, upon the fate of Burns. And sheriffs and bailies were at the banquet, who spoke and cheered in honour of the poet; though, had they and he lived together, they would, we fear, have thought the Tolbooth too good for the jacobin rhymster. However, the man was dead, and all that could be uttered was the regret of repentance. It was plain Scotland would never do so again. Nevertheless, at that very festival was poor Thom; very far from a Burns, certainly: still he had made a rightful claim to the sympathy of his country, and it was—disregarded.

And now the man is dead. After a sojourn in England he returned, a few weeks since, to the Hawkhill of Dundee, where, in his own simple words, he "wished to return, like a bird that flutters around her forsaken nest, to spend his latter days in comparative peace and quiet." This was denied him. The few days he spent were spent with all shapes of want about him. Now, he is dead; and has left a widow and three infant children (one only a few months old) utterly helpless.

Mr. George Gilfillan, of Dundee, and Messrs. Chalmers, Middleton, and Shaw, booksellers, and Mr. Mills, perfumer, "have kindly undertaken to receive donations."

Certain we are that Scotland is in ignorance of this fact. Scotland, of course, knows of the decease of Thom, and has an uneasy desire to learn if she can assist the helpless creatures her poet has left behind him: well, we have acquitted ourselves of a pleasing duty; and, we are sure of it, we have pleased Scotland; for *now*, with her hand so long fumbling in her pocket, she knows at once where and to whom to send her pieces of gold and silver. A sovereign is not too much; nor, on the other hand—so urgent is the misery—can we say what is too *little*.

A Numerous Stud.—Lord George Bentinck says "The Whig Government ought to be called the 'Stable Mind,' considering the number of Greys that are in it."

France beaten at last.

Paris plumes itself upon being at the head of Europe in revolutionising. Perhaps Spain may put in a claim; but her monthly attempts at equality are *slow*, and never come to anything. Now, reader, look at this from the "Naval Intelligence" of the newspapers:—

"Portsmouth, Monday.—H. M. S. *Triton* steamed into harbour, disabled, making *but fourteen revolutions* in the minute."

After this, we hope that our fidgetty continental neighbours will make use of the "Patent High-pressure Revolving Steam-engine" for their Revolutions. Thus Constitutions may be worked by levers, and Abdications promoted by a fly-wheel.

A CARD.

MESSRS. TOPSY TURVY & CO.,

No. 2, RESTLESS ROW,

Beg to intimate to their friends, the Riff-Raff, Ragamuffins, Rioters, and Rascals of all nations, that they have now completed their arrangements for getting up Revolutions on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

Ordinary Procession, warranted 50,000 men	£20
Ditto with Flags, *Marseillaise*, and two elegant Barricades	50
Grand *Révolution à la mode*, on the most scientific principles; Fraternizing with the Military, warranted to last two days; with an Abdication, complete	100
Windows smashed at per square yard.	
Provisional Government and *Mourir pour la patrie* . . . extra	5

A Patriot always on the premises, for the invention of National Flags and Airs.

Messrs. T. T. & Co. have always on hand a large stock of Anarchists, Democrats, and highly-polished Communists; also Tocsins, Rappels, and Trees of Liberty by the day or hour.

N.B. *Emeutes* punctually attended.

A FEW PARDONABLE WORDS ABOUT OURSELVES.

It is most flattering to our vanity (if we have any) to see effigies of our own jolly self gradually multiplying over the metropolis. No coffee-shop, no milk-shop, no cigar-shop is now complete without our bust. Trade is glad of our patronage, though we wish it were accompanied with certain reforms which should drive away chicory, sand, chalk, cabbages, and all other adulterations which are a disgrace to our coffee, our sugar, and—last, not least—our cigars. But as we are told "a good time is coming," we will wait till that millennium. However, there are other purposes to which we should be glad to see our head devoted. The Lord Mayor's mace, for instance, would gain in meaning, and certainly would not lose in dignity, if it were ennobled with the frontispiece of *Punch*. People might laugh, perhaps; but don't they laugh also at the present preposterous, staff, as it pokes its brazen head out of the Lord Mayor's carriage? Again, the Great Seal of England might borrow our features, and we would warrant that Justice would not lose anything if we gave it our countenance. We would frown at all abuses, and turn up our nose at the iniquitous delays of the Law, until we had fairly stamped them out of the country. We put ourselves in the hands of the Lord Chancellor, referring him to the good impression we have always made when we sided with a good cause, and set our face against a bad one. This offer is tendered with the same impartiality to all those who hold the Seals of Office.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, May 6th, 1848.

THEY WON'T BE QUIET.

JUDGING by the papers, our friends the musical critics evidently intend to be the death of us. A year ago they nearly killed us with their learning, and their elaborate exposition of A, with its corresponding semitones, forming a major fifth, with a minor fourth, and being equivalent to an octave and a half of the diatonic scale, with eight sharps in the bar, and a flat on the fourth crotchet. We did survive all this erudition, somehow or other, but now we are about to be morally assassinated in another way, and the first blow that has been struck at us consists in the announcement that "TAMBURINI's voice proved itself, at a recent concert, exactly what it used to be in his youngest and best days." Now we don't deny the justice of comparing TAMBURINI's voice to what it was in his "best" days, but if it is like what it was in his "youngest" days, he must have had, for a new-born baby, one of the most astounding baritones ever listened to. Our experience of infant vocalisation leads us to believe, that any one's voice, in his youngest days, is a somewhat disagreeable compound of the creaking of a door and the whining of a cat; but, if the critic is to be believed, TAMBURINI came into the world trolling out *Largo al Factotum*, or thundering forth *Non piu Andrai*, with all the force he ever in his best days was known to throw into them.

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

Ye Genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore;
Ye sons of GENERAL JACKSON,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When WILLIAM, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Insthructed his battalions
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in this nation
So grand a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridges,
And the ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
'Tis WILLIAM SMITH O'BRINE,
Reprisints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more:
O the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the CICERO from Shannon shore!

This valiant son of MARS
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor;
And to welcome his return
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
Young MEAGHER of the sword:
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore;
And MITCHIL of Belfast,
We bade to our rejast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
These patriots so bould,
We tuck the opportunity of TIM DOOLAN's store;
And with ornaminits and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners)
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binifit your sowls,
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthrink the tay
That MISTHRESS BIDDY ROONEY for O'BRINE did pour;
And, since the days of STRONGBOW,
There never was such Congo—
MITCHIL dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore.

But CLARNDON and CORRY
CONNELLANN beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'BRINE began to spake,
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As SMITH O'BRINE harangued,
They batthered and they bangéd:
TIM DOOLAN's doors and windies, down they tore;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies, and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

O the girls began to scrame,
And upset the milk and crame;
And the honourable gintlemin, they cursed and swore:
And MITCHIL of Belfast,
'Twas he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

O the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt;
Says JACK MITCHIL, "I am kilt! Boys, where's the back door?
'Tis a national disgrace;
Let me go and veil me face;"
And he boulted with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"
Says MEAGHER of the sword,
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamoor;"
But the best use TOMMY made
Of his famous battle blade
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal SMITH O'BRINE
Was raging like a line;
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;
In his glory he arose,
And he rushed upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;
And they bate the rattatoo,
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

A CONJUGAL BOOK.

A WORK is advertised called *The Looking-Glass of Marriage!* What a delicious mirror—when it can be made to bear a happy reflection! [N.B. *Punch* thinks this rather pretty.]

PICTURES OF THE ENGLISH, PAINTED BY THE FRENCH.

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN, 1848.

Milord. "GODAM! ROSBIF! I SHALL SELL MY WIFE AT SMITHFIELD. DAM!"

CHÂTEAU DE WIGBOX.—CANNES.

LORD BROUGHAM, after much pondering, having resolved to Let his Mansion, known throughout the world as the Château de Wigbox, Cannes, in the Department of Var, France, will endeavour, in the limits of an advertisement, to enumerate a few of the advantages of that

ELYSIUM UPON EARTH,

Henceforth rendered, by the taste and reputation of its present proprietor, to all future generations,

The Principal Shrine of Europe!

LORD BROUGHAM begs to state—or rather he insists upon stating, for it is not his Lordship's habit to beg anything—that he is not induced to Let

HIS SOUTHERN PARADISE TO A STEADY FAMILY,

In consequence of any threatened *charivari* now in preparation for him—as reported in certain contemptible newspapers—should he return to his

EDEN ON THE GULF OF NAPOULE.

It is his Lordship's well-known contempt and hatred of all republican institutions—and of the Republic of France, as being based upon the most crass ignorance, in particular—that induces him to Let upon Lease

HIS FAIRY HOME;

(The said Lease to be determinable on the return of Royalty to the Tuilleries).

The Château de Wigbox is built neither upon the Ionic, nor upon the Doric, but upon the true Chancery Order; and is therefore calculated to accommodate any number of people of property for any length of time whatever.

The Château stands gracefully upon a green hill,—gracefully as the Wig of Equity surmounts the Brow of Wisdom. At the back are

THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CASTLE,

Hitherto granted to the present proprietor as a stable, capable of holding any number of hobby-horses.

The Château is so constructed that for a few months it may be compressed into

A Jolly Bachelor's Retreat,

Or expanded into a residence of Palatial Dimensions.

The BROWN STUDY of his Lordship (furnished with all his works in every edition and in every language, for the use of foreigners) is further decorated with

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY PORTRAITS OF HIMSELF

In panel, with gold mouldings, from the tasteful designs of MESSRS. LEECH and DOYLE, transferred from a weekly periodical called *Punch*.

This Picture-Gallery of One Face

Is visited by the *cognoscenti* of all nations, and if exhibited at the humble price of only ten sous a head, would be found to return a revenue that

WOULD ALONE PAY THE RENT!

LORD BROUGHAM will not dwell upon the Gardens (laid out after the hanging gardens of KING CYRUS) attached to the Château, but will briefly call attention to the Forcing-Houses, admirably constructed for the rapid production of Cyclopædian Articles (from A. to Z.), and Parliamentary Speeches.

It is not needful for LORD BROUGHAM to dwell upon the luxuriant climate of Cannes. In England, man, in his vain aspirations, sometimes sings, "I'd be a butterfly!" Now at Cannes—so intoxicating is the air—he *is* one. Yes; so delicious is the atmosphere, that, in the month of August, it is not too much for his Lordship to say that he has often felt himself

A PEACOCK BUTTERFLY, ROVING FROM FLOWER TO FLOWER!

LORD BROUGHAM may naturally be expected to touch upon the productions of Cannes. He does so with great confidence. In the first place,

THE WOODS ARE FULL OF WILD-BOAR!

But (since his Lordship's residence) of so gentle a nature that the most timid female may ring their noses!

The Removal of Jewish Disabilities must naturally give a great impetus to the trade of the Children of Israel; whereupon

THE LEMONS OF CANNES,

So justly esteemed throughout France, and always used by his Lordship at intervals of addressing the House, will, no doubt, form an article of English commerce (in cabbage-nets, at the Elephant and Castle and other places), to be henceforth known as

THE BROUGHAM AND VAUX LEMON!

To the dauntless lover of Anchovies and Sardines, the Gulf of Napoule (that, like a marine MADAME CUFFEY, does all the washing for Cannes) offers at once the sport of the deep, and the luxury of the table. For the Anchovy, in great quantities, is caught

WITH A HOOK!

By the fishermen of the town, (See LORD BROUGHAM's Article "Cannes," *Penny Cyclopedia*, vol. vi., p. 239), who sell it in quintals!

LORD BROUGHAM having dwelt at a modest length upon his own views, will now speak of the Views of Cannes. They combine a bird's-eye look of the Isle of St. Marguerite, in the castle of which was confined

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK,

Whose autobiography LORD BROUGHAM recently discovered in the well of the prison; and furthermore, it is at this moment in the Press. (Royal 8vo, price fifteen shillings. Apply early for copies.) Cannes is further distinguished as the place where

NAPOLEON LANDED ON HIS RETURN FROM ELBA!

His foot-prints, where he landed, are commemorated in bronze. The foot-prints of LORD BROUGHAM, where he left, are about to be eternized by a grateful community, in brass.

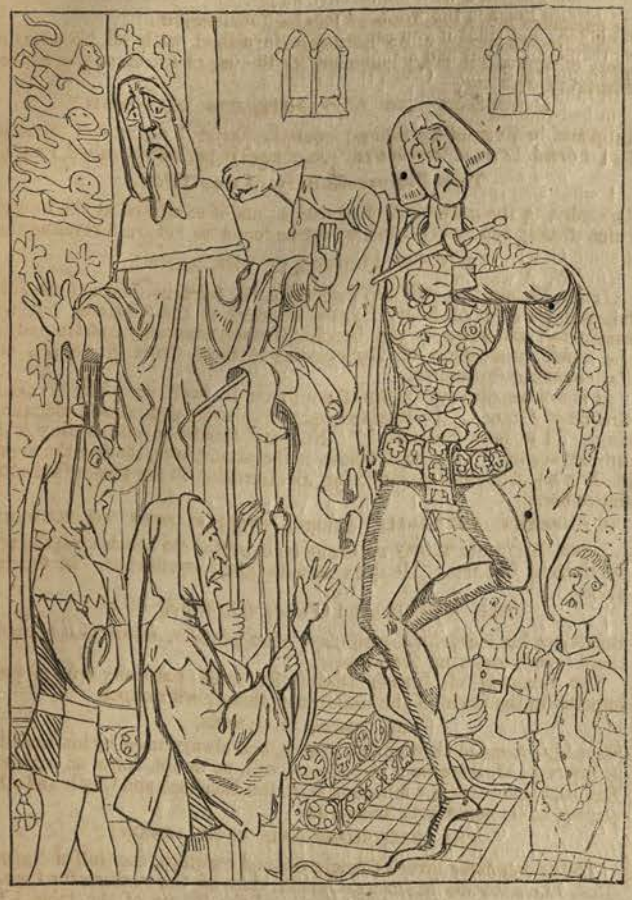
LORD BROUGHAM might dwell at length upon the beauties and advantages of Cannes. But his Lordship—it is known to all the world—is a man of few words.

LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX will merely add, that to any Statesman tired of "fawning and glozing in a Court," Cannes will afford a desirable retreat: for there, the lover of his species may learn to think the better of himself; whilst on the other hand even the misanthrope may find nutrition in his congenial lemon.

The House will be Let for the term of the Republic. The Furniture must be taken at LORD B.'s own valuation. (Address post-paid, House of Lords. No CAMPBELL need apply.)

*** *Mr. Punch*, in the way of business, could not refuse the insertion of this Advertisement. He had, however, another object in printing it; as its style now leaves no doubt of what has long been a mystery, namely, the authorship of the Advertisements of the late GEORGE ROBINS.

HIGH ART AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



MEDIÆVAL-ANGELICO-PUGIN-GOTHIC, OR FLAT STYLE.

FUSELI-MICHAEL-ANGELESQUE SCHOOL.

"DEAR PUNCH,—I SEND you two reduced copies of my grand historical pictures of *Prince Henry striking Judge Gascoigne in Court*, which have just been refused admission at the Royal Academy, *for want of room*, hoping that in your widely circulated journal they may obtain some of that applause which has been denied them in Trafalgar Square.

"You will perceive, that although both illustrate the same subject, the styles are widely different, one being in the Mediæval-Angelico-Pugin-Gothic, or flat style, and the other after the manner of the Fuseli-Michael-Angelesque School.

"I did this in the hope (a vain one) that in case one was rejected, the other would be certain of a place, and *vice versâ*; or that they might both be accepted, and being in such opposite styles, would gratify the admirers of both periods of Art; but oh, how miserably have I been deceived and disappointed!

"I am not a vain man; but excuse me, Sir, for saying that justice has not been done; that I *feel* these to be fine historical pictures, and that when the Exhibition opens on Monday, I shall be there, and it will astonish me very much if there be upon the walls anything like my two works.

"Your admirer,

"*April* 29, 1848." "ONE OF THE NINE HUNDRED REJECTED ONES."

PUNCH'S NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE (*Curruca Lumlyana.*)

THIS Nightingale is the most celebrated of all the warblers; but she is the one of which least need be said, simply because nothing can describe her. In the first place, there is no mistaking this Nightingale, nothing in the world singing like her. She is the most graceful of all the warblers, being about five feet high, with an extent and strength of wing that carry her over continents and across seas, borne upon the breath of heartiest, deepest gratitude and praise. Her shape is very succinct, and her habits at once frank, graceful, shy, and receding.

Her nest is in the wide world's heart, even though the said nest is feathered with the finest bank-paper, carrying the very heaviest figures.

She sings equally well whether by day or night; and may often be heard in the vicinity of Hanover Square, about two in the afternoon; and as late as ten, somewhere in the Haymarket, in the evening.

Her range of voice is wonderful; reaching from the earth to the stars, whereabout she seems to flutter and dally,

"Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

She does not deal in the "*jug-jug*" of the *Curruca luscinia*,—so well known to all pastoral folk, but gushes forth all sorts of sounds. Now we have—

"Oh, gioja, oh gioja—Io ti ritrovo, *Elvino!*"—

sounds that touch the tears into the eyes of the listener. And now she pours forth a stream of plaintive song, and our heart floats away upon it to blissfulness. Sometimes she pours out—

"Ah! non giunge,"

and they seem to flash like a shower of diamonds, of ethereal sparks, kindling and subliming the sense they fall upon.

We cannot arrive at a certain knowledge of the food of this Nightingale. Some say she lives upon roses steeped in moonbeams; some, on melted amber. But, certain it is, from the divine emanations of her music, most certain it is—

"She on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

In fine, she is the Queen of Song, and as she lists, with her melodious lips controls each impulse of the subject heart.

A GENERAL MOURNING FOR IRELAND!—Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN'S sinister eye.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF FASHION.

HER *Ponche*,—HÉLAS! mon ami, accord to my griefs one little corner of your excellent Journal. In me behold the dethroned sovereign—the veritable ex-monarch of France. My reign survived the Revolution which overthrew the Bourbons; it was superior to that of NAPOLEON himself; it ceased not with the Restoration, nor with the accession of the citizen-king: but it has fallen with the dynasty of LOUIS-PHILIPPE. Ah! *mon cher Ponche*, I am dethroned by the Provisional Government. They have usurped that dictatorship which, from my throne in Paris, I exercised over the civilized world. Not content with taking on themselves the affairs of the nation, they have assumed the administration of my province, and have not hesitated to prescribe rules for costume. Do you know what they have done? They have ordained that the Members of the National Assembly shall wear a black coat, a white waistcoat with lappels, a tricolor sash with a gold fringe, and also in the left button-hole a red ribbon, on which shall be worked the *fasces* of the Republic. This they have decreed, as they say, 'considering that the principle of equality implies uniformity of costume for the citizens called to the same functions.'

"But, *Mr. Ponche*, if the principle of equality implies that, does not the principle of liberty also imply that each individual shall wear what he pleases, subject always to my direction? What, I demand, does the Provisional Government know of coats, and waistcoats, and sashes, of fringes, of pantaloons, of ribbons and button-holes? It is to me that belongs the arrangement of that sort of thing. Aid me, *cher Ponche*, in the assertion of my just claims. It is true that you have sometimes made jokes of me and my subjects—their *coiffures* and *moustaches*, and beards, and trowsers, and boots. Nevertheless, I confide that you will not allow me to suffer injustice, and will boldly declare to M. LAMARTINE and his colleagues, that it is enough for them to mind their own business without interfering with mine, so that they ought not to invent dresses any more, but to leave all such things to myself, who have the honour to be

"*Mon cher Ponche*,
"Your thrice-devoted admirer,
"LA MODE."

THE LIMERICK TRAGEDY.

SCENE I.—*The Sarsfield Confederation Club at Limerick.* MITCHELL, MEAGHER, SMITH O'BRIEN, *and* CONFEDERATES, *at Tea.*

1st Confederate. Friends, countrymen, and traversers—
Mitchell. Say traitors.
Traitors, man, traitors; stick not at the word.
1st Confederate. Friends, countrymen, and traitors—is your tea
Agreeable?
Meagher. To render it perfection,
Give me another knob. Thanks. Oh! my friends,
Would that this knob, now, were a Saxon pate,
This spoon a stout shillelagh.
Smith O'Brien. Sir, Amen!
Mitchell. Would that yon teapot, which contains Souchong,
Were charged, instead, with real gunpowder;
The spout a fuse, the whole a hand-grenade,
That I might hurl it on the Saxon slaves!
Mob (without). Yah! Come out o' that! Bad luck to ye! Hurroo!
2nd Confederate. What means this hubbubboo?
Meagher. It is the roar
Of the Young Irish Lion.
Mitchell. Glorious din!
He cries for English blood. Cry on. Thy thirst
Shall soon be slaked; soon shall thy fangs be flesh'd
In the black hearts of Britain's myrmidons.
Smith O'Brien. Well roared, young Lion! Let him roar again.
Mob (without). We'll larn ye to fling mud upon O'CONNELL.
[*Mob howls again.*
3rd Confederate. What say they of O'CONNELL?
Smith O'Brien. Never heed:
His was the paltry creed of Moral Force,
And it hath perish'd with him. Give us pikes!
Mitchell. Pikes is the word. Pikes! For the love of Heaven
Get pikes—get rifles if you can—get scythes—
Get reap-hooks—cut and mangle, smite and stab
The scoundrel Saxon. Crush them into jam
With tables, chairs, hand-basins—any thing—
From bed-room-windows flung. Throw molten lead:
Squirt scalding vitriol in their soldiers' eyes.
[*A brickbat comes through the window, and smashes* MITCHELL'S *cup and saucer.*
Ha! what was that?
Meagher. A little compliment,
Which doubtless was intended for the head
Of some Old Irelander among the crowd.
Mitchell. A well-meant argument—had it told home—
But 'twas a mercy that it miss'd my head. [*More howling from the mob.*
Eh! What's all this? 'Tis very like a row.
Gracious—'tis not the time for fighting yet!
[*A ruddy glare appears at the window. Renewed yelling from the mob.*
1st Confederate. Look out.
2nd Confederate. What's the matter?
3rd Confederate (mounting on a chair, looks through the window). What do I see?
A gibbet—yes, a gibbet—at the door,
'Neath it a blazing tar-barrel, o'er which
Dangles an effigy. Why! What? Yes! No!
Yes, by the Powers it is—MITCHELL—'tis thine!
[*A stone flung through the window strikes the speaker, who falls.*
Smith O'Brien. We are betrayed.
Mitchell. This is the Saxon's work.
Mob (without). Moral Force and O'CONNELL for ever!
[*More stones are thrown through the windows. Some of the Confederates fire pistols on the mob, who knock violently without. Other Confederates tear up benches and pile them against the doors.* MITCHELL, MEAGHER, *and* O'BRIEN, *stand aghast with horror.*
Meagher. What's to be done?
Smith O'Brien. Quick—let us fly.
Mitchell. I say, lend me a pistol.
Meagher. Have you not a dagger?
Mitchell. Will some good fellow find me a disguise?
A Carter, one of the Confederates. Here, take this frieze.
Mitchell. Thou art a friend in need! How to escape!
[*The door is burst open. The mob rush in and attack the Confederates. The tables are overturned, the crockery smashed, &c.*
Ha! through the casement!—Onward come our foes!
'Tis neck or nothing now, and so here goes.
[*Exit* MITCHELL, *scrambling out of window, followed by* MEAGHER *and* SMITH O'BRIEN.

SCENE II.—*The Office of the "United Irishman." Sub-Editor, and Persons employed upon the Paper.*

1st Person. How 'scaped our Editor this awful shindy?
2nd Person. Almost by miracle. Press'd by the crowd,
Who hurl'd all sorts of missiles on his head,
Dagger in hand, with which, umbrella-like,
He warded off the heavy shower of blows
Which fell from the shillelaghs, he the door
Gained of a dwelling-house, and there he fought,
Since he could run no further, till the folks
Their friendly portal oped and let him in.
1st Person. And how sped MEAGHER?
2nd Person. Guarded by two friends,
Who right and left hit 'mong the furious mob,
Belaboured sore; yet with unbroken bones
MEAGHER got safely into his hotel.
1st Person. And SMITH O'BRIEN?
2nd Person. Faith, I cannot say;
But much I fear it is all up with him.
Soft! hither comes our batter'd Editor,
With his much bruised friend.

Enter MITCHELL *and* MEAGHER.

Meagher. Oh, brutes! Oh, beasts!
Oh, rapparees! Could I believe my eyes,
Or credit even my aching sides, which told me
That Irishmen were thrashing Ireland's friends?
Mitchell. Oh! that the skin which clothes this form of mine—
This poor tann'd hide—a Saxon did incase.
Ah! what a twinge was that. But all my hurts
Are nothing to my inward bruises. Oh!

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

OR, THE CUR AND THE MONKEY.

QUEEN CANUTE REPROVING HER COURTIERS.

To think that we were rescued by the troops
And the police, our most detested foes!
The thought is madness. Hateful is the debt.
Oh, for a pike to pay it ere I die!
Meagher. But yonder, lo, where SMITH O'BRIEN comes,

Enter SMITH O'BRIEN.

With bandaged head and deeply livid eye;
Look how he limpeth: he hath caught it most.
How fares it with thee, SMITH?
Smith O'Brien. My eye is black'd—(*pauses*)
I have a broken—— But I can no more.
Meagher. Thine utterance doth supply thy want of breath.
[*Embraces him.*
Smith O'Brien. Aye, in the mouth I am completely down!
Mitchell. Never will I survive the dire disgrace!
Impale me on a pike, gash me with scythes,
Blind me with vitriol to my burning shame!
Sub-Editor. Sir, don't you think you'd better go to bed?
Mitchell. No, Sir. To dull Oblivion's couch I fly;
MITCHELL shall thus politically die! [*Knocks hat over his head, and exit.*
Meagher. A good example. So will I. [*Exit.*
Smith O'Brien. And I. [*Exit.*
Sub-Editor. An awful drop: as much I fear that we
In our forthcoming Number, too, shall see.
Unhappy MITCHELL, foolish was thy course
In preaching Physical 'gainst Moral Force:
The rival Forces did at length unite,
And drubb'd thee handsomely—and served thee right.
[*Thunders of applause. Curtain falls.*

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

BESIDES his Château at Cannes, LORD BROUGHAM has been employed, "*plus de cinq ans*," in building "*Châteaux en Espagne.*" A very pretty design in one of these, having the Provisional Government of France delivering letters of naturalisation in the foreground, and the election of President of the Republic in the distance, has been unfortunately spoiled by some ill-disposed person having written on it, "*Il m'est impossible d'accueillir votre demande.*—CREMIEUX."

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—A Paris journal says, "Thursday was a magnificent day. From daylight one unbroken series of clouds poured down a close, penetrating, ceaseless rain, that, spite of all precautions, wetted one to the skin. There was not a gleam of sunshine." In a Republic every one may publish what he thinks; but

"Diff'rent men—diff'rent opinions,
Some loves apples—some loves inions."

Rejected Jokes.

THE proprietors of the two following things, called jokes, can have them by making application at the *Punch* Office, and paying for them. The charge is according to weight, so there can be no dispute about payment, as the articles are always weighed in the presence of the owners. By the bye, the lightest subjects are generally found the heaviest. The two following weigh 28lbs. 9oz. and a few pennyweights.

The first is called—"HOW TO MAKE A ROOM *airy!*" The answer to which is, "Rub the walls all over with ROWLAND'S Macassar."

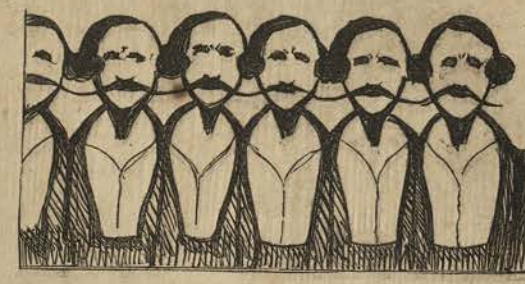
The second one is—if the reader has patience for another—"What is the most favourable season to have letters from India?" and the reply to this jocular inquiry is, "The season that brings them on soon" (*the Monsoon*).

We have thousands more of the same quality; but we are sure our fastest readers will not be angry with us if we reserve them for another dose. Homœopathy is best in such cases.

Pecuniary Embarrassment.—To the Benevolent.

AN Unfortunate Government, TOTALLY BLIND, in consequence of which severe affliction it has plunged headlong into an Expensive War, suddenly finds itself involved in Hostilities, without a SHOT in the LOCKER. In this awkward and alarming Predicament, it is obliged to throw itself on the GENEROSITY of its COUNTRY, or of any other that may think it worthy of ASSISTANCE. A LOAN of Ten Dollars or Thirty Shillings will confer on it an obligation which will be duly acknowledged by an I.O.U.; and the lender is earnestly requested to believe that INTEREST will be paid for the MONEY. A Silver Snuff-box, Candlestick, Spoon, or even Toothpick, will be gladly accepted in lieu of cash; and the smallest contribution, down to the most insignificant copper, thankfully received. N.B. As the Government is employed in an Invasion of its NEIGHBOURS, it confidently trusts to meet its engagements out of the Property, of which, by the AID of the BENEFICENT, it expects to be enabled to deprive them. Address—if by letter, post paid—to the Treasury, Berlin.

PORTRAITS OF THE FRENCH DEPUTIES



WILL soon be in excessive demand amongst the various pictorial newspapers. We do not intend to be behind our age in the gratification of this laudable curiosity; but in order to get through the 900 originals within any reasonable time, it will be advisable that their likenesses should come out by instalments.

Behold then, above, the first Number of this new and glorious Picture Gallery. These deputy daguerreotypes are all warranted perfect likenesses, and the late decree of the Provisional Government, enjoining uniformity of costume, has considerably simplified our labours. We may mention that a friend has suggested that we should affix the name below each portrait; but we think it is really too bad, when we furnish their exact likenesses, to be asked besides for the names of the particular individuals they so faithfully represent.

In order to supply our readers—the world we mean—with instantaneous representations of the great men and events so rapidly succeeding each other, we have in store a large stock of stereotyped statesmen, skeleton heroes, ready to be endowed with life by a lively dash of the pencil. Thus the annexed has been kept ready for the likeness of the French President, and with the addition of the features, yet to be supplied, the face will appear instinct with life.

Again, should RADETSKI defeat CHARLES ALBERT in some bloody fight, or *vice versâ*, the visage of the victor shall instantly be thrown off from one of a set of faces, merely requiring the judicious application of a nose and eyes to make them faithful resemblances. We hereby warn any gentleman who shall first make himself remarkable on the stage of Europe, that we have at least *so much*—

of his profile in pickle. As this is all complete except the nose and colour of the hair, we shall have those transmitted to us by electric telegraph.

Some interesting *émeutes* may soon be expected in France; and as the public will require them to be truly and instantaneously depicted, we beg to state that an acquaintance of ours has on hand some old copperplates of the Bristol Riots, the PORTEUS Mob, &c., which he will be happy to part with at first cost.

Gross Ignorance.

THE French have been much abused for expelling the English workmen from their land. The whole affair appears to have originated in a misunderstanding. The English called themselves "journeymen," which the French translated into "*gens de voyage*," and in consequence, with their usual politeness, refused to interrupt them in their intended expedition, even to work for the French people.

To "Meagher of the Sword."

WHEN first you preach'd treason, my joy,
We thought you in earnest and eager—
A regular "*Broth of a Boy;*"
But you seem to be only *Soupe Meagher.*

SEASONABLE PHENOMENON.

As a remarkable indication of the early advent of summer this year, may be noticed the fact, that a lump of ice has made its appearance in the window of the Wenham Lake Company's shop in the Strand.

Old Gentleman. "WELL, WALTER, I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE GOT INTO LATIN AND GREEK AT SCHOOL BY THIS TIME, EH?"

Juvenile. "OH YES, SIR; I HAVE JUST FINISHED XENOPHON AND THUCYDIDES, AND AM NOW IN EURIPIDES. BY THE WAY, SIR, HOW WOULD YOU RENDER THE PASSAGE BEGINNING *κακῶς πέπρακται παντα χῆ*?"

Old Gentleman. "AHEM! HEY?—WHAT?—AHEM! HERE, RUGGLES! BRING ANOTHER BOTTLE OF CLARET, AND—EH?—WHAT? WALTER, I THINK YOU HAD BETTER JOIN THE LADIES."

WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY IT?

IT is really very difficult to make out what on earth the papers mean by their foreign correspondence, which tells us one day that the French Republic is safe, and informs us to-morrow that everything is in the most alarming jeopardy. We know it is rather difficult just now to speculate on the probable turn of events; but surely the sagacity of the foreign correspondents ought to be good for a day's post at least, instead of being worth only about half-an-hour's purchase. If we are told one day that everything in Paris betokens a consolidation of the new order of things, we shall be doubtless told to-morrow that there must be a speedy return to a monarchy. We wish the newspaper gentlemen would make up their minds into something a little more substantial than they now seem to represent, for it is clear that the slightest breeze or breath will dissipate all their sagest conclusions, and bring them to an opinion completely opposite to that they have expressed within a few brief hours. We have long given up being guided or influenced by any judgment formed on the spot, for such judgments are affected by the *genius loci*, and become as uncertain and changeable as the minds of the people are where the writers are living.

A Punster in spite of himself.

A WRITER in the *Times*, commenting on the alleged correspondence between LORD PALMERSTON, MR. BULWER, and the Spanish Minister—which, by the bye, is, we believe, all a hoax—says that the affair "has placed the envoy in a most unenv(o)yable position."

We quite acquit our contemporary of any *malice prepense* in this astounding *jeu de mot*; but there it is; the thing is done, and there is no help for it.

MAY-DAY'S LIBERTY TREES.

MAY has come up with quickening breath, to breathe about the flowers
That thro' the mould of wood and wold peep up from April showers;
All is blossom, bloom, and burgeon on trim lawns and woodland leas,
And Freedom's trees are sprouting, like other kinds of trees;

So kindly Lady Liberty, to her May-day game addrest,
Hath thrown her nursery open to the nations of the West.
"Fair speed, old friends and new ones! let each his skill essay
To choose his Tree of Liberty, this merry month of May.

"Mine is a Dryad's nature—I flourish and I fade,
I have my scathings and my blights, bare time and time of shade;
So each of you his tree shall plant, and call it after me,
And I shall wane or wax, as fades or flourishes my tree.

"I have laurels whose green glossiness is due to bloody rains,
Whose roots suck strength from that dark loam which fattens battle plains;
I have mountain pines, rock-rifted, slow of growth as they are strong,
Poplars, in one night spindled up, as weak as they are long.

"I have broad platanes, such as cooled Ilissus' waters clear;
Olives, the growth of Italy, no longer shrunk and sere;
And this green sire, whose gnarlèd limbs still blunt the axe's stroke,
Ringed with a thousand summers—the knotty British Oak."

To mingled *Marsellaise* and *Mourir pour la Patrie*,
Musket in hand, red cap on head, sprang France to choose his tree.
"Laurels? Bah! Of that plant, for me at will to pick and pull,
The Little Corporal stuck France, if possible, too full.

"Pines? Ah, *oui*—*Guillaume Tell, et ce grand ténor*, DUPREZ!
Olives?—*pas mal* for a dessert, or to help a salad—*mais*—
The Oak? Ah, *par example!* The Oak for France, *que non!*
The Oak!—*à grand, grand, grand jamais! Ah, perfide Albion!*

"*Voyons*—What 's left? Ah, yes; this trunk, so *gentille* and so slim,
So nobly sudden, too, in growth—I fix my choice on him!
The Tree of Liberty for France the Poplar I proclaim,
And with a grand fraternal *fête* inaugurate the same!"

Next Germany came much bemused with Burschen-schaft and beer:
He first was all for fixing there, then all for fixing here;
One moment hot for Poplar, the next agog for Oak,
Till Liberty began to think his choice would end in smoke.

So she left him roaming vaguely thro' her garden for a tree,
Now roaring an "*auf Bruder*" now a "*Crambambuli*,"
Hid in clouds of his own blowing—*moyen-age* in coat and hat,
And apparently quite hazy as to what he would be at.

Then Italy came leaping, like a strong man out of sleep,
And with outspread arms the Laurel boughs and Olive down did sweep:
"Be these my trees, and thine this wreath—for peace and for renown."
And Liberty looked on well-pleased, and took the proffered crown.

But Britain in that garden stood, like one familiar there,
And watched the rush of stranger guests, with an untroubled air,
And shook his head, or nodded, as each chose his tree of choice,
But never shifted foot the while, nor lifted up his voice.

"*Your* tree?" at last quoth Liberty, when Britain, calm of soul,
Turn'd fondly to the Oak, and spread his broad hand on the bole.
"'Tis gnarled," he said, "but honest—slow of growth, but firm of grain;
Up from the ground he drinks the dew; down from the skies, the rain.

"His roots took time in spreading, but spread wider for the time;
Ring gradual welded on to ring, he broadened to his prime:
He has witnessed generations of quicker-blooded trees
Shoot up, sink down, since first the fern clustered about his knees.

"*This* is *my* tree; the Liberty I crave, like this should thrive—
A thing of growth, however slow, in every vein alive.
Let France have Poplars, if she will; and at your garden call
For a tree per Revolution: my Oak is once for all.

"All he asks is careful tending. Foul things, at times, no doubt
Will roost in his broad branches; I must put them to the rout.
He has dead wood to cut away; bruis'd branches to sustain:
But still my Oak, through all, is Oak—through all, shall Oak remain."

A NEW MENAGERIE.

The Zoological Society has recently accomplished a piece of wonderful liberality in throwing open to the public the entire collection of animals at a low charge, instead of going through the farce of insisting on a Fellow's order (and almost any fellow would do), with the accompanying charge of one shilling. We understand that the authorities of the Stock Exchange are about to throw open to the public their celebrated collection of living Bulls and Bears, at a low figure. The Bulls will go through their wonderful feats of tossing up, by way of illustration of the gambling spirit that pervades the Stock Exchange; and it is intended also to combine a choice collection of Stags, being the small remnant of this breed that happened to be preserved after the famous panic in the Railway Share-market.

LETTER OF ADVICE TO MR. COCHRANE.

Mr. Cochrane,

My contemporary, the *Morning Chronicle*, informs me that on Thursday last, at a meeting of the inhabitants of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the Vestry Room of that parish, convened for the promotion of Reform, you got up to make a speech, and having introduced remarks extraneous to the topic under discussion, you were very properly stopped by the Chairman, and, in fact, put down.

It is clear, therefore, that you were not aware that by the ridiculous failure of your late attempt at agitation, you are as a political rushlight, completely extinguished and snuffed out. I begin to recognise you as a true Englishman: you never know when you are beaten.

Let me beg of you to be convinced that it is all over with you as an agitator; that as a demagogue you are effectually shut up.

I know what you want. It is notoriety. I will help you to obtain it to the very best of my power.

I will place you in communication with Mr. Nelson Lee, and use *my interest with him*, to enable you to make any display you please outside of his establishment (late Richardson's) at Greenwich Fair. I shall be most happy to recommend you to the proprietor of Astley's, in case anything unfortunately should happen to Mr. Barry.

I will commission my own barber to shave your eye-brows; and any one of my artists whom you may choose to select, shall tip your nose with sky-blue.

I will furnish you with as many designs as you may require for your advertising carts, provided that they shall be simply calculated to render you personally conspicuous.

In short, I will gladly aid you in any attempt to attract public attention as a common mountebank; but mind, not as a political one. You must really abandon all connexion with public affairs.

In particular, I warn you to cease altogether to mix yourself up with the question of Reform; for you must not be suffered to damage a good cause by the contempt and odium your advocacy will necessarily entail upon it. I am, Mr. Cochrane,

Your judicious adviser,

PUNCH.

We regret to state that the Limerick Revolution has not been a bloodless one. The descendant of Brian Boru's nose bled profusely; and, as he received a black eye on the occasion, it has been remarked that the "demonstration" was an *ocular* one for him.

THE CONFLICT OF THE COATS.

We find, by a tremendous article in one of the Communist papers of Paris, that the struggle now going on in France is a combat for life and death between the *Blouse* and the *Redingote*. It seems rather absurd that these two articles of the wardrobe should be in such a state of inveterate hostility. Nor can we see exactly how they are to fight, unless they begin to dash each other's buttons, or perhaps exchange cuffs in the course of their combat. The *Blouse* will have one peculiar advantage over the *Redignote*, for the former can hang on to the latter's skirts, whereas the former has no skirts for the latter to hang upon.

We should be very sorry to see a similar revolution in England, and we can only hope that no one will ever be base enough to set the Taglioni in dire antagonism to the Wraprascal, or create enmity between the Paletôt and the Pea-jacket, the Wellington and the Highlow, the Buckskins and the Over-alls. We hope with all our hearts, that he who first attempts to rouse the Fustian against the Saxony, may experience that double-milling which is considered so beneficial to the article last mentioned.

"Oh Where, and Oh Where?"

Oh where, and oh where is young Smith O'Brien gone?
He went to get the French to assail the English throne;
And it 's oh in my heart he 'd much best have stayed at home.

Oh, suppose and suppose he must fight or p'rhaps must die.
Then it 's oh in my heart I believe he 'd quickly fly;
For he found he 'd got enough when they gave him a black eye.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Mercantile Articles in the daily press usually commence with—"We have received papers from Paris." Since the suspension of cash payments, it is useless to expect anything else.

THE PORTFOLIO.

I.—*From* Viscount Pumicestone *to H. E. the English Ambassador at Constantinople.*

steemed Sir,—I have to desire that you will wait on the Grand Vizier and convey to His Excellency the sentiments which actuate this Government with regard to the present position of the Ottoman Empire.

"You will state to the Grand Vizier that the line of politics pursued by the Sultan can by no means meet with the approval of this country. Reforms are needed in the administration and in the religion of the Ottoman Empire, the adoption of which you will urge with all the energy in your power.

"The spectacle of a Sultan surrounded by at least five hundred wives, is odious to Europe, and unworthy of the present age of civilisation. Her Majesty's Government blushes to have to acknowledge, post after post, the birth of Princes and Princesses of the family of Abdul Medjeed; and as England has not the slightest pretentions to control the actions of any state with which she is in alliance, you will point out to the Government of the Porte that His Imperial Highness is at perfect liberty to select any one of his wives which he may prefer, but that he must send back to their parents the remaining four hundred and ninety-nine.

"The religion at present professed by the Sovereign of the Turkish Empire, and by a considerable portion of his subjects, is, you will have the goodness to inform the Grand Imaum, an exploded superstition, and an insult to the civilisation of Europe. It must no longer be allowed to exist in this quarter of the globe.

"You will therefore request His Excellency, on the part of this Government, to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles as soon as may be; and also, at his earliest convenience, to learn the Catechism. The Mollah of Exeter, an English Bishop, will go out to conciliate the Turkish clergy, and will be Patriarch of Constantinople.

"Further reforms will be the subject of future communications.

Among these you may mention our desire that the Turkish Government should establish Gas-lamps, Trial by Jury, Weekly and Sunday Newspapers, Harvey Sauce, two legislative Chambers, and the Ten Pound qualification for voting.

"I am, &c.,

"PUMICESTONE,

"*Downing Street.*"

"*To* H. E. SIR G. GOOSEQUILL."

II.—*From the Grand Vizier to H. E. the English Ambassador.*

"In the name of Allah! The Grand Vizier has received the chaplet of roses from the Paradise of Downing Street. The eloquence of PUMICESTONE sings out like a nightingale from amongst the flowers. It is sweet to listen to his music.

"But the nightingale, though sweet, is melancholy; and who does not know that there are thorns in roses?—they have pricked the fingers of the Grand Vizier. The notes of the British bulbul have made the Padishah sad in spirit.

"Why should he part with any of his wives? Let him who has too many sew them in a sack. The children of the Father of the Faithful will not be so costly to his country as are the many rosebuds of the Joy-Gardens of Pimlico.

"The Exeter Mufti shall be welcome to the holy men of Constantinople. If PUMICESTONE PASHA will change his religion, the Grand Vizier will be baptised. If the English Mollah is constant, why should the Turkish Imaum be a renegade. Let them come and each have his say. If they brawl and quarrel too much, let either be accommodated with a bastinado.

"In respect of the other reforms proposed by Britannic wisdom, the Grand Vizier will respectfully ask—Are Britons the only possessors of beards? Who is it that rules in his own house?—Is it the lord of the house, or his neighbour? PUMICESTONE is a sage, but we too have sages.

"Once, in the gardens of Delight, overhanging the Bosphorus, the young prince SHUKOOR KHANDEE, son of the Light of the Universe, found the egg of a peacock, which he took to the SULTANA VALIDÉ, the mother of the sovereign. 'Look, O Grandmother,' said PRINCE SHUKOOR; 'this outer surface that you see is what they call a shell. Within the shell is a white slimy fluid, within the white a yellow yolk. I prick the head of the shell with a pin; I place it to my lips, and suck in, and lo! I withdraw the yolk and the white from the shell, and they slip down my own throat.'

"'O, wise in thine own conceit!' the Princess answered. 'Dost thou teach thy father's mother how eggs are eaten? Lo! I knew how to suck them before thou camest into the world!' And, clapping her hands for MESROUR, the Chief of the Eunuchs, she bade him apply the bamboo to the PRINCE SHUKOOR.

"Do we not also know how to suck eggs, O, Ambassador? So write to PUMICESTONE PASHA, and bid him to operate on his own henroosts.

"*To the British Minister.*"

"KABOB PASHA."

III.—*From* VISCOUNT PUMICESTONE *to* H. E. LORD TAPEWORM, *at Petersburg.*

"You will have the goodness to communicate to H. E. COUNT GROGENOFF the opinions of this Government upon some late acts of Russian policy. They by no means meet with the approval of Her B. Majesty's advisers.

"The treatment of Poland can never be looked upon by this country but with feelings of indignation and pity. You will urge upon the Councils of His Imperial Majesty, the instant necessity of changing his method of administering the affairs of that unhappy portion of his empire.

"You will recommend H. I. M. immediately to recognise the independence of the Circassian tribes, and to send to SCHAMYL BEY his order of St. Nepomuk of the first class.

"It is the desire of this Government that Trial by Jury should be immediately established throughout all the Russias, especially in the Calmuck provinces of the Empire. The Tartars on the Chinese border imperatively require slate-roofed houses: with thorough drains, and gas and water laid on. It would be advisable to have a Methodist Meeting-house in their villages, and that the English system of pauper relief should be adopted throughout the Russian Empire.

"We would suggest to H. I. M. that a Window-tax would be an advantageous impost to levy on the Cossacks of the Ukraine, and that a Water-rate on the Don and Volga might conduce to the increase of his revenue.

"The uniform of the Preobajinski Regiment cannot but be highly displeasing to HER MAJESTY'S Government: the yellow coatee and pink breeches of that corps neither harmonise with the silver helmet nor the green morocco boots which they wear. A great and august authority on Military Costume in England, is anxious that changes should take place in this particular, consonant to the spirit of the times and the advance of freedom.

"The cut of the Emperor's whiskers has been viewed in this country with the deepest grief. Instead of growing them over the cheek-bone, you will have the goodness to suggest to his Imperial Majesty the necessity of altering their direction; a portrait of a distinguished military officer is sent out for this purpose, to which H. I. M. is earnestly invited to give his attention.

"The usage of the knout is not viewed by this country with pleasure; nor the practice of eating tallow-candles, in which some of the subjects of H. I. M. fatally indulge. It will be as well to abolish the knout; and to refrain from making use of dips in the manner described.

"The dinner hour of the Court of St. Petersburg might be advantageously changed; the censorship of the Press ought to be abolished; the serfs ought to be represented in Parliament; the fares of the droskies in St. Petersburg diminished. Gas should be laid down in Siberia; the Empress's maids of honour reduced in number; London Porter, Missionary Meetings, New Policemen, and Daily Papers, should be established in all the principal towns of the Empire, and it is very desirable that the middle-classes of St. Petersburg and Moscow should eat shoulders of mutton and baked potatoes on Sunday, instead of their present unwholesome meal of fish-oil and hemp-brandy.

"You will communicate, to the above purport, with the Government of His Imperial Majesty.

"(Signed) PUMICESTONE."

"*To* H. E., LORD TAPEWORM."

IV.—*From the Russian Minister to the English Ambassador.*

"I have the honour to accuse the reception of Your Excellency's letter, containing the proposals of His Excellency, MILOR PUMICESTONE, for the better regulation of this Empire.

"H. I. M. is profoundly touched by the interest which H. E. deigns to take in the affairs of Russia. H. M. is charmed by the modesty of a philanthropy so universal. There is no doubt but the English Empire is at present so happy that its statesmen have time to consider what will most conduce to the welfare of other countries, and that all the rest of the world cannot do better than let the English manage for them.

"H. I. M. hopes that the state of the country will soon permit him to abolish the use of the knout, and at the same time desires to know when flogging will cease in the English Army?

"H. I. M. will not fail to have a Chamber of Peers, and a Chamber of Commons for the regulation of the affairs of his empire, as soon as his Imperial mind is convinced that hereditary wisdom of necessity belongs to the nobility: in the meanwhile he is content to select his own Senate: and without the noise and trouble of elections he can find Councillors as pure as MR. ATTWOOD and as wise as COLONEL SIBTHORP.

"H. M. will not enter into the other questions which are touched upon in H. E.'s agreeable letter; but H. M. cannot enter into reforms of his own states at this moment, so deeply is he interested in the affairs of Ireland—which, before all things, he wishes to see tranquil.

"As soon as that country is quiet and industrious, His Majesty pledges himself that he will withdraw his garrisons from Warsaw; that he will grant a free press, to preach rebellion and inculcate the murder of the Government authorities. But, in the meanwhile, H. I. M. submits to LORD PUMICESTONE, that it is possible that even English Institutions are not suitable to all countries; that even against English Laws there are some people who complain, and would rebel; and that H. I. M. feels himself strong enough for the present to manage his own affairs, without the obliging intervention of H. E. VISCOUNT PUMICESTONE.

"I beg your Excellency to accept the assurances of, &c.,

"BARON STRONGENOFF-GROGENOFF."

ON THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT.

A Letter from our old friend, MR. SNOB, *to* MR. JOSEPH HUME.

STEEMED SIR,—Seldom directly meddling with politics, I offer a humble but particularly warm adhesion to the principles of your programme for the 24th. Any services in my line I beg you to command. I believe that the country is not fairly represented, and that Lord This coerced his voters at Stamford, while Mr. That purchased his at Kinsale. I blackballed CAPTAIN FITZWHISKERS at the club last week with perfect satisfaction, and without risk of personal collision with the Captain, who is since gone abroad, and I do not see why LORD EXETER'S tenants should not have a similar modest way of asserting their opinions. If ballot is an un-English practice, I hope it will soon be an English one. If there were more parliaments, and more voters, I think there would be less bribery, and that even MR. ATTWOOD could not stand persuading electors too often. I stand by you respectfully, and am ready to adopt any peaceful and constitutional line of agitation which you shall think advisable.

"If LORD JOHN RUSSELL will not come with us, I can conceive (with infinite pain) the possibility of doing without him. I had rather have bribery decreased than LORD JOHN RUSSELL at the head of affairs. I had rather that landlords should cease to bully, even, than that LORD JOHN should continue to be our chief. I can fancy that the world will go on even without him, and that the machine will not fall to pieces although this prodigious little pin be withdrawn. Let it have a coronet, gilt on its head, and be stuck in a cushion in the House of Lords.

"I can even go some length with MR. COBDEN in his dangerous speech about the barbarous splendour surrounding the Crown. It is not the money, as some people object, so much as the sentiment. It will make very little difference to any man in England whether there is a silver stick or groom of the dust-pan more or less in the service of the Court, of which we all admire the modest English merits. But there are barbarous splendours about the precincts of Pimlico, that are ridiculous and immoral, rather than costly, against which MR. COBDEN has a right to cry out. Who could not name a score such?

"It is very well for LORD JOHN to cry out and say that the British people love their QUEEN, that they will not grudge her any of the state which belongs to her dignity, that she is a model of private virtue, and that to meddle with her privileges is to meddle with the Constitution. What is the Constitution, my dear Sir, *d'abord?* If the Constitution of to-day is the Constitution of the PRINCE REGENT'S time, every gentleman connected with this periodical would have passed years in gaol, as MR. LEIGH HUNT did. Good Laws! how have we ridiculed a certain august hat, for instance; not because we are disloyal, but because the object was laughworthy. In QUEEN ANNE'S reign, we should have had our ears cut off; by QUEEN ELIZABETH, we should have been hanged without any mercy, and all under the exercise of the same Constitution. The Constitution roasted us indifferently for being Catholics or Protestants. If the Constitution is at the head of the nation, it is not BRITANNIA'S helmet, as it were, but her hair: it renews itself perpetually: it is cut off and grows again, and is curled in a thousand fashions—fashions is the word—the Constitution is the political fashion. The country may wear what she likes—ringlets, or powder and a tail, or a Madonna bandeau, or a Brutus crop.

"And as for insinuating that a man is disrespectful to his QUEEN because he wishes to alter some of the present appurtenances of Royalty, I take the liberty to deny that charge with indignation. For instance, I love and respect my grandmother; but suppose she took it into her head to walk in the Park with a hoop and falbalas, and the second headdress above described, should we not have a right to remonstrate with the venerable lady? COBDEN has a right to look at the Court and say that many parts of it are barbarous and foolish. Beef-eaters are barbarous. Court-Circulars are barbarous. Gentlemen-Pensioners are barbarous. JONES with a black-satin bag going to Court with his sword between his legs, is barbarous. My old friend JEAMES, with his stick and bouquet, is an eminent and absurd barbarian. I hope to see them all sacrificed; and as for poor JEAMES, I am like MITCHEL and LORD CLARENDON, and exclaim, 'Either you or I must die, JEAMES.'

"The day after the Drawing-Room, as I was walking down Pall Mall, (with COLONEL BLUCHER and young HIGHLOWS, a relation of WELLINGTON'S, by the way), the Lord Mayor's coach passed down the astonished street, escorted by policemen, his Lordship, and the man who wears the muff, being inside; the Court of Aldermen and the Common Council, with blue gowns, following their Chief in various cabs, broughams, and other vehicles.

"When the hideous, monstrous, creaking, tumbling, lumbering old trap was built, in which his Lordship was seated, it was made after the fashion of the times, when people liked to travel slow, and was no doubt the best vehicle of a large sort which could be manufactured. Since then, railroads have learned to travel seventy miles an hour, and there's not a dustman's cart that doesn't go better than the wretched old mammoth coach, with its huge, old ugly, clumsy, costly machinery, containing a magistrature just as costly, clumsy, and out of date. The little civilised boys in Pall Mall 'larked' the Lord Mayor and his friend in the muff; the street-sweeper looked at him with scorn, and the Policemen marched with downcast faces as the carriage rumbled into the City, stopping up the way, annoying the passengers, interrupting the traffic, and occasioning the general discomfort.

"Suppose the House of Commons had a jurisdiction, and should propose the civic rattle-trap should be abolished, or a new and more commodious carriage provided for the Lord Mayor. But my LORD JOHN replies 'Beware of Republicanism. Dangerous innovations are being practised everywhere. The people, it is my firm belief, are satisfied with their present institutions; and I have the happiness of thinking that the Lord and Lady Mayoress are the most excellent persons in their private capacity, and their private virtues exalt their lofty station. (*Hear*). Her Ladyship attends to the household duties; never breakfasts in bed; looks to the tradesmen's books and the housekeeping; sees the children in the nursery, and walks out with her ladies of honour, in the pleasure-grounds of Billingsgate or Bunhill Row. His Lordship has prayers in the morning; does Justice business all day; dispenses hospitality in the evening; but is never more than half-an-hour away from the ladies over his wine. (*Immense cheers, in which* MR. HUDSON *and* MR. BROTHERTON *join*). And this being the case, what follows? Why, the consequence is obvious; they are virtuous, therefore they oughtn't to have a new coach. The old one has borne for two hundred years the bottle and the breeze. It rolls, and as it rolls, for ever will roll on.' (*Immense cheers*).

"It was exactly the argument pursued in France by other little statesmen and ministers of a moral monarch. 'LOUIS-PHILIPPE is a model husband (and father; therefore don't let us have any more reforms. Who dares say that this monarch does not sympathise with the country, when it is known that he takes tea and plays his rubber in the bosom of his family like the simplest *bourgeois?* What can the people want with public meetings, when the king sleeps on a straw mattress, and is a pattern of domestic propriety? Reforms, forsooth! Haven't we a Chamber, and an immense majority?' This was the argument up to the twenty-third day of last February; but it had ceased to be very cogent on the twenty-fifth, when majority, monarch, and ministers had all disappeared from the scene.

"And this point being, rather brutally, disposed of, there comes another argument, which people are very fond of putting, and is used by your Conservatives and Whigs with a triumphant air. 'Yes; they have got rid of their monarch and ministers,' says LORD JOHNNY or LORD TOMMY; 'but what have they taken in exchange? A howling democracy; a furious tyranny of 500,000 bayonets; a ruined Exchequer; a national bankruptcy; a general cessation of labour; and conspiracy to organise famine. Does not every man of sense prefer the moderate liberty of LOUIS-PHILIPPE to the monstrous licentiousness, and the constant danger and terror of the present period? Would you have wild revolutionists yelling in London streets, and clubs and muskets governing the House of Representation?' The meaning of which is, that it is better that a man should forego his undoubted rights for the sake of peace and quiet, than that he should bestir and endanger himself to gain them.

"But in this case MR. BANCROFT would never have been here as American Minister, that is clear; and the American colonies would be still paying their tax upon tea. We might still have had STEWARTS on the throne, chopping off heads of LORD RUSSELLS for treason. The cause for which HAMPDEN and SIDNEY still occasionally perish after dinner, in those weak assemblies where the Whigs muster, was a rank rebellion; and MR. BARRY should design a Star Chamber in the new Houses of Parliament, where the dandy dealers in middle-age gimcracks were afraid to set up CROMWELL. Of course, no revolution is good for trade. People can't do two things at a time. It is impossible at once to work at a stocking-loom and in a riot. But who is the cause of the riot? What was it that brought LOUIS-PHILIPPE smirking over the barricades of July, when all danger was over, and put him into a cab, and sent him out of the Paris gates in February? What was it that brought LORD JOHN into office in '32, and will send him out before many months are over? He can't stop, and keep all the world waiting behind him. He is at the head of the column, and must march with it, or shirk out of the rank and let it pass by, or stand and let it march over him.

"In a country where there is a Press, Railroads, and Free Discussion,

there is no need to have a fight at all. There must be two parties to fight; and the weaker one, which would lose most by the battle too, never will. And they may talk of a good cause as inspiriting a man to battle; but what can be more inspiriting than to know not only that your cause is good, but that your enemy is sure to run away without fighting?

"It is to this I look, this which brings me with ardour to your ranks, and this prophecy, which I beseech you to remember in the hour of victory."

ELABORATE ENGRAVING TO BE PRESENTED TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE *ART*-UNION.

BROUGHAM ON LAW, AND PUNCH ON BROUGHAM.

Our noble friend has turned back to the old paths, along which he marched to reputation, the slippery ways of Law Reform, beset with pit-falls, and planted with all manner of man-traps and spring-guns. We congratulate our noble friend on this return to his great and far from finished work. We place at our noble friend's disposal the following comments on his excellent speech of Friday last, and thus play *Coke* to his *Littleton*.

B. on Acts of Parliament.—"The persons who draw up Acts of Parliament should always use the plainest language."

P. on B.—"Not so: for they would often thereby disclose the plainest want of meaning."

B.—"They should never use any word, the meaning of which was not well-defined."

P.—"Not so: for thereby they would continually be left without any words to use."

B.—"They ought never to use the same word in two senses; they should never use two words in the same sense."

P.—"True. Moreover, they should never use any word, or many words, with no sense whatever."

B.—"They should never refer in any one Act of Parliament to any other Act, but always state in the same Act what they meant."

P.—"This were well: also, that when they meant nothing by any Act, they should state the same."

B.—"In the enacting clauses of the Poor Law Amendment Act, the changes were so rung upon the verb 'to be,' which was sometimes 'are,' sometimes 'shall be,' sometimes 'may be,' and sometimes 'shall have been,' that the unhappy judges were perfectly bewildered."

P.—"Therein doth such verb resemble Lord B. himself, who hath so often rung all manner of changes on his opinions, that the best judges are as much bewildered thereby as ever they were by any Act of Parliament whatever."

B. on the Marriage Law.—"In consequence of the conflict of laws on marriage, many a man in England was unable to tell whether in the eye of the law he was married or single, legitimate or illegitimate. Some of the ornaments of their Lordships' House were in that predicament."

P. "Perchance, by doing away with this uncertainty, would these ornaments of their Lordships' House be made wise; for thereby might they know concerning their fathers, and 'It is a wise child that knoweth its own father.'"

B.—"He knew a conveyancer of large practice, whose inefficiency was not discovered till long after his death, when the consequences proved fatal to the peace and prosperity of many families."

P.—"Therein was the conveyancer luckier than many statesmen in large practice, whose inefficiency is discovered long before their deaths, but who, nevertheless, are allowed to practise, notwithstanding."

B.—"He knew a solicitor who died, and whose papers were all cut up into tailors' measures after his decease."

P.—"Therein did the said solicitor differ from a Minister, whose measures are often cut up in the papers, before it."

B.—"To make two wills was unsatisfactory."

P.—"How unsatisfactory must, therefore, have been the life of Lord B., who hath so often changed his will, that he has now no one opinion, 'whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.'"

With these comments *P.* leaves *B.*, with a hearty congratulation, on seeing him again at a work which he ought never to have abandoned.

A SHORT CUT TO PROSPERITY.

Our attached *Judy* has had addressed to her an appeal of the Nottingham stocking manufacturers, which, at her request, we present to our lady readers. It opens respectfully.

"Madam,—Having seen it stated in the public papers that you are using your influence, in conjunction with others, to promote and encourage, by your own example, the use of articles of British manufacture in dress, I venture respectfully to call your attention to that of stockings."

Under other circumstances, we should be prepared to resent this calling attention to any part of the dress of *Mrs. P.* But patriotism is paramount to delicacy. The letter proceeds, however, to still more dangerous ground.

"You and others with whom you are associated in this generous effort for the good of others, are probably little aware of the very serious injury which has been inflicted on this branch of trade, by the fashion some time since adopted by ladies, of wearing long dresses."

Here we must draw the line. We cannot permit this. *Mrs. P. does* wear her crinoline of the most decorous dimensions, and we cannot give way a single inch. *Mrs. P.* is prepared to contract our household expenditure, but not her skirts. She has no objection to wearing long stockings, but it must be with still longer dresses. She will thus be "doing good by stealth." Were her robes shorter, she would "blush to find it fame." She would gladly go any lengths to aid the stockingers, but positively declines to go the scantiness demanded of her. With this assurance she begs to cut short the dangerous proposition of the Nottingham manufacturers.

Questions for Circulation among the Candidates for Teacherships.

It is an admitted fact, that a knowledge of error is one of the nearest ways to truth; and it stands to reason, therefore, that the best way to teach a person fact, is to begin by cramming him with the reverse of fact, in any quantity he can be induced to swallow. With this view we have prepared a few queries, which come under the useful head of "What to Avoid" in the way of information:—

Q. Who invented cider.

A. Mr. Perry.

Q. Where is the milk of human kindness to be found in the greatest perfection?

A. Not within the pail of society.

Q. Are cigars an English invention?

A. No! the cigar is a Spanish article, that has been merely cabbaged by the British manufacturer.

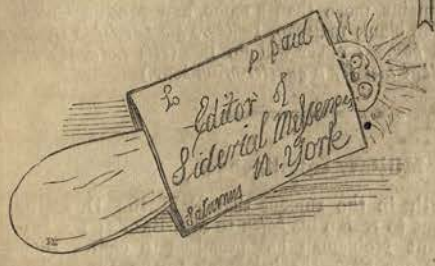
A BAD BUSINESS.

A Gentleman of our acquaintance has asked our advice on the subject of his pecuniary affairs, which he says have become so deranged that all his liabilities have gone out of his mind.

A New Movement Party.

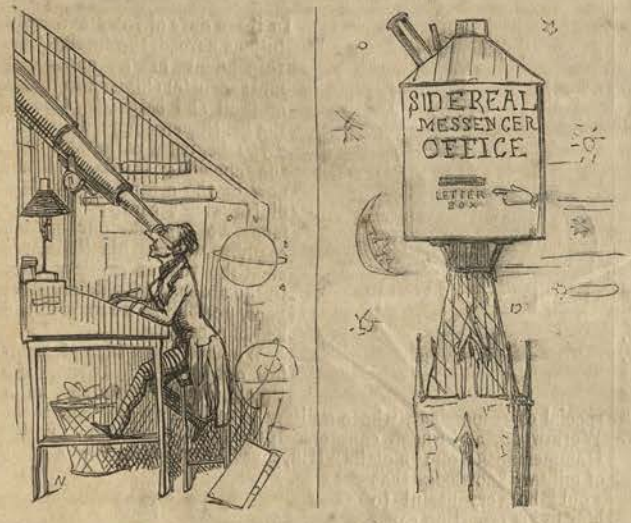
We have seen, in the columns of a contemporary, an advertisement commencing with the strange words, "Old Feather Beds Redressed." The idea of getting up a movement to redress old Feather Beds, whose grievances or wrongs cannot lie very heavily upon them, is a needless excess of ultra liberality. Surely the old Feather Beds ought to be downy enough to redress themselves.

ASTRAL LITERATURE.



THE readers of *Punch* may not be generally aware that there is published in America a newspaper called the *Sidereal Journal*, which is of course devoted, as its name implies, to the stars. We have not seen a Number of the publication, but we can fancy its contents very easily. There is, no doubt, the celebrated second column, inviting some missing star to return to his circle of disconsolate satellites, and undertaking that if he will only come back in a twinkling, everything shall be forgotten and forgiven.

We dare say the *Sidereal Journal* contains an advertisement that the Band of Orion will attend quadrille parties on reasonable terms, and that the Great Bear is to be seen alive at a very small charge, as usual. There will, of course, be an intimation that Saturn, in the middle of his ring, will go through his celebrated scenes in the circle: and that new milk may be had from that very extensive



milk-walk, the Milky Way, in the highest perfection, without any admixture of sky-blue, at the very lowest prices. The only wonder is, not how the paper can be filled with matter referring to the Starry World, but how room can be found for all that relates to it. We should, however, doubt whether the range of mundane subscribers can be very large, for the subjects can scarcely be very tempting to the merely terrestrial reader, unless he is one of those who love to moon over the stars, and who would be more thoroughly wrapped up in a comet's tail, than in a story of merely sublunary interest.

THE CONVERSION OF THE ABBÉ LACORDAIRE.

THE well-known preacher and friar, the ABBÉ LACORDAIRE, habited in "the weeds of DOMINIC," last week made his first appearance at the new French Theatre, commonly called the National Assembly. The Holy Father, on this occasion, made a remark of singular *naïveté*. He declared, that "till the 24th of February he had been the advocate of Monarchy; but that he was now a Republican." Verily, the ABBÉ displayed a marvellous adroitness in hitting precisely the nick of time for changing his opinions. We may presume, that if he had been a Bonapartist, he would have abjured Bonapartism simultaneously with NAPOLEON'S flight to Elba; professed Legitimism till the Emperor's return; resumed that creed after the Battle of Waterloo; and transferred his allegiance to LOUIS-PHILIPPE immediately on the Revolution of July. FATHER LACORDAIRE must have an acute perception of the direction in which the cat jumps. In point of candour, there exists no parallel to the avowal of the celebrated ABBÉ LACORDAIRE, except the confession of the equally celebrated Vicar of Bray.

THE SQUEEZEABLES!

"Now, Sir, in a state of affairs so distressing,
Such serious interests so gravely depressing,
The House, I am sure,
Will be happy to cure
The effects I've described, by their causes redressing,
And all shades of party at once coalescing
In support of the measure,
Which if 'tis the pleasure
Of the House, my right hon'rable friend on the Treasury Bench will at once, Sir, submit to the House"—
(In plain English, "the mountain will bring forth its mouse").

From the Treasury Bench,
With a wriggle, and wrench
Of papers from pockets, LORD BLANK begs to mention the objects in view of himself and his friends;
"How they scorn to look forward to mere party ends,—"
How "The Bill must be carried,"
How "The people have tarried,
Till their rightful demands can no longer be parried;"
How, "if Clause one fall flat,
Then Clause two will come pat,
And if one don't do *this*, t'other's sure to do *that*—"
And "how each county grants
The Bill's just what it wants,
From Kent to Caernarvon, from Caithness to Hants—"
When an hon'rable Member jumps up in a hurry,
And throws all the Squeezeables into a flurry,
By declaring "the measure's quite odious to Surrey!"
Whereupon my LORD BLANK
Is sure he "must thank
The hon'rable Member," and lo! hankey-pankey! the Bill, all were scrambling to get, hurry-scurry,
Is, we're told, "not intended, *not just now*, for Surrey."

Any sort of objection
Is ground for exception;
Still the game is the same, of the Squeezeable section;
Let the veriest muff
But squeeze 'em enough,
And they fling up their cards, betwixt humbug and huff;
Still, little by little,
Go their Bills every tittle,
Till, just as a Yankee a big log will "whittle"
To a splinter away,
Thro' a do-nothing day,
So, with every political "promise to pay,"
The Squeezeables "whittle," to suit all folks' pleasures,
The biggest of Bills to the meagrest of Measures.
Not worth buying, so free from reproach of "venality;"
Never holding their ground, so uncharged with "finality;"
To please foes throwing over supporters, and then
Applauding themselves, with a "measures, not men;"
Till when spent is the Session 'twixt long-talks and leisures,
We still have the "men," but can't get at the "measures;"
And at last, tired of tumbling, from bad times to worse,
JOHN BULL, hot in head, as he's poor in the purse,
Throws the *Times* down indignant, and swears, "Please the pigs,
He'll take to close shaving and give up his W(h)igs!"

Catch Them at It.

THE Executive of the Chartist "National" Assembly calls upon the masses to rush and "realise their paper securities." This is very like an unfeeling mockery of their destitute condition; for, we should be glad to know what "paper securities" the poor creatures have got to realise. The only approach to anything of the kind will probably appear to be a number of pawnbrokers' duplicates, and these are not always so very easily convertible. A cry calling on the people to realise this class of paper would not fall under the general head of a command to "run for gold," but would come rather in the shape of a direction to "run for (flat) irons."

The Prospects of Repealers.

MESSRS. SMITH O'BRIEN, MEAGHER, JOHN O'CONNELL, and other members of the Old and Young Irish parties, have conjointly signed an Address to the Irish Repealers, containing the following remarkable, if not ominous declaration:—"We have all the same bright goal in view." This is a very consolatory assurance. We wish, however, that these United Irishmen had adopted the modern style of orthography, and placed the *a* before the *o* in spelling the word gaol.

THE POLITICAL MACHEATH.

NOTHING, since the days of GARRICK between *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, or the donkey between two bundles of hay, has been half so good as BROUGHAM between France and England. His feelings have been fearfully divided, and his heart frightfully lacerated by the British Monarchy on the one side, and the French Republic on the other. Tired of being "everything by turns and nothing long," he is now desirous of outstripping his former achievements by becoming two things together. He would be a Peer at home and a simple Citizen abroad, at the very same moment; and in fact, he would sing, with *Macheath* —

How happy could I be with either,
If t'other were not in the way;
But since you thus tempt me together,
Why, what is poor HARRY to say?
He'll sing, *Vive la république*, right tooral;
If you say to him "What can you mean?"
He'll turn with a *rum tum fal looral*,
And break into "*God Save the Queen!*"

A PROPHETIC SPEECH FOR LORD JOHN.

MR. COBDEN's motion being put, that all useless sinecures—such as that of Hereditary Grand Falconer—attached to the Royal Household, be abolished, with a view to the gradual reduction of expenditure—

LORD JOHN RUSSELL rose and said—Sir, never in my life have I risen to oppose a motion with greater feelings of mingled pain and pride. Of pain, that I should be called upon by any such motion—of pride, that, as I believe, I can so triumphantly defeat it. Sir, it has been said by the Hon. Member for the West Riding, that the office of Grand Falconer is one of pure expense—is one carrying with it no duties. This may be, Sir; but when I call to mind the fact that, although no hawks are kept in the Royal Household, the doves of conjugal affection build and nestle, as MR. BURKE finely observes, above "the proud keep of Windsor"—(*Loud cheers*)—then, Sir, I do say that the motion of the Hon. Gentleman, the Member for the West Riding, to abolish the sinecure of Hereditary Grand Falconer as one of useless expense—is an insidious blow levelled at the conjugal happiness of the Court—is an insult to the worth and beauty of the highest domestic existence. (*Reiterated cheers*). Sir, there may be a Minister bold enough to entertain such a resolution. I can only say, far be from me the ignominy of that boldness. There may be a Minister who, blind and deaf to the beauty and the music beaming and breathing from the Royal hearth, shall nevertheless destroy those fictitious hawks, shall scatter to the winds their baseless perches. I can only say, Sir, I will not be that Minister. I should consider myself not only as a rebel to the Crown, but as a traitor to human nature, could I for one moment entertain the thought of abolishing the post of Grand Falconer. Sir, while virtue remains more than a name, and Magna Charta something better than blank foolscap, I—(*here his Lordship strikes his hand upon a red box*)—*I* never will do it. (*His Lordship sits down amidst cheers that last for a quarter-of-an-hour.*)

Military Intelligence.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON is about to resign his *bâton* to MR. BALFE; nor is it true that the gallant Nobleman has promised to confer their majority on three Minor Sevenths belonging to the Line. The rumour originated in the Duke having arranged to act as Director of the next Ancient Concert, where it is probable he will put himself at the head of a determined and well-disciplined band, resolved on the execution of any task, however difficult, that may be assigned to them.

OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS.

IN these days of rows and revolutions abroad, the foreign Correspondent of a newspaper must accustom himself to "feats of broil and battle." One of the gentlemen engaged for the *Times* begins a paragraph with the appalling words, "I am now in the centre of the Sardinian king's camp;" and we fancy we can see our gallant *confrère* writing his "flimsy" amid the roar of artillery, and, in the absence of ordinary steel pens, scribbling away with the end of a bayonet.

We have some idea of sending out our old friend, the Brook Green Volunteer, as a special correspondent, whose military education on the Scrubs of Wormwood, and whose counterscarping in the ditch that divides Hammersmith from Notting Hill, must have given him a fund of military knowledge that would be very useful to him in his reporting capacity. Every foreign correspondent of an English newspaper ought to go through a regular course of drilling before he enters on his duties abroad, for there is no knowing how soon he may require the qualities of a soldier; for when an excited people have once drawn the sword, they are not particular where they draw the line, and the penny-a-liner may be the victim of a Revolution before he can turn himself round with a view to his own safety. One of our correspondents on foreign service has taken advantage of his very soldier-like position to express a wish to retire on half-pay, by which he means that he would like to have one half of his salary for the remainder of his life, for doing nothing.

"THE HOUR AND THE MAN."

Cobden. "NOW, SIR, ARE YOU GOING BY US?"

Russell. "NO, THANK YOU; YOU'RE TOO FAST FOR ME; I SHALL GO BY THE PARLIAMENTARY TRAIN."

OLD CLO!

This should be adopted as the national cry for Germany, which, with its new habits in politics, is desperately determined on adopting old ones in attire.

The paletot of the nineteenth century is to give way, all over *Deutschland*, to the jerkin of the fifteenth, and the *chapeau Français* to the bonnet of Maximilian. The pink of fashion is henceforth to be the pinked doublet of Albert Durer, and slashed hose are to cut out the humble cotton socks of modern manufacture.

Germany is determined to walk into her political future in the costume of the past, and at her National Diet the eye, at least, will be fed with all the motley brilliancy of a masquerade. This may not be out of place when the King of Prussia comes out as a go-a-head democratic reformer, and the Emperor of Austria as a Progressist of the first force. At the same time, the hotch-potch of costume will make of the Frankfort Diet a sort of *Potage à la* Jullienne. We beg to suggest to the Government of Berlin, the propriety of engaging Mr. Planché to superintend the getting up of the Members, and we trust that the opposing parties in the German movement, will rest satisfied with Fancy Balls instead of the cannon ditto, now in vogue in Posen and Schleswig.

A DRAWING-ROOM FOR THE MILLION.

Our glorious Constitution is so deeply rooted in the affections of Her Majesty's subjects, that certainly neither we, nor our unborn posterity, shall ever live to see the end of it. It will continue to exist by constantly accommodating itself to popular feeling, until at length it will have completely gained the hearts of the people at large. We have taken a long peep into futurity, and are enabled to state that, after the lapse of a century, Royalty, like our old friend the Sun, will shine on all classes alike, and, with indiscriminating condescension, will throw itself open to the homage of everybody. We have cast our prophetic eye over a paper of the future day, and have therein perused an account of a Royal Drawing-Room designed for the reception of the masses. We subjoin the interesting narrative:—

"H. M.'s Drawing-Room for the Industrious Classes, in manifestation of H. M.'s most gracious sympathy with that portion of the population, was held yesterday.

"The usual arrangements respecting omnibuses going to and returning from the Palace, were made by the Lord Chamberlain. The regulations relative to mats at the foot of the Grand Staircase were strictly enforced.

"At an early hour the Baths and Washhouses of the Metropolis were thronged with industrious lieges, in obedience to the regulations of the Board of Green Cloth touching soap and water.

"The following presentations took place within the Circle:—

"Mr. Figgins, Grocer, and Wife, by the Lord Chamberlain; Mr. Gosling, Tailor, by the Archbishop of Canterbury; Messrs. Hodson and Co., Builders, by the Prime Minister; Mr. Pitts, Tanner, and Daughters, by the Commander-in-Chief; Messrs. Pummell and Son, Saddlers, by the Master of the Horse; Mr. Fitt, Shoemaker, and Wife, by the Lord Chancellor; Mr. Brevier, Printer, by Earl Marshal; Mr. Steel, Hardwareman, by the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

"Among the operatives and others next presented, and who enjoyed the distinguished honour of kissing hands, were

"*Laundresses.*—Mrs. Durden, Mrs. Fagg, Mrs. Waddell, &c.

"*Sewpstressess.*—Miss Brown, Miss Jones, Miss Jemima Smith, Miss Polly Hopkins, &c. &c.

"*Bonnet-Makers.*—Miss Jackson, Miss Baker, Miss Mills, &c. &c., &c.

"*Bricklayers.*—Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Stubbs, Mr. Walker, Mr. O'Leary, Mr. Sullivan, &c., &c., &c., &c.

"*Carpenters.*—Mr. White, Mr. Green, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Dobbs, Mr. Atkinson, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

"*Navvies.*—Mr. Stokes, Mr. Strong, Mr. Biggs, Mr. Dumper, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

"Being precluded, by want of space, from giving a full account of the ladies' dresses, we must restrict ourselves, for the present, to notice the following:—

"Mrs. Durden.—A richly flowered bombasin; pattern, red cabbage roses on a yellow ground. Mob cap.

"Miss Brown.—A light blue merino dress, with plain starched collar. Head-dress, two little bows of pink ribbon.

"Miss Jackson.—Black stuff apron, over brown frock of the same. Lace, black—with a tag—worn in the *chaussure*.

"H. M. was in excellent health and spirits, and was evidently highly delighted to receive the good folks who came to pay their respects. The whole scene was eminently gratifying. It is mainly by these *réunions* between the sovereign and the people that a feeling of attachment to the Throne has been preserved amongst us, and thus has secured to us our mild and limited monarchy; whilst a neighbouring nation, after having undergone twenty revolutions, lies crushed beneath the hoof of a military despotism."

BRITISH MANUFACTURES TRIUMPHANT.

Our ladies have been requested to wear British Manufactures. Our smokers to smoke British cigars. Our elderly gentlewomen to make their tea with the British sloe-leaf. Our students to drink British coffee. Our pawnbrokers to advance at their highest rates on British plate. Our bread-eaters to limit their appetites to British wheat. Our beef-eaters to insist on certificates that their steaks are cut from the British Bull. The proprietors of the Zoological Gardens to show none but the British Lion. The West-End houses and Clubs to employ none but British cooks. Our merchants to deal with none but British customers. Our sailors to sail to none but British ports.

Such are the demands of an enlightened national feeling. We rejoice to add that the demand is being generally answered by compliance. The consequences are most cheering. The employment of our manufacturing labourers has fallen off one half.

Manchester is paying a million less per week in wages.

The Commerce of Liverpool is annihilated.

Nottingham, Derby, Salford, and Leeds have thrown stocking-machines, Jacquard-looms, and spinning-jennies out of gear.

Our old ladies are suffering from the cholic, and our hedges are bare of hawthorn leaves.

The price of lettuces is enormously enhanced, and Havannah is reduced to chew her own tobacco.

The Pool and the Docks are filled with ships, carefully protected from the weather; and our over-wrought sailors are enjoying that leisure so indispensable to the cultivation of their neglected minds.

Mr. Lablash (a stout gentleman from the West of England, with an odd pronunciation of his native tongue) announces an entertainment from the works of the late T. Dibdin, assisted by Mr. Coster at the pianoforte; while Mrs. Julia Greasy (an Irish lady of great vocal accomplishments) is singing in *The Beggar's Opera* in the Haymarket, with young Mr. Maryow, a handsome gent., apparently of the Hebrew persuasion, with a moustache.

All the infamous foreigners, the Jefferinis, and Jonesis, and Billsmithis, and Collinsis, who so long have fattened on pickings from the British public, have disappeared from the playbills, and native talent—and nothing but native talent—is everywhere recognised. Her Majesty, with her noble British consort, and her British rosebuds, enjoys British music from a British brass-band with singularly Teutonic physiognomies, and an inability to pronounce the "th."

"*Ici on parle Anglais,*" is placarded in all the milliners' windows in Oxford Street and Langham Place, and that popular British clown, Auriol, is alternating jokes and somersaults with Barry, at Astleys, where Miss Ann Hatoe and Miss Caroline, nightly delight crowds of enthusiastic admirers of National British Sports.

French and German are no longer taught in our schools; and, in one word, we have, in the enjoyment of our own blessings, proudly ignored the contemptible existence of the adjacent island—of Europe—Asia—Africa, with the more distant one of North and South America. England has, in fact, cut the world. What will become of the latter?

ENGLISH DEFINITIONS, FOR AN IRISH DICTIONARY.

UNITED IRISHMEN.—Natives of Ireland, who are always quarrelling with each other, and every one else.

CONFEDERATES.—A political party, bent on dissolving all existing ties between Ireland and the rest of the world.

MORAL FORCE.—Brick-bats, fruit in an advanced stage of decomposition, blazing tar-barrels, and shillelaghs.

PHYSICAL FORCE.—Threatening to use pikes and rifles, and running away from them when used by others.

A SAXON.—Every one who receives rent from land, follows an honest calling, keeps a civil tongue in his head, a whole coat on his back, and does not subscribe to MR. MITCHELL'S paper.

SAXON OPPRESSION.—Paying Irish debts out of English pockets, feeding Irish famine with English subscriptions, and supporting Irish labour out of English wages.

IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.—Materials for a row, and no police "convanient."

ENGLAND'S DANGER.—*Not* MR. MITCHELL'S bluster.

AN IRISH PARLIAMENT, SITTING ON COLLEGE GREEN.—A convention of Kilkenny cats.

MARTYRDOM.—Circulating 40,000 copies of your newspaper per week, and pocketing the profits.

LIBERTY.—The absence of locks, gaols, writs, and policemen.

FRATERNITY.—Encouraging men to cut each others' throats.

EQUALITY.—Allowing nobody to keep anything that anybody else can take from him.

IRELAND FOR THE IRISH.—A country of quarrelling voters, unemployed labourers, and rifle-clubs, or in other words, electoral divisions, extension of suffering, and vote by bullet.

REPEAL OF THE UNION.—A people without occupation, leaders without honesty, labour without capital, turbulence without control, rashness without foresight, and wit without common sense.

THE IRISH DRAGON.

THIS ferocious brute has been recently Van Amburghised to a very considerable extent by a blow from a bill, which has told with wonderful effect on the monster's savageness. He has become materially humanised in his aspect, and if he continues to mitigate his ferocity at the same rate, we may hope to see him soon wearing a perfectly civilised aspect.

Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN has notified to MR. LUMLEY the propriety of causing JENNY LIND, GARDONI, LABLACHE, and in fact all the foreign singers and dancers, instantly to take out letters of naturalisation, as it cannot be expected that the Court will, in future, patronise any other than artists of English manufacture.

THE EXETER HALL MEETINGS.

MAY has brought round the customary period for holding meetings at Exeter Hall, where fly-loads of females from the suburbs are being set down all day, to sympathise with the uninstructed Chippewaw, and send out a few reams of tracts to the open-mouthed Yahoo, who, it is supposed, can be crammed *ad libitum* with good books, because he, generally speaking, is ready to swallow anything. The serious excitement season has regularly set in, and the female enthusiasts are rushing in swarms to hear the Reverend MR. LONGJAW preaching on the possibility of bringing home DOCTOR WATTS to the bosom of the Rhapatangis. Surely the little savages who crowd our courts and alleys should have the first claim on the sympathies of Englishwomen. The home market is sufficiently stocked to render an expatriation of our benevolence unnecessary.

We perceive that in order to enable the women to sit out the entire amount of serious eloquence that is addressed to them, and to prevent the meetings from being gradually dissolved by excessive heat and fainting fits, "refreshments are to be introduced at Exeter Hall," so that the assemblies which now last from about 10 A.M. till 5 P.M., may in future be expected to become very nearly permanent. The tea will keep the audience up to the mark, in the way of attention, until another meeting is ready to assemble, and take the place of the one that has just broken up; and as the refreshments will, of course, extend to the platform, the speeches may be expected to be double the length they have been hitherto.

Foreign and Home Relations.

"WHAT *is the meaning of 'diplomatic relations?'*" *inquired a young* GREY of his uncle, SIR GEORGE, upon receiving a lucrative Secretaryship. "Hush!" exclaimed the startled Home Secretary, looking round him, "Never ask that question again. It might compromise us." And then whispering into his nephew's ear, he gave the following definition: "'Diplomatic relations' mean the number of relations which our family have in all the diplomatic appointments of the country." The last reinforcement to the strong regiment of the GREYS was satisfied.

RATHER CRITICAL.

IT is said that MR. SMITH O'BRIEN was greatly struck by the force and cogency of the arguments used by the Moral Force men; but he complains of their mode of delivery, and has strongly recommended to them the last work on punctuation, entitled "*How to Stop and Where to Stop.*"

Valuable Waste Paper.

TO BILL DISCOUNTERS AND OTHERS.—Quantities of Waste Paper are on Sale from time to time in the parishes of St. Mary's, Islington, and St. Luke's. They consist of the Income-Tax returns of the inhabitants, and may possibly afford useful information to gentlemen who lend money on personal security.—Apply at the Income Tax Collectors.

PUNCH'S PARLIAMENT.

"LOLA MONTEZ."

Mr. Urquhart, seeing the Noble Lord the Secretary for Foreign Affairs in his place, would wish to ask him if he had any objection to produce the correspondence between himself and Mr. Webster, on the subject of *Lola Montez?*

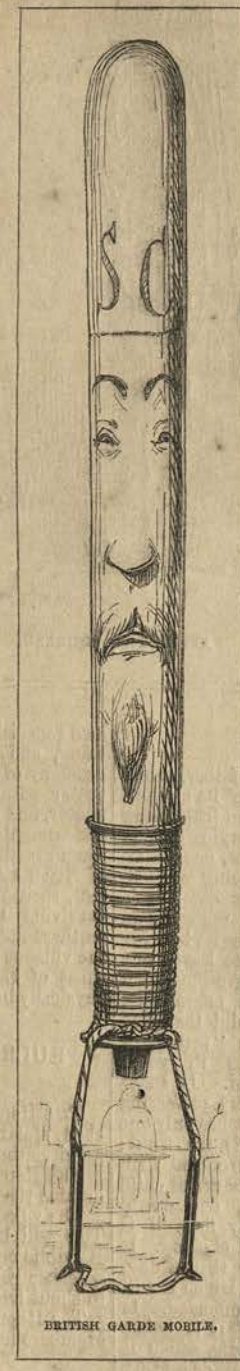
Colonel Sibthorp jumped up to order. Whilst he had a seat in that House—and he had represented the Cathedral of Lincoln for three hundred years, at least his family had, which was all the same and intended to represent it, at least so long as Whigs, and Chartists, and other ragamuffins, left anything in that House to represent—where was he?—Oh!—he remembered—Whilst he had a seat in that House he would never listen to such a question as that put by the Hon. Member for Stafford. What had that House to do with such a person as Lola Montez? What had they to do with Mr. Webster? The woman might be a very good dancer; and Mr. Webster, for an American, (*laughter*)—he saw nothing to laugh at—for an American, might be a decent sort of individual enough; but what had an English Parliament to do with the affairs of such people?

Mr. Urquhart explained. The gallant and tremendous Colonel had misunderstood him. His question applied to a drama called *Lola Montez*, produced by Mr. Webster at the Haymarket Theatre, and subsequently withdrawn by order of the Lord Chamberlain. At that Theatre—

Mr. Spooner hoped that this country would escape the demon of Revolution—the travelling earthquake, he would call it—that was taking its round of the world. But when he knew that money was subscribed to buy an actor and a play-writer's house, that had much better been pulled down, the foundations turned up by the plough, and the land sowed with salt—when he knew that Royalty itself, and the Aristocracy, nay, even the Bishops of this country, had subscribed for such an unhallowed purpose, he would—he must—he could not do otherwise—than take upon himself to tremble for the solidity of the empire.

Lord Palmerston said he would take time to consider whether he would produce the correspondence alluded to by the Hon. Member for Stafford. Perhaps he would, perhaps he would not. He had no real objection to do either one thing or the other, or both; or, as he had intimated before, neither.

Mr. Disraeli observed that the Right Hon. Secretary for Foreign Affairs, like the oracles of old, spoke in riddles. It well became the policy of a Whig Government to do so; they might thereupon obtain the benefit of a lucky doubt, and have an accidental reputation for wisdom not pertaining to them. (*Cheers.*) The Right Hon. Secretary was in one of his arbitrary moods. He seemed, in his imagination, to be playing with that ingenious instrument with which his name would especially descend to posterity—a protocol. That official piece of paper, in the hands of the Right Hon. Secretary, reminded him (Mr. D.) of the adroit inventive powers of an individual well known in London streets, who, with a single sheet of paper, would produce the form of anything. "Now," says that paper magician—who ought to have been a Foreign Secretary in Utopia (*cheers and laughter*)—"now it is a chest of drawers—now it is an arm-chair—now a coalscuttle—and now a lady's fan." There was nothing that a twist, a fold of that paper would not represent, twitched by the foolscap conjurer. In the like manner, the Right Hon. Secretary would no doubt twist and twirl the correspondence alluded to; making it now an arm-chair, in which the King of Bavaria should only feel too happy to enjoy himself; now a coal-scuttle, to heap fuel upon our foreign relations (*cheers*); now a chest of drawers, locking up in diplomatic darkness its own secrets (*laughter*); and now a lady's fan, to "brain" even the Hon. and gallant Member for Lincoln.



BRITISH GARDE MOBILE.

Mr. Hume observed that the Hon. Member for Buckinghamshire had, as usual, made a very flashy speech; but it had the old misfortune of that gentleman's orations; it left the matter exactly where it was. (*Ironical cheers.*) He (Mr. H.) wanted to know by what right the Lord Chamberlain, having licensed *Lola Montez* (*laughter*) for the Haymarket, called back his permission. Did not that functionary know his own mind? Was the chief of Her Majesty's household to stultify himself? Mr. Webster, the respected manager of the Haymarket—not that he (Mr. H.) ever went with an order to a private box: certainly not; he always paid his money to the pit, like a true patron of the Drama, and he would fearlessly look around and ask, who in that assembly did more?—Mr. Webster had been put to great expense by the imbecility of the Lord Chamberlain (*Order*)—he was not out of order, and would repeat "imbecility"—by the production of the piece; and then made a considerable loser by its withdrawal. He (Mr. H.) was prepared to show that the bolero of Mrs. Keeley made a difference of £25 per night in the receipts. Now, £25 per night, multiplied by six, and then by fifty-two—no, he must deduct Passion Week—by fifty-one, would be exactly £7650 in only one year. Here was then an evident loss to the manager of £7650! Was this to be borne? Was it not sufficient that the highest patronage of the realm should be vouchsafed to the foreigner; but must the English manager—our own manufacture—be thus unjustly made a loser?

Sir George Grey asked if they were to permit the stage to be a school for Chartism! Was the Haymarket to be a theatre of ease to Kennington Common? Mr. Webster, as a special constable—and he (Sir George) would do the manager this justice; he had particularly closed the Haymarket on the glorious 10th, that all his actors might be sworn in—Mr. Webster must have known that crowned heads were not matters to be played with. It might be said,—the Chamberlain read the piece (or was supposed to read it) before it was acted. That was purely a constitutional fiction. No nobleman could be induced to take the office, if hampered with the objection of either reading an English play or seeing one. For his own part, he was very sorry that Mr. Webster had lost by the omission of Mrs. Keeley's bolero, or fandango, or whatever it was. But couldn't it be introduced in anything else? Of course it could; and therefore the Hon. Member for Montrose was not justified in attacking the House on the weak side of its sympathy. (*Hear.*) There was good reason—so much he would say—for the withdrawal of *Lola Montez*. The Bavarian Ambassador had applied for his passport—a cab was at the door—and his carpet-bag in the passage!

Mr. W. J. Fox observed that he was not appalled even by the frightful picture of threatened war, painted and conveyed by the Right Hon. Baronet, in a passport—a cab—and a carpet-bag. (*Cheers.*) For his own part, he would have a theatre—emphatically a royal theatre; wherein all the Crowned Heads of the world might be represented, for at once the warning and the edification of themselves and the English public. He thought they would be all the better if their Ambassadors could thus transmit to their several employers the opinions held of them in this country. He looked upon the appointment of a theatrical censor in the person of the Lord Chamberlain as tyrannous and unconstitutional. It was a joke to write up—as had been written—over the playhouse proscenium *veluti in speculum*, when the wand of the Lord Chamberlain, by cracking the glass, might give to its representations any falsity of distortion. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Urquhart begged, in conclusion, to move for a return of "All Correspondence in the matter of *Lola Montez*, a piece at the Haymarket Theatre. Wherefore the piece was licensed—wherefore withdrawn—with the various letters of the Bavarian Ambassador, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Webster, Mr. Tilbury, and Mr. Carter, treasurer, on the subject?"—Ordered.

WHACK, ROW DE DOW!

Such ought to be the motto of the *United Irishman*, after the rupture that has taken place among the heads of the Repealers, which has ended in a fracture of the crown of the descendant of King Brien Borohme. The unfortunate Smith O'Brien found his Limerick allies most awkwardly anxious to get Smith's work done in a very complete manner. The most extraordinary part of the business is, that though the hero of Physical Force has got a tremendous gash on his temple, and an incision over his eye, he still persists in saying that he is resolved to present an unbroken front to the enemy. This cannot be achieved in the present state of his skin; but after some sticking plaister has given in its adhesion, and healed the breach now existing in the heads of the Repeal leaders, their resolution to present an unbroken front to the foe may be carried out successfully.

A VISIT TO JENNY LIND.

BEFORE THE SQUEEZE.

AFTER THE SQUEEZE.

A PRESIDENT'S CALL TO ORDER.

THE Legislature of France is making noise enough in Europe, but much more noise than enough within its own walls. According to the *Times*, after a protracted scene of yelling, shouting, screaming, and scrambling for the tribune in the French National Assembly, the President, with a tone of despairing wretchedness, exclaimed, "*En verité, en verité, citoyens, nous donnons un spectacle peu digne.*" Nobody will dispute the justice of the remark. Really, the poor President ought to be furnished with some effectual means of enforcing order in the Assembly. At present he is merely provided with a bell, which may serve very well to give an intimation of muffins, but is wholly insufficient for proclaiming silence, and quelling the hullaballoo of more than five hundred persons, each endeavouring to put down the other by clamour. A good steam whistle should be placed at his command; or, what would be better, a gigantic watchman's rattle, to be set in action, when necessary, by the same tremendous agent. A contrivance which would prevent the whole body from being heard together, would perhaps have the effect of inducing its Members to allow themselves to be heard in their turns. That is, if any mortal power could procure peace among these uproarious senators; but we fear that nobody but JUPITER TONANS—in the strongest sense of the attribute—could effect that very desirable object.

FAILURE AND FUSTIAN.—A morning contemporary states that a firm at Manchester, extensive manufacturers of fustian, have stopped payment. We believe that this catastrophe was occasioned by the recent failure in Ireland of MITCHELL AND Co., the well-known dealers in the same article.

THE MODEL BABY.

IT is the image of its father, unless it is the very picture of its mother. It is the best tempered little thing in the world, never crying but in the middle of the night, or screaming but when it is being washed. It is astonishing how quiet it is whilst feeding. It understands everything, and proves its love for learning by tearing the leaves out of every book, and grasping with both hands at the engravings. It is the cleverest child that was ever born, and says "papa," or something very like it, when scarcely a month old. It takes early to pulling whiskers, preferring those of strangers. It has only one complaint, and that is the wind; but it is frequently troubled with it. It is the most wonderful child that was ever seen, and would swallow both its tiny fists, if it was not for a habit of choking. It dislikes leaving home, rarely stopping on a visit longer than a day. It has a strange hostility for its nurse's caps and nose, which it will clutch and hold with savage tenacity, if in the least offended. It is never happy but in its mother's arms, especially if it is being nursed by a gentleman. It prefers the floor to the cradle, which it never stops in longer than it can help. It is very playful, delighting in pulling the table-cloth off, or knocking the china ornaments off the mantelpiece, or upsetting its food on somebody's lap. It invents a new language of its own, almost before it can speak, which is perfectly intelligible to its parents, though Greek to every one else. It is not fond of public entertainments, invariably crying before it has been at one five minutes. It dislikes treachery in any shape, and repels the spoonful of sugar if it fancies there is a powder at the bottom of it. Medicine is its greatest horror, next to cold water. It has no particular love for dress, generally tearing to pieces any handsome piece of finery, lace especially, as soon as it is put on. It inquires deeply into everything, and is very penetrating in the construction of a drum, the economy of a work-box, or the anatomy of a doll, which it likes all the better without any head or arms. It has an intuitive hatred of a doctor, and fights with all its legs, and hands, and first teeth, against his endearments. It has a most extraordinary taste for colours, imbibing them greedily in every shape, more especially from the wooden tenants of NOAH'S Ark, which are to be found in the mouth of every baby. In fact, there never was a child like it, and the Model Baby proves this by surviving the thousand-and-one experiments of rival grannies and mothers-in-law, and outliving, to the athletic age of kilts and bare legs, the villanous compounds of GODFREY and DALBY, and the whole poison-chest of Elixirs, Carminatives, Cordials, and Pills, which babies are physically heir to.

RULES FOR THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, EQUALITY.

THE Republic demands that the Members of the National Assembly shall stand on their dignity—the dignity of France. It therefore requires that they shall not jump upon their benches.

The Republic recognises the necessity of manners. Accordingly, it ordains that no Citizen shall interrupt another while speaking.

The voice of the people must be heard in the National Assembly. This will be impossible, unless Members speak in succession. The Republic on this account decrees that no two Citizens shall make their speeches simultaneously. The Republic also recommends Citizens not to shout from their seats whilst any Citizen is rushing to the tribune.

The Republic owns the supremacy of business; and desires Citizen Members not to interrupt it by altercation.

DAY OF THE BARRACK-AIDS.

MR. W. S. O'BRIEN, (late "Monarch of Irish Hearts,") since his preservation by the military at Limerick, has created himself "Monarch of the Barrack-aids." (Oh! very desperate).

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MAY 20th, 1848.

MR. SNOB'S REMONSTRANCE WITH MR. SMITH.

"My Dear Smith,—When we last met at the Polyanthus Club, you showed me so remarkably cold a shoulder, that I was hurt by your change of behaviour, and inquired the cause of the alteration. You are a kind and excellent friend, and used to tip me, when I was a boy at school; and I was glad to find that you had public and not private causes for your diminished cordiality. Jones imparted to me your opinion that a previous letter of mine in this periodical was of so dangerous and disloyal a character, that honest men should avoid the author. He takes leave to exculpate himself through the same medium.

"All our difference, my dear Sir, is as to the method of displaying loyalty. Without fulsome professions for the virtuous and excellent young matron and lady who fills the Throne now a-days, one may feel that those private virtues and excellencies are amongst her noblest titles of honour, and, without in the least implicating the royal personage seated in it, quarrel with the taste of some of the ornaments of the Throne. I do believe that some of these are barbarous, that they often put the occupant of that august seat in a false and ridiculous position, and that it would be greatly to the advantage of her dignity if they were away.

"You recollect our talk at the Polyanthus, relative to the private letters which passed between Louis-Philippe and the Sovereign of this country, which the present French Government has thought fit to republish. 'Why,' said you, 'did they condescend to make public these private letters? What could it matter to Europe to know whether, in the voyage from Dover to Calais, 'my poor Montpensier' was dreadfully sick, and the king did not suffer at all?' Royal families must have their talk and gossip, like any other domestic circles. Why placard the town with this harmless private gossip, and drag innocent people into publicity? And indeed, with the exception of that pretty letter to the Princess Royal, (in which her 'old cousin' Louis-Philippe announces to her his present of a doll with six-and-twenty suits of clothes, and exhibits himself very amiably and artlessly for once, as a kind-hearted old grandfather and gentleman,) it is a pity that the whole correspondence were not consigned to the bottom of that ocean which made 'my poor Montpensier' so unwell.

"But if the privacy of Royalty is not to be intruded upon, why is it perpetually thrust in our faces? Why is that Court Newsman not stifled? I say that individual is one of the barbarous adjuncts of the Crown, whom we ought to abolish, and whom it is an honest man's duty to hoot off the stage. I say it is monstrous, immodest, unseemly, that in our time such details should occupy great columns of the newspapers, as that of a Royal Christening, for instance, which appeared the other day, in which you read as follows—

"'His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was dressed in sky-blue velvet, embroidered with gold. The dress of Prince Alfred was of white and silver, and the three Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin lace, with flounces of the same over white satin.

"'His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington were habited in the uniform of Field-Marshals; the Prince wore the collars of the Garter and the Bath, and the ensigns of the Golden Fleece.

"'The Royal infant was dressed in a robe of Honiton lace over white satin, and was attended by the Dowager Lady Lyttelton. Her Royal Highness was carried by the head nurse.'

"Gracious Goodness! is it bringing ridicule on the Throne to say that such details as these are ridiculous? Does it add to the dignity of the greatest persons in this country that other citizens should be told that Prince Alfred wore white and silver, and the little Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin, with flounces of the same, over white satin? Suppose their Royal Highnesses wore their frocks inside out, what the deuce does it matter to us? These details may interest Mr. Mantalini, but not men in England. They should not be put before us. Why do we still laugh at people for kissing the Pope's toe, or applaud Macartney's British spirit, in the last age, for refusing kotoo to the Emperor of China? This is just as bad as kotoo. Those people degrade the Throne who do not remove from it these degrading Middle-Age ceremonials—as barbarous, as absurd, as unreasonable as Queen Quashymaboo's cocked-hat and epaulets, or King Mumbo-Jumbo's glass beads and tinsel.

"When the procession of the sponsors and Her Majesty's procession had passed, and the Queen and the other Royal personages were conducted to their seats, the following *corale* was performed—such a *corale* as was seldom presented to an infant before:—

'In life's gay morn, ere *sprightly* youth
By sin and folly is enslaved,
O, may the Maker's glorious name
Be on thy infant mind engraved!
So shall no shade of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy early days,
But happiness, in endless round,
Shall still encompass all thy ways.'

"Now, Mr. Smith, on your honour and conscience, does the publication of stuff like this add to, or diminish the splendour of the Throne? Is it true that if, in 'the morning of youth,' the Princess is brought up piously, she is sure of endless happiness to 'encompass all her ways.' Who says so? Who believes it? Does it add to your respect for the Head of the State, to represent Her Majesty to your imagination surrounded by Bishops, Marshals, and Knights in their collars, Gold Sticks, Sponsor-proxies, and what not, seated in the place of Divine Worship listening to such inane verses? No; the disrespect is not on our side who protest. No; the disloyalty is with those who acquiesce in ceremonies so monstrous and so vain. O Archbishop, is this the way people should renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? It is these ceremonies which set more people against you and your like, than all your sermons can convince, or your good example keep faithful.

"And I say that we are, *Mr. Punch* and all, a loyal and affectionate people, and that we exult when we see the great personages of the Crown worthily occupied. Take the meeting of last Thursday, for instance, for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes, at which His Royal Highness the Prince attended and spoke.

'Depend upon it that the interests of often contrasted classes are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting to the advantage of each other. (*Cheers.*) To dispel that ignorance, and to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilized society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person. (*Loud cheers.*) This is more peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education.' (*Cheers.*)

"Every man who heard that, I say, cheered with all his heart. 'These are imperial words, and worthy kings.' There is no Gold Stick in this empire, no Vice-Chamberlain, Groom of the Stole, Hereditary Grand Dancing Master or Quarterly Waiter in Waiting, that will yield to *Mr. Punch* and your humble servant in loyalty, when words such as these are spoken, and in such a spirit: and it is in tasks like these that Princes must busy themselves if in our times they ask for loyalty from others or security for themselves. The hold of the great upon us now is by beneficence, not by claptraps and ceremonies. The people is and knows itself to be the stronger. Wisdom, simplicity, affection, must be the guardians of the English Throne; and, may God keep those Gentlemen-ushers about the Court of Queen Victoria!

FAST CLERGYMEN.

By a recent debate in the House of Commons, on Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches, we find that a "Fast Man" has become a very necessary instrument in the hands of a clerical pluralist. The rate at which it is necessary to run through a number of parishes, so as to give a regular church-service—sermon included—at each, has introduced a number of literally flying parsons, who are capable of riding thirty miles an hour, getting through the duty in forty minutes, allowing eight for an original discourse, and officiating at seven different places in the course of a single Sunday.

We shall expect to see our sporting contemporary, *Bell's Life in London*, full of advertisements from "the Reverend Joe Banks, the Clerical Stunner," or "Ephraim Smoothface, the Protestant Stag," undertaking to back themselves to ride fifty miles, preach four sermons, read prayers six times, and marry twenty couple within ten hours, allowing one for refreshment and stoppages. If the "Fast" system is continued in the Church, it will be advisable for every candidate for holy orders to show his skill, not only in getting over the *Pons asinorum*, but also in the mounting *equorum;* and the scholastic *curriculum* will not be more indispensable than a course in the ring at Astley's, or some other riding-school. The curate of St. Peter's will have to qualify in the same way as the courier of St. Petersburg, and he may expect to come galloping into his village six-in-hand, with his legs bestride on the necks of his chargers.

Rather Superfluous.

The Bishops dined in the Mansion House on Tuesday, the 16th. We are informed in the next paragraph that the entertainments consisted "of the greatest delicacies of the season." We think this is being a little too particular; but penny-a-liners never will leave anything to the imagination of the reader.

THE LADIES' ART OF BETTING.

Do not bet for money. It is vulgar, and was never meant to cross anything but a gipsey's hand. But gloves are open to you, and you are at liberty to bet as many pair as you like. You can do this very pleasantly over your chicken and champagne; and the betting is not attended with any great risk, as you might foolishly imagine, for it stands to reason, that if you lose, you do not pay; and if you win, you are provided with gloves all the year round. Beware of defaulters, however; and do not bet with any gentleman who has not paid his last year's losses, or who is mean enough to remind you of your own. Do not back the favourite, but take the entire field, by which is meant all the other horses, and not the race-course before you, as you might probably imagine; and by this means you have generally 10 good chances to 1 bad one. Always stipulate for French kid, if you win—for Houbigants, if you can—as we once knew a young gentleman send a lady a dozen pair which looked uncommonly like dog's-skin; but then he was only a clerk in Somerset House. If your better is a very nice fellow, you can give him one of your gloves as a specimen, to treasure as a keepsake.

There is no TATTERSALL'S for ladies' where they can post their defaulters; but it is usual to do it at the very first quadrille or polka party they meet at after the Derby. Try politely, requesting the address of his *gantier;* if he takes no notice of this hint, then you are perfectly warranted in calling him ever afterwards a "shabby fellow," or even "a blackleg," if you like, and in being always engaged "six deep" when he asks you to dance.

By common attendance to the above rules of betting, a young lady may find herself in gloves for every Horticultural, Floricultural, and Botanical fête during the season, at the very smallest possible cost.

"CLUB DES FEMMES."

AT a time when the gentlemen of France are asserting the "Rights of Man," no wonder the ladies are protesting against the "Wrongs of Woman." Amongst the many Clubs, which the temporary triumph of Club-law has engendered in Paris, there was lately opened a "*Club des Femmes.*" At its first sitting much confusion was created by the criticisms of a number of the Lords of the Creation, who had intruded themselves upon the assemblage. This is unfair. What would be the result if a corps of ladies was let loose to criticise the House of Commons? The "*Club des Femmes*" has promulgated the following

CODE OF RIGHTS.

1. Woman naturally is superior to man. The rule of the husband by the wife is in the order of nature.
2. The wife is the natural guardian of her husband's secrets.
3. To the wife belongs the absolute control of her own milliners' bills.
4. The extreme age of woman is thirty years. She may be below this age, but cannot pass beyond it.
5. Woman has a right to her opinions. It is an odious tyranny which enforces the reasons of them.

CODE OF DUTIES.

1. It is the duty of the woman to insist on her own way. This duty is paramount. The end justifies the means.
2. It is the duty of the wife to love and honour her husband. The word "obey" is abolished except as a duty of husbands.
3. It is the duty of every woman to set off those advantages with which Nature has provided her. Dress is thus invested with the sanctity of a religious observance.
4. The human species is the only one which clothes itself, amuses itself, and cooks its food. Woman, as the highest being in the scale of the human species, has exclusive sovereignty in the three domains of—the Table, the Toilet, and Society.

PROJECTS OF LAWS.

1. A law rendering it penal in husbands to grumble at cold meat.
2. A law imposing various terms of imprisonment on the husband who complains of a deficiency of shirt-buttons, struggles for the last word, or exhibits impatience while his wife is dressing.
3. A law to constitute and punish the offence of *lèze-marriage*, or conjugal treason—of which shall be adjudged guilty,
   - *a.* Every husband found in possession of a latch-key, without written permission of his wife:
   - *b.* Every husband bringing home friends to dinner, without a notice of at least twenty-four hours, and an adjudication thereon by the proper authority:
   - *c.* Every husband paying attention to any other woman in the presence of his wife:
   - *d.* Every husband convicted of smoking, unless when the wife smokes also.

RAILWAY CHARGES.

CHARGES on a railway for scalding yourself with a cup of tea or a basin of soup are extraordinary, but still we think they lag far behind those of the railway hotels. The bill is always made out on the principle of never seeing the visitor again. He is therefore charged as much as his patience or his purse will bear, which is a sure plan of never inducing him to return. Our feelings towards Southampton, for instance, are anything but friendly, and the next time we visit that inhospitable town, we shall walk up and down the pier all night, or go to bed in the boiler of the engine, sooner than submit to the atrocious impositions of the railway hotels. We were in one for five minutes, during which time the waiter exchanged just three words with us, when we were asked at the door for "one shilling." "What for?" we indignantly exclaimed. "Attendance, Sir, one shilling." It is true we might have stopped all the night conversing with the same attendant for the same amount; still, we thought that fourpence a word was a trifle too dear, even to converse with a waiter at Southampton.

We beg to draw up a small scale of prices, moderate too, for the general use of railway hotels.

	s.	*d.*
For asking to look at *Bradshaw's*	1	0
For looking at same	1	0
For a wax candle to read the same	1	0
Attendance	1	0
	4	0

This would do capitally for a casual visitor; but if a person slept there, immense ingenuity might be shown in the high valuation of each separate item, recollecting always that it is not very likely you will ever see the visitor again. The following would not be a poor specimen of its kind:—

	s.	*d.*
Taking off your boots	1	0
Attendance, lighting you up to bed	1	0
Bed	2	6
Sheets and towels	1	6
Pair of slippers	1	0
Shaving water	1	0
Breakfast, with water-cresses	5	0
The *Times*, at ditto	1	0
Cleaning your boots	1	0
Attendance	1	0
Cigar, and light for the same	1	0
Attendance	1	0
	18	0

This would not be very bad for one bed and breakfast; but still the thing may be better done. We just throw out the crude hint; and railway hotel proprietors are quite clever enough to improve upon it. What extraordinary notions, by the bye, a railway hotel bill will give an antiquarian of the next century, of the dearness of provisions at the present period!

A New Devouring Element.

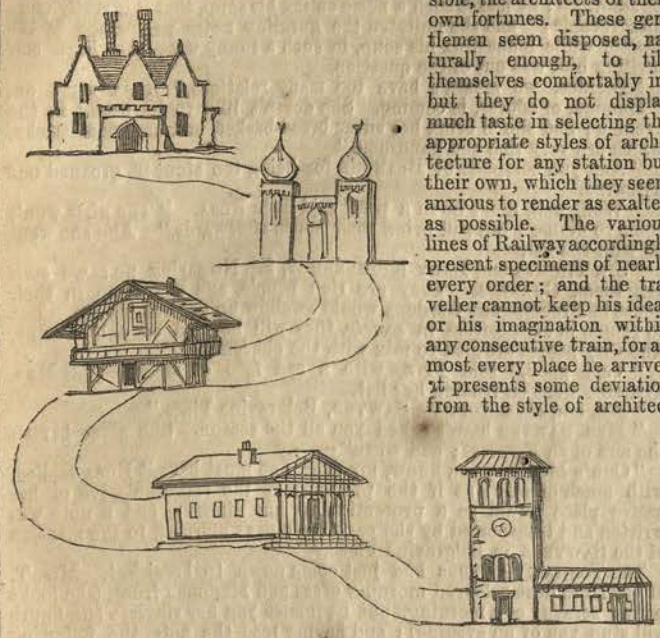
YOU all know SOYER the Philanthropist, who pretends to be so full of his fellow-creatures? Can you doubt it after the following? Read it, and feel "like goose's flesh" all over!

"SOYER'S NEW SAUCE FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!!"

Was there ever such a cannibal? And this is the man who would wish to redress our society and our dinners! Why, it is regularly setting man against wife, son against mother-in-law, pauper against beadle, boots against cook! No lady, no gentleman is safe. The aristocracy is on the verge of the sauce-boat. We denounce SOYER as the greatest *Traiteur* in England, or even Ireland; and the latter is saying, at present, an immense deal.

RAILWAY ARCHITECTURE.

THE only sort of architecture that seems to form a study among those who build for Railways, is the art of becoming, as speedily as possible, the architects of their own fortunes. These gentlemen seem disposed, naturally enough, to tile themselves comfortably in, but they do not display much taste in selecting the appropriate styles of architecture for any station but their own, which they seem anxious to render as exalted as possible. The various lines of Railway accordingly present specimens of nearly every order; and the traveller cannot keep his ideas or his imagination within any consecutive train, for almost every place he arrives at presents some deviation from the style of architecture he has just left behind him. On the late Croydon Atmospheric, for instance, the stations assume an ecclesiastico-rural shape, for they have the outward form of village churches, though that of Mammon is the only worship that is going on inside them. On the great lines of Railway one may fancy one's self traversing all the countries in the world within half-an-hour, for he is very likely to encounter an old English ticket-office, a Turkish water-tank, a Swiss engine-house, a Grecian goods depôt, and an Italian terminus, all within the limits of fifteen miles of railway. He may find comprised in the same space a refreshment-room *à la* wigwam, and a signal-man's watch-box built in imitation of CLEOPATRA'S Needle, all ready threaded with the wire of the electric telegraph. We should be glad to see the Uniformity of Practice Act put in force with reference to the architecture of Railway buildings in general, and Railway stations in particular.



CURIOSITIES OF ECHOES.

WE have had innumerable Echoes,—affirmative and negative, Hibernian and American, and otherwise. The following, we think, is pretty worthy to be added to the collection:—

"Eighteen years since, LAWRENCE ended his brilliant and lucrative career. Who has risen to fill his place? And in that interval, have we not lost WILKIE, CONSTABLE, &c.? Who has come forward to supply their loss? To both questions, ECHO ANSWERS, 'WHO?'"

The preceding Echo is borrowed from the *Morning Chronicle* of May 11th. We wonder a newspaper has never been started under the title of *Echo*, for it seems to answer better than anything else.

What an amusing book might be made of all the questions which Echo has answered in its time? And Echo comes to our aid, and says—"Wouldn't it—if beautifully illustrated, and brought out in shilling Parts? I believe you, my bo-o-o-oy!"

Rumoured Ministerial Changes.

IT is rumoured that Ministers intend to pass one measure of public importance before they adjourn this Session. A remedial Bill is likewise to be brought forward for Ireland, previous to Parliament being prorogued. These are only rumours, but if they are realised, they will be the greatest Ministerial Changes that have occurred since LORD JOHN has been in power.

The Powers that Be, in Paris.

FRANCE is not altogether in a state of anarchy. That country still owns the authority of a sort of law, which, emanating from the various Clubs of Paris, may with propriety be described as Club-law. MESSIEURS BARBES and BLANQUI appear to be Knaves of Clubs; and it is difficult to determine which is the greater knave of the two. We are happy to see that one of these Cards is taken.

MR. MITCHEL AT HOME.

THE Irish intelligence of the *Times* the other day contained the following description, by an eye-witness, of MR. MITCHEL as he appeared in Newgate:—

"In a small flagged court-yard stood an Irish citizen and an Irish patriot, surrounded by the pickpockets and burglars who have been committed for hideous crimes."

Really, some improved system of classification ought to be adopted in prisons. Certainly the crimes of pickpockets and burglars are very great; but stealing pocket-handkerchiefs and breaking open houses, are infinitely less atrocious than instigation to wholesale massacre. However hideous may have been the crimes of the pickpockets, those comparative innocents ought not to have been reduced to associate with the man of pikes and vitriol. As for that person, no doubt he felt comfortable enough in the society of his betters, and, under the same roof with them, found himself perfectly at home.

A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS'S.

MR. and MRS. FITZROY TIMMINS live in Lilliput Street, that neat little street which runs at right angles with the Park and Brobdingnag Gardens. It is a very genteel neighbourhood, and I need not say they are of a good family.

Especially MRS. TIMMINS, as her mamma is always telling MR. T. They are Suffolk people, and distantly related to the Right Honourable the EARL OF BUNGAY.

Besides his house in Lilliput Street, MR. TIMMINS has Chambers in Figtree Court, Temple, and goes the Northern Circuit.

The other day, when there was a slight difference about the payment of fees between the great Parliamentary Counsel and the Solicitors, STOKE and POGERS, of Great George Street, sent the papers of the Lough Foyle and Lough Corrib Junction Railway to MR. FITZROY TIMMINS, who was so elated that he instantly purchased a couple of looking-glasses for his drawing-rooms (the front room is 16 by 12, and the back a tight but elegant apartment, 10 ft. 6 by 8 ft. 4), a coral for the baby, two new dresses for MRS. TIMMINS, and a little rosewood desk, at the Pantechnicon, for which ROSA had long been sighing, with crumpled legs, emerald-green and gold morocco top, and drawers all over.

MRS. TIMMINS is a very pretty poetess (her "Lines to a Faded Tulip," and her "Plaint of Plinlimmon," appeared in one of last year's Keepsakes), and FITZROY, as he impressed a kiss on the snowy forehead of his bride, pointed out to her, in one of the innumerable pockets of the desk, an elegant ruby-tipped pen, and six charming little gilt blank books, marked "My Books," which MRS. FITZROY might fill, he said, (he is an Oxford man, and very polite) "with the delightful productions of her Muse." Besides these books, there was pink paper, paper with crimson edges, lace paper, all stamped with R.F.T. (ROSA FITZROY TIMMINS), and the hand and battle-axe, the crest of the TIMMINSES (and borne at Ascalon by ROALDUS DE TIMMINS, a crusader, who is now buried in the Temple Church, next to SERJEANT SNOOKS), and yellow, pink, light-blue, and other scented sealing-waxes, at the service of ROSA when she chose to correspond with her friends.

ROSA, you may be sure, jumped with joy at the sight of this sweet present; called her CHARLES (his first name is SAMUEL, but they have sunk that) the best of men! embraced him a great number of times, to the edification of her buttony little page, who stood at the landing; and as soon as he was gone to Chambers, took the new pen and a sweet sheet of paper, and began to compose a poem.

"What shall it be about?" was naturally her first thought. "What should be a young mother's first inspiration?" Her child lay on the sofa asleep, before her; and she began in her neatest hand—

LINES

ON MY SON, BUNGAY DE BRACY GASHLEIGH TYMMYNS, AGED TEN MONTHS.

Tuesday.

"How beautiful! how beautiful thou seemest,
My boy, my precious one, my rosy babe!
Kind angels hover round thee, as thou dreamest:
Soft lashes hide thy beauteous azure eye which gleamest."

"Gleamest? thine eye which gleamest? Is that grammar?" thought ROSA, who had puzzled her little brains for some time with this absurd question, when baby woke; then the cook came up to ask about dinner; then MRS. FUNDY slipped over from No. 27, (they are opposite neighbours, and made an acquaintance through MRS. FUNDY'S macaw): and a thousand things happened. Finally, there was no rhyme to babe except TIPPOO SAIB (against whom MAJOR GASHLEIGH, ROSA'S grandfather, had distinguished himself,) and so she gave up the little poem about her DE BRACY.

Nevertheless, when FITZROY returned from Chambers to take a walk with his wife in the Park, as he peeped through the rich tapestry

hanging which divided the two drawing-rooms, he found his dear girl still seated at the desk, and writing, writing away with her ruby pen as fast at it could scribble.

"What a genius that child has!" he said; "why, she is a second MRS. NORTON!" and advanced smiling to peep over her shoulder and see what pretty thing ROSA was composing.

It was not poetry, though, that she was writing, and FITZ read as follows:—

"*Lilliput Street, Tuesday, 22nd May.*

"MR. and MRS. FITZROY TYMMYNS request the pleasure of SIR THOMAS and LADY KICKLEBURY'S company at dinner on Wednesday, at 7½ o'clock."

"My dear!" exclaimed the barrister, pulling a long face.

"Law, FITZROY!" cried the beloved of his bosom, "how you do startle one!"

"Give a dinner party with our means!" said he.

"Ain't you making a fortune, you miser?" ROSA said. "Fifteen guineas a day is four thousand five hundred a year; I've calculated it." And, so saying, she rose, and, taking hold of his whiskers, (which are as fine as those of any man of his circuit,) she put her mouth close up against his

and did something to his long face, which quite changed the expression of it: and which the little page heard outside the door.

"Our dining-room won't hold ten," he said.

"We'll only ask twenty," my love; "ten are sure to refuse in this season, when everybody is giving parties. Look, here is the list."

"EARL AND COUNTESS OF BUNGAY, and LADY BARBARA SAINT MARY'S."

"You are dying to get a Lord into the house," TIMMINS said (*he* has not altered his name in Fig-tree Court yet, and therefore I am not so affected as to call him *Tymmyns*). "Law, my dear, they are our cousins, and must be asked," ROSA said.

"Let us put down my sister and TOM CROWDER, then."

"BLANCHE CROWDER is really so *very* fat, FITZROY," his wife said, "and our rooms are so *very* small."

FITZ laughed. "You little rogue," he said, "LADY BUNGAY weighs two of BLANCHE, even when she's not in the f——"

"Fiddlestick!" ROSE cried out. "DOCTOR CROWDER really cannot be admitted; he makes such a noise eating his soup, that it is really quite disagreeable;" and she imitated the gurgling noise performed by the Doctor while inhausting his soup, in such a funny way, that FITZ saw inviting him was out of the question.

"Besides, we mustn't have too many relations," ROSA went on. "Mamma, of course, is coming. She doesn't like to be asked in the evening; and she 'll bring her silver bread-basket, and her candlesticks, which are very rich and handsome."

"And you complain of BLANCHE for being too stout!" groaned out TIMMINS.

"Well, well, don't be in a pet," said little ROSA. "The girls won't come to dinner; but will bring their music afterwards." And she went on with the list.

"SIR THOMAS and LADY KICKLEBURY, 2. No saying no: we *must* ask them, CHARLES. They are rich people, and any room in their house in Brobdingnag Gardens would swallow up *our* humble cot. But to people in *our* position in *society*, they will be glad enough to come. The City people are glad to mix with the old families."

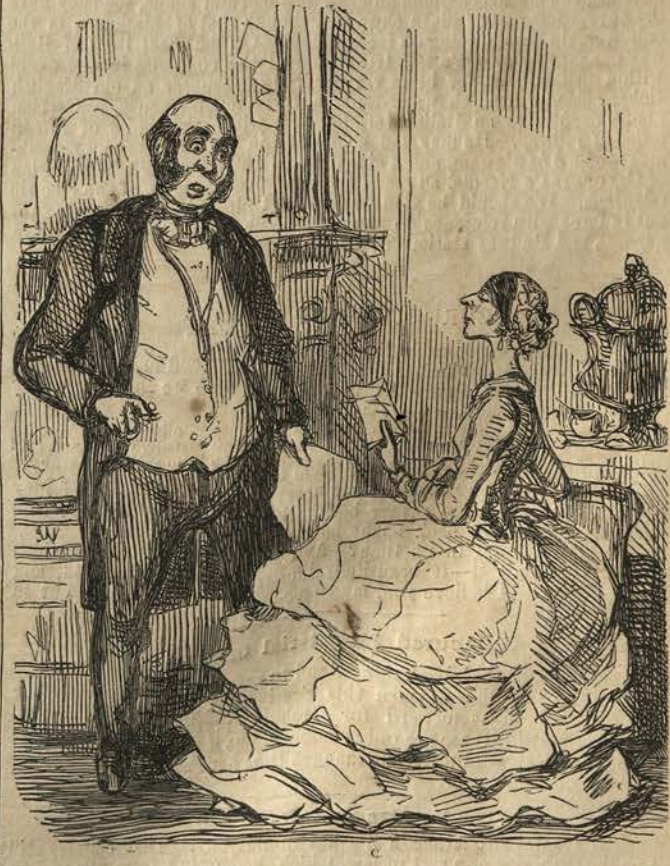
"Very good," said FITZ, with a sad face of assent—and MRS. TIMMINS went on reading her list.

"MR. and MRS. TOPHAM SAWYER, Belgravine Place."

"MRS. SAWYER hasn't asked you all the season. She gives herself the airs of an Empress; and when"——

"One's Member, you know, my dear, one must have," ROSA replied, with much dignity; as if the presence of the representative of her native place would be a protection to her dinner; and a note was written and transported by the page early next morning to the mansion of the SAWYERS, in Belgravine Place.

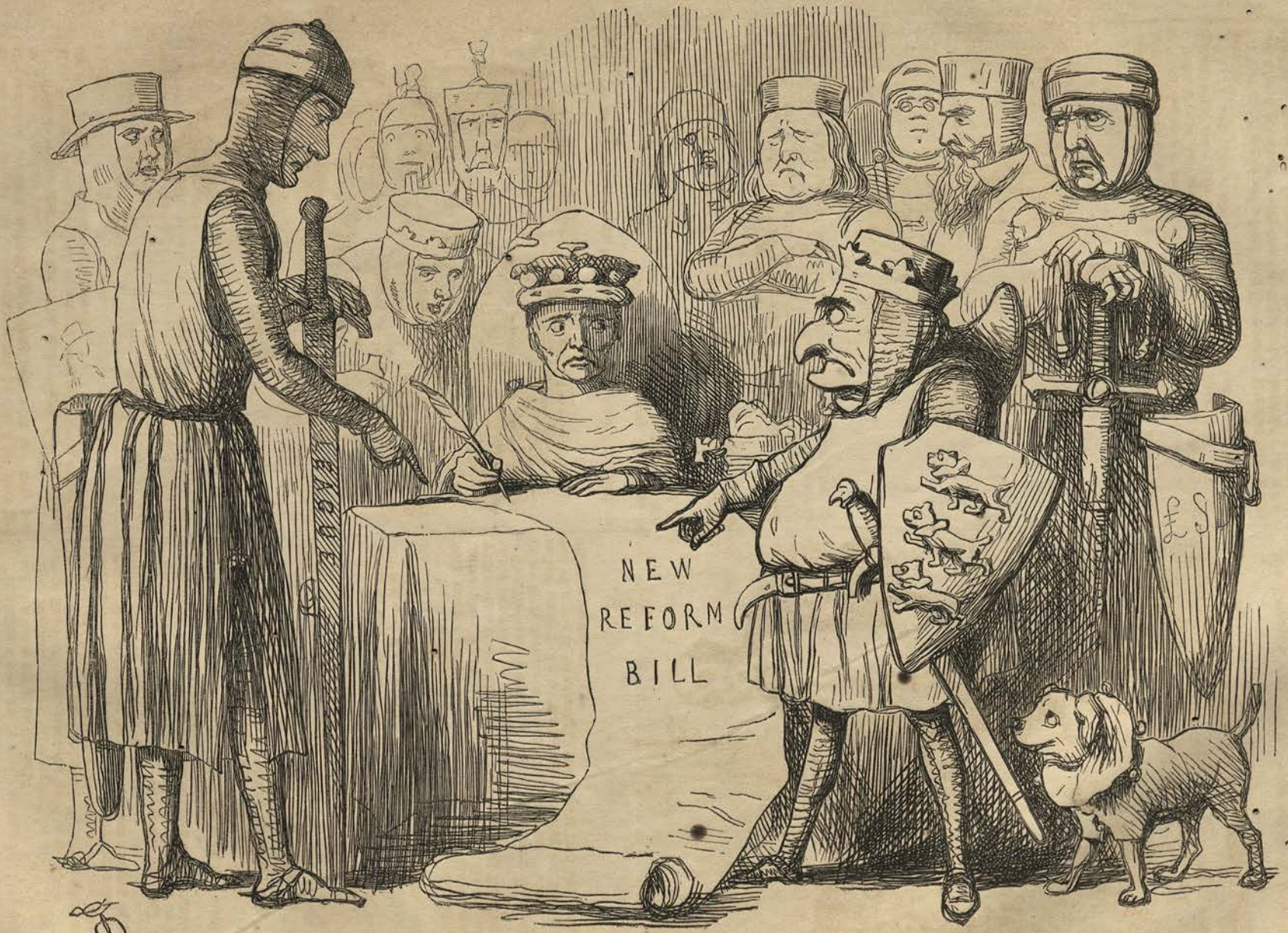
The TOPHAM SAWYERS had just come down to breakfast. Mrs. T. in her large dust-coloured morning dress and Madonna front, (she looks rather scraggy of a morning, but I promise you her ringlets and figure will stun you of an evening); and having read the note, the following dialogue passed:—



Mrs. Topham Sawyer. "Well, upon my word, I don't know where things will end. MR. SAWYER, the TIMMINSES have asked us to dinner."

Mr. Topham Sawyer. "Ask us to dinner! What d— impudence!"

Mrs. Topham Sawyer. "The most dangerous and insolent revolutionary



(LORD) JOHN SIGNING MAGNA CHARTA.

principles are abroad, MR. SAWYER; and I shall write and hint as much to these persons."

Mr. Topham Sawyer. "No, d— it, JOANNA, they are my constituents, and we must go. Write a civil note, and say we will come to their party." (*He resumes the perusal of the "Times," and* MRS. TOPHAM SAWYER *writes*)—

"MY DEAR ROSA,

"We shall have *great pleasure* in joining your little party. I do not reply in the third person, as *we are old friends*, you know, and *country neighbours*. I hope your mamma is well: present my *kindest remembrances* to her, and I hope we shall see much MORE of each other in the summer, when we go down to the Sawpits (for going abroad is out of the question in these *dreadful times*). With a hundred kisses to your dear little *pet*,

"Believe me your attached

"J. T. S."

She said *Pet*, because she did not know whether ROSA's child was a girl or boy: and MRS. TIMMINS was very much pleased with the kind and gracious nature of the reply to her invitation.

THE NE PUFF ULTRA.

IT is really too bad that Royalty and Aristocracy should take out of the hands of humbler individuals the task of furnishing testimonials to puffing advertisers, when it is clear that a good living might be made by those who are in want, if they were permitted to enjoy the profits of furnishing puffs for the proprietors of registered paletôts and quack medicines. We perceive that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has been condescending to this small business, and swallowing a lot of Revalenta Arabica for the sake of testifying to the merits of that article, when many of the Continental Kings are so badly off that it would be a charity to let them have the job of puffing the Revalenta, if there is anything to be got by it.

We would suggest, by the way, that as Guarantee Societies are established, it would be an excellent plan to form a Testimonial Association, consisting of a corps of invalids of every kind and degree, whose duty it would be to take the various specifics in vogue, and write letters announcing the wonderful cures that may have been effected. A capital of twenty bad legs of fifty years' standing would suffice to open a negotiation at once with PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, and a hundred individuals without a bit of voice in the country would set up the concern, with the means of entering into an arrangement with DR. STOLBERG, in favour of his celebrated lozenges.

Considering the immense number of foreign sovereigns and noblemen thrown out of employ by recent events on the continent, it is gratifying to think that there are means open to them of turning an honest penny by feeding on Revalenta, a sort of gruel—which, as they have lately got their gruel, they will be accustomed to—or by taking all sorts of pills to cure all sorts of maladies, and testifying to the virtues of the several specifics in the newspaper advertisements.

The Gold Law League.

FROM 500 to 600 barristers assembled last week to take into consideration a question of taking fees. If it had been a question of returning fees when the barrister could not attend, we wonder how many of the honourable profession would have been present? The above question of taking fees was allowed, as might have been expected; for, when money is concerned, is not everything *feasible* at the Bar?

ORGANIZATION DU TRAVAIL.

AS M. LOUIS BLANC has failed in his attempts at organising the Working Classes, we recommend him to turn his hand to organising the Assembly. We cannot conceive an organisation of greater labour.

DREADFUL EFFECTS!

(TO BE ANTICIPATED FROM REPEAL OF THE NAVIGATION LAWS.)

A Song to be sung by all true Protectionists.

Now sweep the seas whoever pleases!
No more the foe our flag shall drive,
That braved the battles and the breezes;
No more the British Jack's alive!

British oak will lose its toughness,
British tars will lose their pluck,
British captains lose their gruffness,
British owners lose their luck.

British goods must needs be scattered,
When the world's ships crowd to take 'em;
British profits must be shattered,
When new ways are oped to make 'em.

British merchants must be poorer
With twelve customers for one;
British ships find no insurer,
When 'gainst foreigners they run.

British kerseys won't stand milling,
If Spanish ships bring home the wool;
At sixpence freight, and not a shilling,
What chance of profit has JOHN BULL?

How can British sugar sweeten,
If in Bremen bottoms borne?
How can British beef be eaten,
If it 's fed on foreign corn?

Farewell to British goods of cotton!
Manchester must cease to thrive;
Raw materials must be rotten
That in foreign ships arrive.

Then good-bye to British glory!
Then good-bye to British trade!
Renown that grew of sytems Tory,
Must with Tory systems fade.

PARIS IN LONDON.

WE do not wonder at Paris having arrived in London and taken up its quarters at the Colosseum, for poor Paris could certainly not have felt itself at home in its own country, under circumstances like the present. The skill of MR. BRADWELL has been employed in rendering Paris perfectly itself in the Regent's Park, though it has been utterly beside itself for the last three months in its own locality. We may behold in Albany Street the prodigy of a French Restoration, for there is Paris as it was under LOUIS-PHILIPPE, and as it never could have been again, but for the art of the painter and the skill of the machinist. It is a pleasing sign of the absence of jealousy between the two nations, that our old friend the London Moon, to whom we have soared in the ascending room, and written sonnets to while lolling over the balustrade of the upper gallery—the very identical Moon that has been shining over the Thames for the last three years—has, in the most obliging manner, consented to "come out" every evening for a little quiet reflection on the Seine, and to indulge its liberality by tipping the towers of Notre Dame and other Parisian pinnacles. We are not surprised that Luna should be above the ordinary jealousies which less exalted luminaries are in the habit of displaying, and we can also compliment a few of the higher order of Stars upon their having shown themselves ready to "assist" at the Panorama of Paris, after the fatigues of the London Seasons.

Swearing for Ireland.

THE result of the trials of MESSRS. SMITH O'BRIEN and MEAGHER suggests a necessary alteration in the form of the oath administered to jurors in that part of HER MAJESTY'S dominions called Ireland. Milesian jurymen—at least in cases of sedition—should be required to swear "that they will *not* well and truly try and a true deliverance make between our Sovereign Lady QUEEN VICTORIA and the prisoner at the bar, and will a false verdict give, contrary to the evidence," &c. Thus, if they were not always prevented from perjuring themselves, the ends of justice would sometimes be answered.

A WATCH THAT NEEDS REPAIR.

THE Jury has been called "the Watch of English Liberty." This watch seems to be regulated in Ireland principally by an "escapement-movement," if we may judge from the winding-up of the late Dublin trials.

BEGGING AT EPSOM.

It is unanimously agreed this year, amongst all the carriages, barouches, phaetons, britskas, and respectable carriages, one-horse broughams included, to prohibit and put down, if possible, the growing practice of begging, which has been carried on lately to a most alarming extent, at Epsom. With this view it has been resolved, by the joint papas and mammas, not to notice any hungry-looking young gentleman who advances to the carriage to remark, "What a beautiful day it is!" or any such shabby, empty pretence for being invited to luncheon. Daughters have been instructed also to turn away their heads suddenly, and stare in an opposite direction, as soon as they see any juvenile beau of their acquaintance approach, as it is declared quite impossible for any parent who does not take down a booth with him to find refreshments for the numerous young gentlemen who go about the course, seeking what they may devour. These precautions, it is said, have been found necessary by those who possess carriages, and take down hampers, in order to guard against the possibility of a shortness of provisions, or any chance of a famine; for, last year, so many went down by the rail, and the cheap coaches, that it was quite a race after the Derby, almost surpassing it in excitement and intensity of struggle, to get anything to eat or drink, there having been so many hundred mouths to fill who had not contributed a single wing, or liver, or backbone, or glass of cider, to the general stock of provisions.

These resolutions may appear harsh, and selfishly severe, but it must be borne in mind that these gentlemen strollers flock down in swarms, with nothing more than a paper of ham sandwiches, trusting entirely to their friends, or the slightest acquaintance, for their dinner; and wine and ham sandwiches are known rather to irritate thirst than allay it. All genteel begging, therefore, is to be suppressed with the utmost severity of respectability, though we have no doubt that these fashionable laws will be broken through long before the afternoon—as a good dinner proverbially sharpens good humour, and it will be found impossible for those who have not paving-stones for hearts, to refuse the customary alms to a poor fainting fellow, whose hollow cheek evidently proclaims he has not had a plateful of anything all the day, and whose husky voice tells too plainly that not a drop of champagne has passed his dusty lips since the morning.

EXTRAORDINARY TRANCE.

A most curious case of Trance is at present occurring in the walls of St. Stephen's. An intelligent lad of the name of Russell has now been sleeping there for several months, and his sleep is so intense that it is expected he will remain in the same narcotic state for weeks to come. What makes his somnolency the more curious is the extraordinay noise in the midst of which he continues his slumbers. Nothing seems to disturb him. Every effort has been made to wake him up, and it is feared, unless he opens his eyes shortly, that he must fall for the want of the common necessaries of support. In the meantime, every attention is paid to him, but his soporific state excites the liveliest anxiety amongst a numerous circle of friends. Everything is kept, too, as still as possible out of doors. We shall acquaint our readers with the particulars of this most extraordinary case of Trance every week, until the poor patient evinces some sign of returning consciousness.

Everything in Common.

The following question, which has been agitated at Paris, is likely to create a great split amongst the Fourierists. "Query:—If a Communist is condemned to death, ought not every fellow-Communist to share his fate?" The most violent partisans of the share-and-share-alike system, even those who are Communists *à mort*, have been rather staggered with this question. We have heard only of one reply to it, and it is peculiar, as coming from a most decided Blanc, that is to say, a gentleman who has nothing to lose. Upon the question being put to him, he said, with a most tremendous stamp, and curl of his moustache, "I'll be hanged if I do!" Who can doubt him?

British Manufactures at the Drawing-Room.

It is not perhaps generally known that most of the ladies who attended the recent drawing-room, carried their patronage of British Manufactures much further than would at the first glance have appeared, and we are authorised to state that Wales came in for her share of support in the adoption of the useful but homely *sous jupe, de flanelle des Galles*, which was worn by nearly every lady at Court, to the exclusion even of the exotic crinoline. It is also a gratifying fact, that nearly the whole of the gentlemen's shirts were of British long-cloth, with the exception of the cuffs and frills, which were mostly of a transferable nature; and even these were chiefly of the muslin familiarly known as Book, from its being usually entered in the books of the tradesmen who deal in it.

THE OLD AND NEW STAFF.

We have looked through all the rooms of the Royal Academy, (with the exception of the Octagon Room, where we knew it would be useless looking without a lanthorn, or, at least, a lucifer-match,) and have been bitterly disappointed at the absence of a portrait which we had made sure to feast our hungry eyes upon. We had so long admired the "Portrait of a Gentleman" that we panted for a change, and expected that at last it would come, for there never was so good an opportunity, as when the Academy opened after the memorable 10th of April. We repeat, we were disappointed. The old "Gentleman" still hooks on to the walls of the Academy, with his curly hair and Sunday clothes, and we must wait till next year for the payment of the "Portrait" which was due this season. Then we shall expect to see them in hundreds, from the peer to the poor merchant with only £20,000 a-year. We are sure Messrs. Grant, Pickersgill, Middleton, and Sir Martin Shee, will not disappoint us in 1849 with innumerable phases of the aristocracy and gentry in general, taken in their new pictorial character of

THE PORTRAIT OF A "SPECIAL."

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

After the christening of the infant daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, a few days ago, Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present at a grand banquet given by the Duke, and the healths of the royal couple were drunk *seriatim*, with all the proper honours. In this we see nothing objectionable; but we do protest against the Duke's piper having come forward after Prince Albert's health had been drunk, and striking up the *Lament of Macintosh*. What on earth had the wailing of Mister M. to do with Her Majesty's consort? or, to paraphrase Shakspeare's beautiful interrogatory about *Hecuba*—

What's Macintosh to him? or he to Macintosh?

Why bore the company with the Lament of that individual; and what on earth has he got to lament about? We know of nothing to cause the grief of Macintosh, beyond the approaching expiration of the patent for some of his waterproof wrappers and capes; but why the Duke of Sutherland's piper should have indulged in such an odd caper, is wrapped in mystery. The adaptation of airs to healths at public dinners or other large entertainments, should really be managed with more care, for we have occasionally the health of the Queen Dowager followed by *Hark, the Lark!* as if there were anything particularly larkish in the composition of the royal lady alluded to. We have known the toast of the Bench of Bishops succeeded by the irreverent air of *Four-and-twenty Fiddlers all of a Row;* and we have occasionally known "The Ladies" to be given with the accompaniment of *Buffalo Gals*, to the extreme disgust of the gentler sex, who take credit for their generally anti-buffalonian qualities.

TRIAL BY JURY.

Messrs. Smith O'Brien and Meagher, since their acquittal, may call themselves innocent *de jure*, but they are certainly guilty *de facto*.

THE BUMBLE LETTERS.

PUNCH makes no apology for printing the subjoined truly British correspondence, which must come home to British businesses and British bosoms, especially those whose flame of patriotism has been kindled at the altar of Parochial Independence, now that the sacred principle of self-government seems in danger from the centralising efforts of a set of humbugs and jobbing place-seekers.

From MR. JEREMIAH BUMBLE, (*Attorney-at-Law, Poor-Law Guardian, Alderman, Clerk to Paving and Lighting Commissions, Member of Market, Toll, and Sewerage Commissions, and Chairman of Gas and Water Companies, &c., &c., &c., for the Borough of Great Muddlewick,*) *to* QUINTUS CURTIUS PUREFOY, ESQ., *M.P. for the same Borough.*

"DEAR SIR,

"A MEETING was held in the Board-room of the Union, on Saturday last, and most respectably attended. Indeed, there was hardly a single individual, bearing either borough or parochial office, who did not muster on the occasion, to defend that noble principle of self-government, which is rooted in the Saxon bosom, and for which our ancestors bled freely in the field, and frequently on the scaffold. We all feel this to be a very critical moment in history. When old-established empires are going right and left, and the most respectable commercial firms smashing daily round about us, when Royalty is reduced to plain joints, and exiled Ministers drive about in hack-cabs, how can we expect that our time-honoured parochial institutions should escape the shock?

"Even in this favoured borough, where we are blessed with a Corporation (whose Charter dates from EDWARD THE SECOND), a noble Charity School, educating six poor boys gratis, and affording an income of five hundred a year to the Reverend Master, with every department of municipal administration superintended by its own Board, there are not wanting mischievous and revolutionary spirits. Lampoons, reflecting upon several leading members of the Town Council, have been openly affixed on the Town Pump. GRIMES, the shoemaker (who, you may remember, has always voted for the Radicals), has got portraits of the infamous O'CONNOR, JONES, and CUFFEY exposed to view in his shop-window, and his wife has been heard to recommend physical force. The one-legged pensioner in the alms-house has been tampered with, and fraternises with GRIMES over the *Northern Star*, in the Magpie and Stump on Saturday evenings. But that is not the worst. Open enemies of the Constitution we could meet. I know we can rely upon the Special Constabulary, in case of any frantic attempt at violence. But what we have much more to fear from, is the insidious spirit of centralisation. There are not wanting, even in the parochial camp, traitors who support the odious and abominable Health of Towns Bill! It is in vain to direct the eyes of these misguided men to our venerable Corporation. They point to the dirty little children dabbling in the open sewer, which, by the way, is mentioned rather curiously in the Corporation Records, *An.* 1514, as—'Ye foule ditche, whereoute, this yeare, a marvellouse ill stenche y-cominge did breede a sore sicknesse whereof died XL soules.' In vain I have pointed out to them, again and again, the offices to be created by the Bill, and asked them if they did not smell a rat? One of them, in reply, impudently alluded to the offices which the Bill would abolish, and declared he could smell nothing but the gully-hole under the Board-room window. (It *is* rather strong.) But the authorities of Great Muddlewick, I flatter myself, are strong enough to keep down these *sanitary* gentry—insanitary I call them—who are anxious to put their own necks and ours under the yoke of a despotic government.

"The Corporation are united to a man. Fortunately most of the Town-Council are in one or other of our four local Commissions, and several upon all four. As we elect each other, we can easily exclude these Health of Towns humbugs. The poor are perfectly contented, and I am certain that the most vigorous resistance would be made to any attempt at removing the pig-sties and midden-steads in the Low Row, where the Irish live, who have come here to work at DIZZY'S cotton-mill. They give us a good deal of trouble, and keep the Fever Hospital pretty full. Indeed, we have not been free from typhus this summer; but what can be expected from the filthy habits of these wretched creatures?

"There has been a great stir making by the centralising party about Baths and Wash-houses. It is ridiculous to call upon the rate-payers for any such stuff. The people won't wash themselves now, when water is difficult to come at, and a good scrubbing a kind of luxury. What will they do, I wonder, if we bring soap and water to everybody's door? As they very sensibly remark, "Dirt keeps 'em warm." The Master of the House tells me he has the greatest trouble to get the paupers into the cold bath as it is—especially the old women, in the winter mornings. How, I should like to know, are persons of this class to be coaxed into bathing of their own accord? Besides, ain't the rates heavy enough already, with four hundred in the House, and two thousand getting relief out of it? But experience and common sense are all thrown away upon the misguided advocates of the Sanitary (!) Humbug. I don't reason with them now, as I don't find it does them any good.

"Of course we look to you to express to the House the feelings of your constituency on that atrocious measure, the Health of Towns Bill. In case of a dissolution, no supporter of such a measure could show his face on the hustings of Great Muddlewick, with the least prospect of success. Our Local Boards, you are aware, include the most influential gentlemen and men of business of the town. They are for self-government to a man; so are all the parish tradesmen, and the various and numerous respectable contractors employed by the Paving and Lighting, the Market and Sewerage Commissioners, and most of the large Shareholders in the Gas and Water Companies. You are aware that I command the votes of at least twenty ten-pounders, who occupy houses in the two streets I have built on my Swamp-hollow property, which have let extremely well.

"I have the honour to remain,
"Dear Sir,
"Faithfully yours,
"J. BUMBLE."

Q. C. PUREFOY, ESQ., M.P.,
&c., &c., &c.

A SHOWER OF NEWSPAPERS.

THE French Revolution has not yet produced a poet, or a painter, or an historian, or even a cook, or a dancer. It has scarcely produced anything, excepting a loss of 1,000,000 francs, in carrying out M. LOUIS BLANC'S favourite, but rather expensive scheme about labour. It seems as if there was a conspiracy against the Revolution, to prevent its being productive in any way. Yet we are libelling it in saying that it has not produced anything, for our library table is groaning, as no table in the literary or fashionable world ever groaned before, under a weight of newspapers, which have been laid upon it since the "political horizon" has been thrown open to competition by the removal of the newspaper stamp. The Revolution has produced 117 new journals! The Trees of Liberty have been most prolific since they have been planted, for their branches have been covered with newspaper leaves, if with nothing else. It is lucky this accumulation of newspapers has not lately increased, or else we should have had "Every Frenchman his own Editor." Where the readers, much less the subscribers, come from is a mystery—only that is a question that rarely enters the head of a person about to start a new paper. France seems to be news-paper-ridden. Waste paper must be uncommonly cheap at Paris!

THE MODEL GENTLEMAN.

He never broke a bank. He has never been known to dress up as a jockey, or try practical jokes on watermen, or empty flour-bags on chimney-sweeps. He shuns cross-barred trowsers, horticultural scarfs, overgrown pins, and can wear a waistcoat without a cable's-length of gold chain round it. His linen is not illustrated, but beautifully clean.

He never does "a little discounting," nor lend his hand to "flying a kite." His aversion for a Gent is softened by pity. He can look at a lady without the aid of an eye-glass. He allows a performer to talk louder than himself at the Theatre, and does not spring on the stage if there is a row at the Opera. He abhors a lie as he does a sheriff's officer. He is not prodigal of oaths, and is equally sparing of perfume. He does not borrow his English from the stables, and never puts his lips through a dreary fashionable course of lisping. He is not too proud to walk, or to carry an umbrella if it rains, and never waltzes with spurs after supper, even in uniform. He never bets beyond his means, and is not fond of playing high at cards. He never ruined a young man—to say nothing worse. He bows scrupulously, even to an inferior. He never shrinks from an I.O.U., nor is afraid of a bill, nor seized with a sudden shortness of memory at the sight of an old friend, whose coat is not so young as it used to be. He has never proved his cowardice by fighting a duel, giving satisfaction always in a more gentlemanly way. He pays for his clothes, disdaining to wear his tailor's in consideration for valuable introductions. His horses, too, are his own, and not purchased of his friends by a series of profitable exchanges. He is not madly attached to billiard-rooms, nor is he seen at Casinos. He locks up his conquests in his own heart, and his love-letters in his desk, rarely disclosing either to his most intimate friends. He does not bully his servants, nor joke with them, nor cut a man because his father was in trade. He is not obsequious to a lord, nor does he hang on the skirts of the Aristocracy, knowing that a man's nobility does not depend entirely upon his title, however old and unstained it may be. He travels to enjoy himself, and does not attempt to crush poor foreigners with English gold or pride. He values a thing, not by its price, but by its real value, and does not blush to drink beer if he is thirsty. He does not think it essential to his reputation to keep late hours, to pull down sign-boards, bait policemen, and besiege toll-keepers, during the night. He has no such violent love for door-knockers as to induce him to collect them. He is not facetious with waiters, or given to knock down a cabman by way of settling a fare. He is not afraid of laughing if he is amused, even in public, or of handing down an old lady with a turban to dinner, or dancing with his wife. He likes quiet, but does not hate children, and thinks a seat in the House of Commons not worth the bribery and the continual riot. He was never the hero of any wager, riding, running, racing, rowing, eating, or swimming, and does not know a single prize-fighter. He is fond of amusements, but does not instal himself at the Opera every night, because it is fashionable. He follows the races; but goes down without a dog-cart and a key-bugle. He is unobtrusive in his dress, and very retired in his jewellery, and has an antipathy for a white hat with a black band, and all violent contradictions either in dress or conversation. He is generous, but does not give grand dinners and expensive suppers to persons he does not know or care about. He lends money; and, if he borrows any, he makes a strange practice of returning it. He rarely "speaks his mind," and is very timid in rushing into a quarrel—of husband and wife especially. He is a favourite with the ladies, but does not put too much starch in his politeness, or too much sugar in his compliments. In matters of scandal he is dumb, if not exactly deaf, and as to rumours, he only believes half (the kinder half, too), of what he hears. He is not prejudiced himself, but has a kind toleration for the prejudices of others. His golden rule is never to hurt the feelings of anybody, or to injure a living creature by word or deed. All his actions, all his sentiments, are shaped to that noble end; and he dies, as he lives, *sans peur et sans reproche*. This is the Model Gentleman.

THE TRIBUNE IN TRIBULATION.

We hope the Tribune in the French National Assembly is built of somewhat stronger materials than the Republic itself; for if not, down it will come with a tremendous crash, under the weight of orators that are continually crowding on to it. We should suggest the substitution of one of our old English Blackwall 'busses that carry fifteen inside, and an unlimited number out, for the crazy and gimcrack concern that usually does duty for a Tribune in the French Legislative Chamber. It would of course never break down; for no one ever yet saw an omnibus crushed under an avalanche of passengers; and besides, its peculiar construction would enable twenty orators at least to be heard at once, from the various windows and doors, steps, coach-box, and roof of the vehicle. Its power of running on wheels would also be a great advantage, for the President might be mounted on the driving-seat, and could make the circuit of the Assembly to take up and set down—by the way, many of them want a good setting-down—the orators desirous of addressing the Assembly. At all events, if the ordinary Tribune is to be retained, there should be some regulation to prevent overloading, and no more than half-a-dozen speakers at a time should be allowed to crowd on to it.

Quite Correct.

We perceive that Mr. Edwin Chadwick has been appointed a Companion of the Bath,—a most appropriate honour to one who has been lately employed in a vigorous effort to give Baths and Wash-houses to the people. It is perfectly fair that this gentleman, by having the Order of the Bath conferred upon him, should be enabled to make what is termed a "splashy" effect in civilised society.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, May 27th, 1848.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

EPENTANCE has visited high places; with warning knuckles has knocked—hollowly knocked—at noble posterns. Economy has become a raging summer fashion in high life; and is expected to last to the end of the season. Since the immortal 10th of April, the Aristocracy of England have felt it impossible to do too much for the magnanimous masses. We know how, in the very wildness of benevolence, patriotism was promising new hospitals, new baths, new wash-houses, new parish pumps, new beadles' hats, new everything to everybody. The feeling, a little sobered, has re-buttoned the opened pocket. LORD BROUGHAM condemned the notion of a new hospital to commemorate the 10th; though, for our part, we should have made no objection to such an edifice, if fitted up with a Brougham-and-Vaux Ward for the use of the House of Peers. However, the gratitude of many of the Aristocracy has taken a most touching form; and we are proud that we are made the recipient of their offerings. We have received several letters from distinguished sinecurists; but give precedence to the subjoined from the DUKE OF ST. ALBANS, the Hereditary Grand Falconer; who, it will be seen, gives up his nominal post (with the current year's salary) for the benefit of the hard-working, hard-taxed people of England:—

"MR. PUNCH, "*Holly Lodge, Highgate.*

"YOU will receive with this a sparrow-hawk, with hood, bells, and jesses. It is the only creature of the hawk kind that, as Hereditary Grand Falconer of the Empire, I have thought it necessary to maintain. The bird, however, has not been altogether useless, having waged a successful war upon the snails and slugs of Holly Farm. You will dispose of it as you will; either sending it to MR. TYLER, or keeping it for your own office as an excellent mouser, should you (conformably with Government) retain more cats in your establishment than have hitherto caught vermin.

"Sir,—For several years I retained the post of Grand Falconer, with hope to sweeten my salary. I was wont to say to myself, under the reign of WILLIAM the Reformer, 'Go to, BEAUCLERC. Thou knowest the King is old. Thou knowest he careth not for flight of ger-falcon—for swoop of gentle-tassel. But is there not a blushing bud in bowers of Kensington? Is there not the roseate VICTORIA? Will not her silver foot some time mount the throne, and then—cast off the hawks. Ha! ha! There's a good time coming, BEAU.' This, Sir, I was wont to say to myself, to cheer my melancholy, and to compel me to swallow my yearly salary, embittered as it was by the sense of doing nothing for it.

"WILLIAM the Reformer died. (I pass the funeral and the general mourning.) VICTORIA mounted the throne. Immediately, Sir, I visited the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and laid in a large supply of hawks, of every sort; employing the first milliners from the West-End to make their hoods; and the first bell-hangers to supply their bells. For three months, I may say *it*, I lived among my birds, mewing and moulting with them; and every day a light-footed page looked from the turret-window for the royal livery, with a letter sealed with the Royal Arms, for the Hereditary Royal Falconer.

"For three months, Sir, three hours a day, I sat in my Falconer's dress, with my favourite birds upon my two fists, awaiting the commands of the QUEEN, my Mistress. It at length struck me that HER MAJESTY did not feel disposed to hawk: and this truth seemed to strike the birds at the same time; for some died of melancholy, some of the pip; and in the end, I was left with the single kestril which comes with this.

"Had HER MAJESTY graciously commanded me to kill even her pigeons for her pies, I would have travelled to Windsor, birds and all, with the delight of a loyal subject. Had she permitted me even to have a swoop at the pullets for the kitchen—to kill the geese for Michaelmas—it would have somewhat reconciled me to my salary. But HER MAJESTY refuses to hawk, and, Sir—with all respect and loyalty I say it—I refuse any longer to take wages for doing nothing.

"I, therefore, *Mr. Punch*, through you—who will be good enough to communicate the same in the proper quarter—here renounce my sinecure of Hereditary Grand Falconer, and with it the £1200 per annum, and am

"Your constant and converted Reader,

"ST. ALBANS."

"P.S. No power on earth shall induce me to take the salary for the present twelvemonth."

A FRENCH EDITOR.

BEHOLD him at his daily work. You would fancy he was in an arsenal. He is merely in his *étude*. He holds the destinies of Europe in the nib of his pen, and is obliged to defend himself with a ten-pounder. He seems in a state of siege, but he is only appealing to the noble citizens to preserve the public peace and order. He sways the Provisional Government, and yet dares not put quill to paper without a musket ready loaded at his side. His "political horizon" is bounded with pistols, carbines, pikes, and swords. He scribbles with daggers about him, even if he uses none. They are not there to incense others, but to defend himself. His writing-desk should be a drum, to enable him to beat the *rappel* in case of an invasion. His penholder should be a bayonet, to guard against any sudden attack. Each article is written over a powder magazine, and the smallest spark from his *plume d'acier* might blow him to Vincennes, or right over the border, far away from his "*belle France.*" Doubtlessly his printer's-devil is one of the Garde Mobile, and carries his copy to the printer's in a cartridge-box. Each knock at the door must set him trembling all over, and make him

imagine some *Frère* has called for his head. His first impulse is to load his gun, his second to ask "*Qui est là?*" his third, to cut and run. He knows it is not pleasant to write at the dictation of a mob! Doubtlessly he wears a suit of armour under his flannel waistcoat, to guard against any "pressure from without." Poor fellow! our editorial bosom jumps with sympathy for thee! It is too bad that thy career of peace should be attended with so much danger—that thy laurels should be gathered in the mouth of the cannon. Who can tell thy fears—the boundings of thy heroic bosom? Thou preachest Equality, perhaps with a wild *ouvrier* pulling thy manly beard; thou praisest Liberty, probably with a band of volcanic republicans at thy humble door; and no doubt thou discoursest touchingly about Fraternity, with a host of naked swords hanging over thy devoted head. A literary DAMOCLES, without e'er a feast before thee! May Posterity drop comfort in thy Editor's Box as she walks through Paris in search of names to record in the present crisis, and, finding none more glorious than thine, take it away with her to engrave in golden letters on the iron scroll of Fame!

A BEAR-GARDEN.

IT is not generally known that there is at Shoreditch, near the Eastern Counties Railway Station, a regular Bear-garden, for the nourishment of bears, and from this establishment "families are supplied with unadulterated grease direct from the bear," every morning. Such is the consumption of this rarity, that a man goes round with bears'-grease as regularly as the milk; and the cry of "Grease below!" is familiar in the vicinity. Sometimes a real bear is danced into a perspiration at the door of the customer's house, and the grease supplied in its pure state from the hide of the animal.

We are told that free-trade does not interfere much with the home-grown grease, for there is none imported now from Ursa Major, though a few small pots, said to be from Ursa Minor, are occasionally thrown upon the market. The bears of the Shoreditch breed are remarkably fine; and, indeed, the old Bishopsgate Street Bruin is considered to afford the rarest specimen of Ursine life to be met with in the whole range of Zoology.

FANTASTIC EXHIBITIONS.

The evenings at the House of Commons lately have been every bit as fantastic as those of Robert Houdin's. There have been tricks, wonderful passes, and sleights-of-hand which have struck every one with amazement, making us wonder how ever they could be done so perfectly as to deceive us with our eyes open. The tricks have been very clever, particularly that of the "Washerwoman's Cauldron," in which numberless Corporations were taken, tied into a bundle, thrown into the cauldron, and brought out again perfectly clean, though the artful way in which the City of London was left out elicited one tremendous "Oh!" and many could not make out the evident sleight with which it was done, nor have forgotten it to the present day. It is in these sleights particularly that the exhibitions excel. But the most astonishing part is the Wonderful Boy, who supports himself on a slender stick, so thin that you fancy it must break under him, and remains in an elevated position in the easiest manner, just as if he were going to sleep. You are afraid that every minute he must fall; but no: there he remains, caring apparently for nothing about him, with his eyes shut, and all his limbs and senses evidently paralysed. It is the most wonderful act of suspension we have ever witnessed. All the support he has

for keeping him up is the little stick above mentioned, which is called "Whig Government;" and how he manages to hold on to it so long is a bit of conjuring so marvellous that we can scarcely credit our senses, though the thing is taking place before us. The name of this wonderful little boy is "Johnny Russell," and we advise all our readers not to fail on any account to witness his incredible tricks, for his evenings of performance are drawing to a rapid close. There never will, or can be, anything like it again.

PRINCE HAL AND PRINCE AL.—A PARALLEL.

There are some comparisons which are not odious, and of these we hope we shall afford a specimen, in pointing out a resemblance between two Princes, one of whom adorned our Royal Family above four hundred years ago, and the other embellishes it now; although neither of them, it was once apprehended, would turn out to be either ornamental or useful. We allude to Prince Henry of Wales, afterwards Henry the Fifth, who has been handed down to us under the title of Prince Hal, and to another Prince, whom, under that of Prince Al, we hereby transmit to posterity.

Prince Hal commenced his career by devoting himself to that branch of husbandry which is commonly called the sowing of wild oats—to reap, it was expected, the usual harvest of seediness. He lay about in pot-houses; he associated with thieves and vagabonds; he frequented all places of disreputable resort; and he assaulted the Lord Chief Justice on the Bench; for which outrage he was committed to one of his own father's gaols. He was, in fact, the mediæval Man about Town, the Brick, the Beau; in short, the Fast Man of his period. But when Hal succeeded to the Crown and Sceptre he abandoned the Blue Posts—at least the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. He not only relinquished his fast and foolish courses, but having ceased to be a great scamp, he became a great sovereign.

Now Prince Al, to be sure, never haunted gin-shops. He did not consort with the swell mob, nor swagger about the streets and beat the police. Neither used he to go to Coal Holes, Cider Cellars, and Casinos, nor to steal knockers, or wrench off bell-handles at midnight. Nor will it be recorded of him that he punched the head of Lord Denman, or got sent to the House of Correction. But Al did indulge in another kind of dissipation—the waste of time. He gave his mind up to his dogs and gun. He rose up to breakfast and shoot—and he came home to lunch. His life, apparently, had no better aim than the bearing of his fowling-piece and rifle. He could bring down a stag, indeed, at a long range, and knock over partridges and pheasants right and left. But he was only great in a *battue*. It became the general impression that he was fit for nothing but a gamekeeper: nor was this removed when his Royal Highness betook himself to the more useful occupation of a hatter. Thus, though Al, unlike Hal, was certainly an inoffensive young man, yet the world, as in the case of Hal, as certainly expected no good of him.

Hal was wanted at last; and when he was wanted he was found. So was Al. A neighbouring dynasty was suddenly overthrown. A movement directed against monarchical institutions ensued throughout Europe. At the bottom of it was a wide-spread feeling of discontent among the labouring population. Just at this juncture, out comes Prince Al, takes the chair at a meeting of an Association for the Improvement of the Working Classes, and makes a speech so judicious and apposite, as to convince everybody that he had quite mistaken his *forte* if ever he supposed it to consist in making hats. Prince Al, likewise, assumes the patronage, and contributes handsomely to the funds of an Institution for supplying the people with Baths and Wash-houses. The whole British public cheers him, and cries "Bravo!" and asks, "Who would have thought it?" It is said that Prince Al has an artistic eye. No doubt he has. He knows the value of contrast. He saw—as Prince Hal before him did—that his reformation would show

"Like bright metal on a sullen ground."

It is not for nothing that Al has dined off royal plate. He is up to the effect of polished upon frosted gold. In shooting, and hat-making, he has been merely preparing a background on which to put in his high lights. The result is a very remarkable brilliance; and, in the opinion of this once facetious, then malevolent, now laudatory, and always impartial journal, the portraits of Prince Al and Prince Hal may be regarded as companions. Looking attentively first at this picture, and then at that, we pronounce them to be decidedly similar.

STAUNCH SUPPORTERS.

One of our fashionable contemporaries—for we have two or three journals which deserve the epithet—gives a beautiful account, which almost rises to the height of history in its elevated tone, of a party at the Duchess of Sutherland's. There is, however, one little touch of the familiar, which is rather derogatory to the dignity of the drawing-room Gibbon, or the West-End Hallam, or the Hume of the *haute-monde*, by either of which titles our contemporary may fairly describe himself. In speaking of a portion of the entertainment, he says:—

"The Duchess of Sutherland was supported *right and left* by the Prince of Prussia and Prince William of Prussia."

This expression is forcible, but by no means elegant. The idea of the Duchess being supported "right and left" shows the enthusiasm of her guests, just as the intimation that the banquet had been "pegged into, hammer and tongs," would be a forcible, though not a very polished, mode of indicating that the repast had been sat down to with a lively relish, and a vigorous appetite.

The Idlers of Chancery.

Coolness, it is said, is a quality essential to the lawyer. This necessary ingredient of the legal character is displayed in a most extraordinary degree by the Officers of the Court of Chancery, who, with enormous arrears of business on their hands, and in spite of the loudest outcries and the greatest sufferings occasioned by their not despatching it, quietly take a holiday from the 25th of March to the 26th of May. There exists a Law Assurance Society; but we know of no assurance in connexion with the Law to match that of the Court of Chancery.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

PUNCH was, a few nights ago, at the Opera; and endured all the horrors of the middle passage. He was violently squeezed between the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH and the DUKE OF RICHMOND. Nevertheless, with a philosophy—the fame of which, like the fame of English Lucifers, is now become European—he endured the pressure with a dim religious feeling that good must come of it. *Punch*, relieved from that prodigious squeeze, immediately made the best of his fainting way to MR. RICHARD DOYLE, who drew upon him for his likeness at sight. The portrait has already interested the eyes and hearts of millions. All this, however, by the way of preface. Let us now proceed to the important results of that historic squeeze.

Punch, so long jammed between the two peers, caught their Political Economy. He almost immediately felt it; but next morning it came out upon him full as measles. (It is well known, by the way, that the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH—with a graceful forgetfulness of his own sinecures to the heroic tune of £9000 per annum—is anxious to act the part of a LORD JOSEPH HUME in the Peers. He is, for the time, the noble Saveall of the nation. The DUKE OF RICHMOND has, within the past week, betrayed symptoms of a like economy. Indeed, such a passion for parsimony has seized so many of our noblemen, that in several instances blue ribands are, it is said, about to give way to blue tape, and real ermine to yield the place to red rabbit.)

The effect upon *Punch* has been startling and immediate. He walked home from the Opera, when it has ever been his inexorable custom to take a Hansom. He slept without a rushlight; and, rising early in the morning, he emphatically countermanded his matutinal red herring. Then, knowing what certain Duchesses have done for their country in the way of encouragement of home manufactures, *Punch* refused his ordinary coffee, and sent out for roast home-grown corn. He moreover desired his landlady to take every bit of Spanish mahogany out of his apartment, and to bring him table and chairs of good stout English oak. Then, having breakfasted upon a penny buttered roll—first assured that the wheat was grown in Kent, and the butter churned in Devonshire, being none of your Tamboff and Dutch stuff—*Punch* was about to shave. Reflecting, however, that his looking-glass was lined with quicksilver exported from the mines of Styria, he dashed the mirror into atoms with a passion worthy of *Richard the Second*, and re-acted the good old DAY AND MARTIN legend, by shaving himself in the lustre of his own boot. Great, however, was his consternation upon finding the boot was not of English hide, but of Spanish cordovan. *Punch* would have liked to unshave himself, but that was impossible.

Punch still proceeded to make his toilet. His soap—need he say it—was Windsor—supplied by the same manufacturer who supplied MR. T. B. MACAULAY, with *his* cake in the Devil's Tower, when he washed his hands of that memorable visit to the Castle. *Punch* was then about to brush his hair, when his eye fell upon the brush's ivory back. Knowing that elephants were not of English manufacture, *Punch* immediately sent out for a brush of British make, sitting patiently with dishevelled locks, until the implement was brought.

This done, there was another delay. *Punch's* combs were of the deepest and most delicate tortoise-shell. Now, assured that every Duchess had repudiated tortoise-shell as encouraging the foreign animal to the loss of our own domestic oxen,—*Punch* had to sustain another wait, until he might pass through his locks the horn of his own country.

After this, *Punch* proceeded very well with his making up, until he came to his cravat—this was of foreign silk (for those mulberry-trees that *are* to grow in Spitalfields are not yet planted). Here was another delay, until the landlady departed for, and returned with an English cambric check.

There was another stop at the coat. It carried a collar of Genoa velvet. Whereupon MR. RAPRASCAL of Regent Street was immediately summoned with a choice of paletots made of the hair of CADWALLADER'S goats, of ancient British manufacture.

All was now tolerably right, until a new difficulty arose with the hat. Inside was written—"Superfine Beaver." Now, *Punch* knowing that beavers did not burrow in the banks of the Thames, or of any English river soever, repudiated the foreign castor, and the weather being sunny and soft, he straightway sent for a hat made of Dunstable straw, grown in British fields, reaped by British swains, and stitched by British females.

Punch took his stick; but remarking, for the first time, that it was a piece of Oriental dragon's-blood, he snapped it across his knee, resolving to purchase a bit of real English ash.

Punch, then, lighting a cigar—a British Hounsditch—sallied forth to take his walk, delighted in the belief that he carried nothing about him but what was of British manufacture.

"If the dear Duchesses," thought *Punch*, vain-gloriously—"the dear roseate wise ones who signed the British manufacture manifesto, could only see me now"—

At this moment a ragged starveling woman with a baby in her arms approached him. *Punch* (knowing, as a political and social economist, that it was very wrong) took out his purse. It contained ten yellow sovereigns. *Punch* was smitten to the soul. "Gold," said he remorsefully, "is an article of foreign manufacture, and materially injures our own Cornish copper. Take it," cried *Punch*, placing the mischievous exotic in the woman's hands, equally relieved himself that he had thus got rid of every article that was not of British manufacture.

Yet one word. *Punch* returned home rather late. He could not sleep. The bed seemed to draw him like a blister. He jumped up; ripped open the tick—it was filled with foreign feathers.

Late as it was, he ordered up a truss of English straw, and slept the double sleep of the patriotic and the innocent.

MAKING THE MOST OF THEM.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL, who is the Composer, according to his own account, of the original idea from which every piece of modern music has been pilfered, as well as of all the Ships on Fire, Maniacs, and Gamblers' Wives that were ever known, has recently been adopting the capital idea of making the most of his audience, by calling upon them to join in the choruses at his entertainments. This is all very well as far as it goes; but if it should be carried a little further, and they should take to singing the solo parts as well as the choruses, the presence of MR. RUSSELL himself would become superfluous; his audience, being able to amuse themselves, would get on very well without him, and might keep their money in their pockets.

We advise MR. HENRY RUSSELL to think of this before he carries too far the principle of calling upon the public to entertain each other for the small consideration of a certain number of shillings. We recommend him to keep himself rather more independent of his audience, and his audience more dependent upon him for the effect of his compositions. We shall have him next requesting the babies present to *squeal*, by way of heightening the horrors of the song of the "Gambler's Wife," or the "Ship on Fire," or any other of the fifty songs in which a child in arms and its mamma, interchanging squeaks and sobs, are the principal characters. By this arrangement, MR. RUSSELL would be sure of a general chorus at all events; for it is a rule of juvenile economy, that directly one infant begins to cry, every other infant present affords its voluntary contribution to the harmony.

"SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

WHEN a seat is wanted for any Member of the Government, some obliging nobody is requested to go out to make way for him. We find no fault with this plan, for the exchange is frequently a good one. A clever man is in most instances gained by it. But why should these tactics be restricted to the Government? Why should not the Opposition resort to the same means of gaining a clever ally? Its strength is not so invincible at the present crisis, that it should despise an expedient that would strengthen its ranks. Men of talent are not so plentiful in the country, that one should be spared. We beg, therefore, of some illustrious unknown in the House—and their number is legion—to come forward, and do a graceful act in giving up his seat to MR. ROEBUCK. He will do more good by that one move than if he sat on the Parliamentary benches till FEARGUS O'CONNOR was Prime Minister.

A man of MR. ROEBUCK'S courage and sterling common sense, would be invaluable in Parliament at the present time of lukewarmness and heavy dulness. We have often had occasion to find fault with MR. ROEBUCK; we have often been at variance with him; we have often ridiculed him as kindly as our satirical disposition would allow us; but we would willingly retract every word we have said; joyfully sacrifice every joke we have made, however brilliant, to see our old enemy and respected friend in the House of Commons again. Will no one retire to make room for him? Come, gentlemen, who are supposed to represent the wisdom of the country, who amongst you will admit a Member who can really do something to support it? Speak! but we beg, only one at a time.

We hope next week to record the names of the generous patriots who have volunteered in this cause, and to present our readers with the portrait in gold, of the happy Member on whom the honour of selection has fallen. We trust, shortly, to congratulate the country upon MR. ROEBUCK being once more in the House of Commons. It is a disgrace to us all that he should ever have been compelled to leave it.

THE MODEL DAUGHTER.

CONSTANTLY she comes down to breakfast before the tea-things are taken away. She is always ready for dinner. She curls her own hair, and can undress herself without a servant. She is happy at home without going to a ball every night. She has not a head-ache when her papa asks her to sing. She "practises" only when he is out. She does not have her letters addressed to the pastrycook's, or make a postman of the housemaid. She does not read novels in bed. She dresses plainly for church, and returns to luncheon without her head being cramfull of bonnets. She is not perpetually embroidering mysterious braces, or knitting secret purses, or having a Turkish slipper on hand for some anonymous foot in the Guards. Her fingers are not too proud to mend a stocking, or make a pudding. She looks attentively after the holes in her father's gloves. She is a clever adept in preparing gruel, white-wine whey, tapioca, chicken-broth, beef-tea, and the thousand little household delicacies of a sick-room. She is a tender nurse, moving noiselessly about, whispering words of comfort, and administering medicine with an affection that robs it of half its bitterness. She does not scream at a leech, or faint at the sight of a blackbeetle. She does not spin poetry, nor devour it in any great quantity. She does not invent excuses for not reading the debates to her father of an evening, nor does she skip any of the speeches. She always has the pillow ready to put under his head when he falls asleep. She can behold an officer with womanly fortitude without falling in love. She does not keep her mother waiting an hour at an evening party for "just another waltz." She never contracts a milliner's bill unknown to her parents—"she would die sooner." She never stitched a Red Turk in her life. She soars above Berlin wool, and crying "one-two-three-one-two-three" continually. She knows nothing of crotchets, or "Woman's Mission." She studies housekeeping, is perfect in the common rules of arithmetic, and can tell pretty nearly how many "long sixes" go to a pound. She checks the weekly bills, and does not blush if seen in a butcher's shop on a Saturday. She is not continually fretting to go to Paris, or "dying" to see JENNY LIND, nor does she care much about "that love MARIO." She does not take long walks by herself, and come home saying, "she lost her way." She treats her father's guests with equal civility, making no distinction between the gentleman and the tradesman. She is not fond of pulling all the things over in a shop merely to buy "a packet of pins." She can pass a *Marchande de Mode's* without stopping. She never dresses in silks or satins the first thing in the morning, nor is she looking out of the window or admiring herself in the looking-glass all day long. She makes the children's frocks, and plays a little at chess and backgammon, and takes a hand at whist occasionally,—"anything to please her dear father." Her grog, too, elicits the warmest encomiums from the old gentlemen who drop in. She does not send home "lovely" jewellery for her father to look at. She does not lace herself to death, nor take vinegar to make herself thin. She wears thick shoes in wet weather. She has a terrible horror of coquetting. She is kind to the servants, and conceals their little faults from their "Master and Missus." She never pouts if scolded, nor shuts herself up in her room to cultivate "the sulks." She is the pet of her "darling papa," and warms his slippers regularly on a winter's night, and lights his candle before going up to bed. She is her mamma's "dear good girl," as is sufficiently proved by her being intrusted with all the keys of the housekeeping. There is terrible crying when she is married, and for days after her absence nothing is heard in the house but regrets and loud praises, and earnest prayers for the happiness of the MODEL DAUGHTER.

FREE AND EASY FELONY.

ONE of the most agreeable signs of the times is the gentleness and forbearance—we may say the complaisance—with which the criminal law is beginning to be administered. We read in the *Times* that on the occasion of MR. MITCHEL's trial—

"Several ladies occupied seats throughout the Court. MR. T. F. MEAGHER and a great many others of the more prominent members of the 'Young Ireland' party also attended, and were accommodated with seats near the prisoner, for whom a chair was placed in front of the dock."

We thus see a criminal prosecution assuming the character of a perfectly civil proceeding. We expect to see burglars at the Old Bailey allowed a seat in front of the dock, and their associates, or, as they are vulgarly termed, "pals," provided also with chairs near their friend. Perhaps minor offenders will be accommodated with a sofa, and the Judge, instead of talking of the prisoner at the bar, will allude to the defendant on the ottoman.

Should the accused be disposed to leave his case in the hands of his counsel, he might also be supplied with a number of the *Times*, or a cigar and a glass of brandy-and-water, to amuse himself with pending its investigation. At least, a person arraigned merely for theft or larceny ought to be treated with as much consideration as MR. MITCHEL, if what is sauce for goose is to be sauce for gander.

A SEVENTH POINT FOR THE CHARTER.

WE have to propose a measure of economy that will, we think, effect an enormous saving to the Exchequer. It is well known that scores of Members of Parliament believe that their only duty is to be continually moving for Committees and Returns. The *Blue Books* and other waste paper of which these senators are the prolific parents, it is grievous for everybody—trunkmakers and buttermen excepted—to contemplate. We have to propose a remedy—in fact, a Seventh Point to the Charter. It is this:—"PAPER-MONEY FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT."

We propose that every Member of the House of Commons be allowed £100 a year to find his own printing. If he do not move for what turns out a *Blue Book*, or Returns of any kind, why, the whole £100 will go into his own pocket. If his motions for printing exceed the sum, such excess the Member shall pay himself. We think that we have thus hit upon a mode that will save both public time and public money.

EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT.

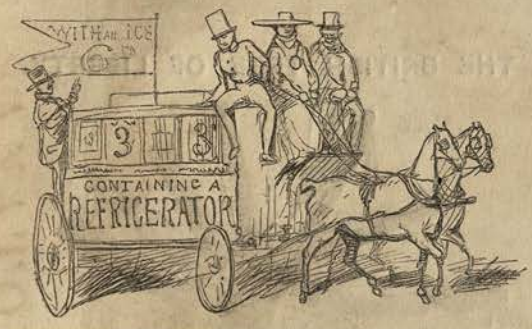
Man of Refinement. "NOW DON'T, MY GOOD MAN—PRAY DON'T.—I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO SAY. YOU ARE GOING TO SAY, 'YA!—HA!—SPARRER-GRASS.' DO ALLOW ME TO PERSUADE YOU TO CALL IT ASPARAGUS—AND HERE IS SIXPENCE FOR YOU."

SANATORY MEASURES.

Lord Morpeth Throwing Pearls before ——— Aldermen.

SEASONABLE INVENTIONS.

THE heat of the weather has caused two entirely new inventions to be registered by the enterprising MESSRS. DODGE. The first of these is the Anti-Solar Hat, which combines the solidity of the manly gossamer with the elegance of the feminine parasol, and which, in its *tout-ensemble*, will answer all the purposes of an umbrella. The other is a modification of the existing Omnibus, which will enable the travellers from Paddington to the Bank to perform that hitherto broiling journey under the most agreeable circumstances; and, if musically given, to sing, not—"Here in Cool Grot," but—"Here in Cool 'Bus," at the moderate charge of 3*d*. all the way.



HOMAGE TO METTERNICH.

"AN Oxford Graduate" writes to the *Morning Post*, suggesting that the Oxford Hebdomadal Board should, at the ensuing grand commemoration, confer an honorary degree on PRINCE METTERNICH. To dub this double-deep ex-Minister and diplomatist Master of Arts, would be gilding refined gold and painting the lily—sending Natives to Colchester, or consigning to Newcastle Wall's-End; inasmuch as there are no arts of which he is not a consummate master already. It is impossible that any academic distinction could add to the peculiar reputation of METTERNICH; but perhaps the University might create him Professor of Intrigue, or Doctor of Dissimulation, or appoint him to be its Machiavellian Lecturer, just to manifest its appreciation of his deep attainments.

ORACLES.

Lord John Russell.—"The middle classes do not want Reform. They do not care about it. I am positive they do not. The Hon. Member for Montrose has been misinformed about the feelings of the middle classes."

Mr. Feargus O'Connor.—"The working classes (and no one knows them better than myself) are to a man against Reform. They would not have it, even if it was offered to them."

Mr. Hume.—"The middle classes do want Reform, and will have it. I am positive of this—that the Hon. Member at the head of the Government knows nothing whatever of the middle classes, or what they want."

Mr. Cobden.—"The working classes are eager for Reform, and I am convinced they will not be quiet till they have it. No one knows less, and is more mistrusted by the working classes, than the Hon. Member for Nottingham."

Now, only one of these oracles can be right. Perhaps the middle classes and the working-classes will decide for themselves? They have till the 20th of June, when MR. HUME's motion for Reform comes on. We hope the opportunity will not be lost.

A JUVENILE ATTEMPT.

THE practice of infant joking has lately prevailed to an alarming extent, and there is scarcely a boy of the present age—which includes, of course, his own—that is not found getting into puns before he is fairly out of pinafores. There is, in fact, a sort of epidemic going about in families, whose younger branches are in a state of eruption deserving the name of rash, which developes itself in a breaking-out of a serious, because intended to be of a comic, character. We understand that it is in contemplation to get up a sort of facetious vaccine institution, for the purpose of vaccinating the youth of the day with a better sort of humour than that which, when they take it naturally, is developed in their system. Some of the original matter from *Joe Miller* is recommended as the best for the purpose of vaccination, and the prevention of more dangerous sorts of humour from becoming manifest. As an instance of the sad state to which our juvenile population is reduced, we may state the fact, that an otherwise exceedingly intelligent boy was actually heard to recommend one of his schoolfellows to take a Bath bun after having taken a bath in the Serpentine. Surely this is a case for the interference of every well-wisher to his species.

THE HAZARD OF THE DIE.

THERE is a very good tragedy now being played at the Olympic, under the title of *The Lords of Ellingham;* but the author seems to have considered that his tragedy would be unworthy of the name, unless the characters in his bills were nearly all brought within the bills of mortality. If the Olympic Theatre furnishes any returns on the subject, we are sure the Registrar-General's next Report will show an alarming increase of deaths for the last quarter in Wych Street, and we may expect that, in the next new play at this theatre, some extra accommodation will be required for the defunct at the fall of the curtain, or there will be a series of legs, varying in length from two feet to three feet, stretching across the stage in the direction of the orchestra. We recommend the clever author to curb that propensity to dramatic homicide, in which he has hitherto indulged.

DESCENT OF THE CURTAIN ON THE OLYMPIC TRAGEDY.

Heartless Calumny.

IT has been lately whispered abroad, and muttered at home, that the Ethiopian Serenaders—(rest their bones!)—were a party of attorneys disguised as serenaders. We are certainly sorry to think that such a libel should have got into circulation; for, to describe them as attorneys, is surely to make them much blacker than they were painted. If it is true that they turned their legal parchment into tambourines, and cast aside the brief for the banjo—if they bathed themselves in the ink which would otherwise have flowed in unison with the money from the pockets of their clients—we can only say that the Ethiopian ex-attorneys have shown wonderful versatility in turning from a course of life employed in fomenting litigation, to a course of existence whose object is the promotion of harmony.

The New Protectionists.

THE ladies have been recently getting up a new Protectionist party, whose grand principle is to wear no article except of British manufacture. The managers of the different and indifferent theatres have also been requested to protect British interests by bringing out no production or dealing in no piecework of foreign manufacture; but the fear is, that the trade must stop altogether, if an end is put to dealing in the French markets. In several houses a determination has been formed to drink nothing but British wine, and the gooseberry districts have accordingly become a source of considerable profit to the proprietors, while the old ancestral elder groves, whose antiquity is emblemed in their name, have become the resort of the wine-merchant.

EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING TO THE DERBY.

We are astonished at the number of reasons that kept people away from the Derby. We are convinced some persons are clever at inventing excuses, and nothing else. Their power of invention stops at that ingenious point. Every person that was not at the Derby had a different excuse. Instead of boldly confessing that he did not choose to go, or could not afford to go, he much preferred giving some out-of-the-way excuse, to hide the terrible truth. We are so afraid of appearing mean or vulgar, that we prefer telling a fashionable falsehood, rather than be suspected of either. Alas! when shall we improve? It is time we should, for, if we recollect right, we are in A.D. 1848.

The following are a few, picked out of the innumerable excuses we heard the day after the Derby, from persons who were not there:—

Jones had made arrangements to go, but his kitchen chimney caught fire just as his party came in a carriage-and-four to fetch him.

Robinson was summoned on a Jury; he was excessively annoyed; he would sooner have given twenty pounds than have stopt away. His wife, whom we met shortly afterwards, told us she had been *so* disappointed, but Mr. Robinson had had a touch of his old complaint only that morning, and the doctor had forbidden him to leave the house. He suffered such tortures from the gout, she didn't like to leave him.

Lady Tanner had tried to get horses everywhere, and Wellington Tanner had missed the last train by two minutes. He had overslept himself. It was just like his luck!

Bounce (of the Artillery) laid all the fault on his boots; they were so tight he could hardly walk, his corns pained him so. He was quite a martyr in warm weather; yet he was walking well enough when we met him.

Simpson expected an important cause to come on, in which he held a brief. It was just as well he did not go, for he was a most unfortunate fellow in betting.

Smith's father had come to town from Manchester that very morning, and he did'nt like to leave the old gentleman, for he wanted him—in secret—to pay his bills. His heart, however, was at Epsom all the while,—which we thought was a very good compliment to his father.

Barker had a bill to take up, and was "very short." This was a favourite excuse with a large majority, which proves that money must be very "tight" just at present.

Clarke was going to his aunt's the next day; but what this had to do with the Derby we did not like to inquire.

Chippendale had promised his "governor" never to go to another race—he had been bitten so terribly at the last Derby.

Spooner's wife was taken with hysterics at breakfast, and she did not recover till it was too late.

Metcalfe cut himself shaving, and could not stop the bleeding; and poor Seymour lost the key of his wardrobe, and he couldn't get a shirt or a single thing to dress with. It was very provoking, wasn't it?

These are specimens of the endless excuses we heard for persons not going to the Derby. We pitied a poor pet parson the most; he had to attend the Meeting at Exeter Hall, for the Conversion of the Hindoos. We shall never forget his saying, "Sir, I must have risen to speak at the very moment the start took place, and can assure you all my thoughts at that moment were upon *Surplice*." Of all the excuses we heard, we do not believe in one, with the exception of that poor pet parson's.

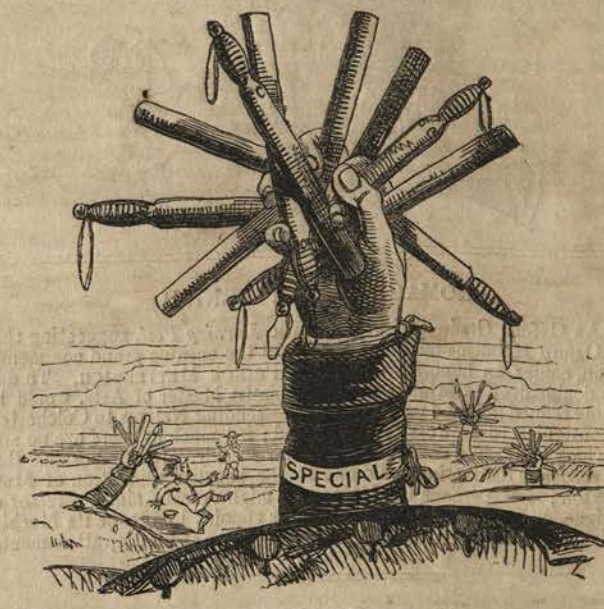
National Humiliation.

We have heard a great deal lately about the proud position of Old England, amid the wrecks and revolutions of surrounding nations, but alas! the Derby Day has accomplished what Chartism, Republicanism, and all the other isms and sch-isms put together, could never achieve. It was generally remarked, that in going to, and returning from the Races, the whole British people seemed to be collected together, and that, without an exception, they were all obliged to bite the dust. Many a patriot who has long had Old England upon his lips, was found with his native land literally in his mouth, to an extent that must have been rather disagreeable.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Considerable sensation has been created in the literary world by the removal of the intelligent railway librarian from the station at London Bridge to that at Shoreditch. It is well known that this enterprising collector had established a library, second only to the Alexandrian in extent; and, by a sort of sacrilege, second only in enormity to that by which the Alexandrian Library was destroyed, have the Directors of the Brighton and Dover lines driven away the rare museum of literature which had hitherto adorned their station, gratified their travellers, and enlightened their neighbourhood. We hear that lucre has been at the bottom of this ill-advised step, and a few paltry pounds in the way of rent have been sufficient inducement to them to exile Civilisation from their platform, Philosophy from their rails, and the dreams of Poesy from their sleepers. The Spirit of Literature has, however, found its way to Shoreditch, and there, under the fostering wing of the Prince of Railway Librarians, we hope to see it flourishing.

THE BRITISH TREE OF LIBERTY.



LIBER LIBERTATIS BRITANNICUS.

Genus.—*Specialis Constabularius.*—Linnæus.

Flowers about the 10th of April.

The British Tree of Liberty flourishes only in a generous soil. Its branches are of a very hard wood, resembling, in the closeness of its fibre, ash and sometimes oak, and they are not unlike in shape the constable's staff. Its roots are as thick as a man's arm, and its trunk is so large that it takes a very strong person indeed to grasp it, especially when its branches are in full swing. The strength of this tree has been tested very much lately; for, about two months ago, a number of idle hands were engaged in trying to pull it down; but it maintained its position, without shrinking or yielding an inch. It grows in towns, but can be cultivated anywhere—even in foreign climates, if there is good ground for it, and the land is not impoverished too much by constant draining. The native place of the Tree of Liberty is London; but it has spread so fast everywhere, that it will take nothing but a national convulsion, to which our country is but little given, to uproot it again. It affords the best protection to those who put themselves under its branches during a storm.

The Jewish Race.

Surplice beat *Shylock* on the Derby Day.

Shylock was again beaten by *Surplice* the following day in the House of Lords, on the Jewish Disabilities Bill.

This is too bad, two days running! However, the race is not yet over. *Shylock* must make every effort next year, and 1000 to 1 he will beat *Surplice* by several heads.

Betting in the City and House of Commons all in favour of *Shylock*.

TRANSPLANTING FRENCH THEATRES.

THE French theatres are running to ruin as fast as public excitement can take them. Managers are advertised for in every direction, but they cannot be had; which proves that the French are not quite so mad at the present moment as they are represented to be. The few managers that are left are packing up their houses, and preparing to give London the benefit of their companies. A Frenchman who wishes to see a French piece, will have to come to London to witness it. He will have a double advantage: he will be able to see it either in French or English—that is to say, if there is an English theatre still left open. In a few weeks, we expect, an English actor will be able to advertise himself at a shilling a-head. People will flock to see him then, as a curiosity. Who knows, the Court might visit him? Depend upon it, if the threatened invasion of French actors takes place, the English Drama will be on the following national footing:—

Drury Lane will be occupied by the Théâtre Français; RACHEL will perform three nights a-week, and sing "God save the Queen" between the acts, with the Union Flag, instead of the *Marseillaise* with the *tricolore;* MOLIÈRE, MARIVAUX, BEAUMARCHAIS, MUSSET, and SCRIBE, on the other three nights. No free representations.

The Académie will bring over its *Juive, Favorite, Huguenots,* and *Comte Ory,* with all its *Péris, Tentations,* and collection of ballets and "*rats,*" to Covent Garden.

The Vaudeville will sing its *couplets* at the Lyceum, and the Gymnase will perform its *Mistress Siddons, Clarisse Harlowe,* and *Le Marchand de Jouets,* (the *Cricket on the Hearth,* with the "Cricket" left out, and no "Hearth") at the Adelphi, where we shall have an opportunity of studying English manners and customs, as translated by the French. The Haymarket will surrender its stage to the *Variétés;* MADAME FLORE will supplant MRS. GLOVER; FARREN will be succeeded by HOFFMAN; and MRS. NISBETT by the impudent DÉJAZET. *Pièces de Pantalons* will be triumphant.

The Porte St. Martin will commence its reign of murder, and every possible crime, at Sadler's Wells; *Othello* will be discarded for *Le Docteur Noir, King Lear* for *Le Roi S'amuse,* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* be shelved for *La Tour de Nesle.*

The Gaîté will go through its *Sept Passions* with *La Grâce de Dieu* on the Surrey stage, and *Les Folies Dramatiques* will drive away, in a shower of blue fire, the "Heroine of Domestic Drama" from her favourite servant's hall, the Victoria.

The Palais Royal will give the preference of its *culembourgs au gros sel* (sometimes of the very grossest) to the St. James's Theatre; that is to say, supposing it cannot get the Walhalla (fit abode for it) or some place near Leicester Square, where the colony of foreigners can gain easy access to it, and have it all to themselves.

MADAME SAQUI (her shade at least) will exhibit at the Marylebone, and *Les Funambules,* and *Les Délassemens Comiques* lodge themselves at the Pavilion and City Theatres. The *Château Rouge* may have its quadrilles (revised and corrected) at Vauxhall, and the *Chaumière* throw open its doors to all the *étudiants* of London, at the Casino. By this arrangement every theatre, every place of public amusement of Paris, will be comfortably installed in some corresponding building in London, and the poor managers and actors will be able to shelter themselves snugly from the ruin which is hanging over them in their own capital.

But what is to become of the English managers and actors? Why, this a subject of such little importance now-a-days, that we do not think we need devote a line of conjecture to it. The only person who will have reason to complain, will be the Lord Chamberlain, for he will have to read some twenty new French pieces every night, to see if he can license them. And the pieces will rather require it, for the majority, we know, have been written without any license at all. We advise the Lord Chamberlain to buy a cheap copy of *La France Dramatique,* and to begin reading it at once; though, after all, *Cumberland's Theatre,* perhaps, will do just as well. He had better be guided by the following rule:—"License all the pieces that have already been translated, and cancel all those that have not;" for he may depend upon it they must be bad, indeed, if they have escaped translation.

JOHN BULL AND JOHNNY CRAPAUD.

A Dialogue.

Crap. HOLA! JEAN BULL—arise! awake!
And break your chains.
Bull. I've none to break.
Crap. What! feel you not your fetters? Eh?
Bull. Not I, indeed, man.
Crap. *Insensé!*
The spectacle sublime of France,
Will it not tempt you to advance?
Bull. Not in the path of Revolution.
Crap. Slave to your laws and Constitution,
La Gloire, she has no charms for you.
Bull. *La Gloire*—La fiddlestick—pooh—pooh!
Crap. You've no *émeutes,* like our grand nation,
In Europe to create sensation.
Bull. You're very right; we don't allow
Our rabble to kick up a row.
Crap. You have no *fêtes*—no triumphs gay.
Bull. We've a contempt for children's play.
Crap. You have good pavements for the feet
In your Pall Mall and Regent Street;
But you make knives and razor-blades
More cleverly than barricades.
Bull. Our flag-stones we adapt, my friend,
To what we think their proper end.
Crap. Your lives are one dull round of quiet.
Bull. Yes; we prefer that state to riot.
Crap. You take no pride in arms and war.
Bull. No; 'tis a thing that we abhor,
Resolved to fight on no pretence,
Except when forced in self-defence;
But, once obliged to come to blows,
We do our best to crush our foes.
Crap. Bah! it is plain that you pursue
Business, not glory.
Bull. Very true.
Crap. Shake off the tyrant's hateful yoke,
Glowing with patriot's fire.
Bull. All smoke.
Crap. Pursue, then, cotton-spinning race,
Of common sense the courses base,
Dead to all aspirations high,
And great conceptions.
Bull. All my eye!

UNREPORTED ILLUMINATIONS.

THE Illuminations on the QUEEN'S Birthday were very elegant—those of the Theatres particularly.

The Haymarket and Lyceum had the QUEEN'S box beautifully illuminated. The following motto was hung in a festoon of green-coloured lamps over the panels—"*Though lost to sight, to memory dear.*" The lamps, however, of the word "sight," went out very early; but the "memory" burnt vividly to the very last.

The Princesses' was closed in honour of the occasion; but the horological big drum over the portico was lighted as usual.

The French Plays had a splendid medallion of the QUEEN crowning MESSRS. SCRIBE AND CLAIRVILLE with laurel. Underneath was a transparent scroll, with the following words in gold:—"*A la Reine d'Angleterre les Comédiens Français reconnaissants.*"

Drury Lane had a statue of AURIOL on the shoulders of SHAKSPEARE. In the background was a transparency of FRANCONI riding on the backs of six English dramatists. The whole liberally strewed with sawdust.

The Olympic had the illuminated organ on wheels outside, playing "God save the QUEEN," every five minutes.

The other Theatres proved their gratitude by burning their usual gaslights, even if their doors were not opened. In fact, every place of amusement made light of the royal patronage. It was transparent everywhere.

AURICULAR PHENOMENON.

UPON the examination of SIR HENRY BULWER'S ear, on his arrival in this country from Madrid, it was found to contain a flea of most gigantic proportions. The flea proved to be one of the family of Industrious Fleas, whose activity set SIR HENRY BULWER in very rapid motion.

A TRIUMPH AT THE WRONG END.

Music is a safe adjunct to anything. We have known a bad meeting pass off quite lively with the aid of a good band; and many a dreary evening party has been indebted to Jullien and his music for drawing to a close. The Irish Patriots know the influence of music. They speak with clashing cymbals, which strive to make as much noise as they can, in order not to be mistaken, seemingly, for the symbols of peace, and they always manage to gain the ears of the mob through the medium of a drum, the best accompaniment for eloquence as noisy and hollow as theirs. Music, too, helps to make a jubilee of a defeat.

In this way Mitchel was accompanied to trial. He marched into Court as if he were going to a triumph. He was no vulgar prisoner, but, lifted on the music, he rose into a hero. He walked like a conqueror, distributing *coups de chapeaux* with the affability of a newly-elected Member. Felony, in this way, loses its vulgarity, and the rabble cheer as they would at a street conjuror playing a voluntary on the Pandean-pipes. However, the patron of pikes, the apostle of hatred against the Saxon, is convicted. We are afraid his music is for ever stopped. He should have reserved his triumph till after his acquittal. The overture was bad, but the finale is worse. Let us hope the threatened crusade of bloodshed is now over in Ireland, never to be renewed.

THE BUMBLE LETTERS.

From Q. C. Purefoy, Esq. (*M.P. for the Borough of Great Muddlewick, President of the True Blue Association for promoting the Rights of Britons, President of the Muddlewick Mechanics' Institute, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, &c., &c., &c.*), *to* Jeremiah Bumble, Esq., *&c., &c., &c.*

"Dear Sir, "*House of Commons*, 12 *o'clock*, P.M.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of your closely-reasoned and most enlightened letter. It comes at the right time. I shall take care that the sentiments of Great Muddlewick, and especially of its admirable municipal authorities, are made known in the House. It is such opinions which really tell on Ministers. It is a painful truth that severe blows are being struck just now at the glorious principle of Self-government, out of doors. There is a dangerous disposition abroad to run down vested rights, and to interfere with that most sacred of all sanctities, the sanctity of property. We hear a great fuss made about duties. But what I say to you, my dear Sir, and to all in stations of influence, is, 'Take care of the rights, and the duties will take care of themselves!' What is a duty, but something done freely and without compulsion? How can this character belong to acts which are to be enforced by law, and made compulsory under penalties?

"The Englishman's house, Sir, I hold with you, is his castle. This is the great principle of the Constitution. If an Englishman choose to live in a dirty castle, it is no business of any other Englishman. The Briton may go about with a dirty face, when the subject of a despotic government is dragooned into a slavish cleanliness. Freedom is our birthright, and tyranny is not the less tyranny that it comes in the garb of a Health Inspector, and coerces the public into washing-tubs and pails of whitewash.

"Besides this, the principles of Political Economy are decidedly opposed to the Sanitary humbug. Profits depend on wages—falling as they rise, and rising as they fall. Wages depend on population. The denser population is, the lower wages must be. Thus, if Sanitary Improvements increase the number of children that are reared, they must lower wages. They are thus injurious to the working man; and, it may be urged, that the Sanitary reformer is the selfish oppressor of the poor. This notion you may find it worth while to work in your ably-conducted Liberal newspaper, the *Muddlewick Mirror*. On the other hand, it might be as well to get the *Conservative Journal*—the Muddlewick Meteor—to take the other view, in favour of the Capitalist. Sanitary reformers aim at raising the standard of Comfort among the working class. They are thus inducing a check of population, and tending to raise wages. They are, therefore, the enemies of the Employer. In this way, you see, my dear Sir, you will have these mischievous men between two fires; and, do them pretty brown on both sides—if you will excuse the pun.

"In the House, however, I don't think there is much to fear. Between ourselves, Ministers don't care a fig about the matter. The Public Health Bill is only a sop thrown down to the noisy place-seekers out of doors—the doctors, and philanthropists, and the popularity-hunting parsons, and such fellows. Lord Pumpkin, perhaps, who has charge of the Bill, cares as much about it as he can care about anything. But then you know how soft he is—squeezeable to the last degree. Depend upon it, by the time the measure drags its way through Committee it will be a very tame snake indeed, with its fangs filed, and its poison-bag extracted.

"In all you say about the atrocious means of corruption, which this Act will put within the reach of the Government, I entirely agree. We cannot be too much on our guard against any measure creating appointments, which are certain, as all men of the world must know, to be given to political supporters. It is lamentable it should be so; but so it is.

"Pray put me down as a subscriber for £10 to the Fever Hospital. Is there anything I can do which would be agreeable to your Swamp-Hollow tenants? Assure the Members of the Town Council, and your active Commissioners, that they may depend on my opposing every insidious attack on the principle of Self-government,

"And that I am ever, with the greatest respect,

"Theirs and yours most sincerely,

"J. Bumble, Esq. "Q. C. Purefoy."

&c., &c., &c."

Smoke.

The *Réforme* gives us the statistics of the Fête of Fraternity at Paris. Amongst other curious facts, there is one which illustrates rather cleverly the movements of France at the present moment. It tells us that, "between the arrival of the National Assembly in the Champ de Mars and eleven o'clock at night, there were 8402 *cannon-shots fired*." Here was noise enough to last France all its life! It strikes us that each of these cannons ought to be ranked with the 900 mouthpieces that have yet spoken out since the opening of the new Chamber. They ought all to be returned to the National Assembly. If well primed, the President might in vain ring his bell to stop their throats. They would help, with the other Members, to verify the old national proverb, "*Plus de bruit que de fruit*"—not a bad motto for their high-sounding proceedings.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, June 3rd, 1848.

YESTERDAY; A TALE OF THE POLISH BALL.

BY A LADY OF FASHION.

"The absence of the Life Guards, being on duty against the Mob, occasioned some disappointment to many of the fair fashionables at WILLIS'S, on *Monday* night."—*Morning Paper.*

LIONEL DE BOOTS was the son of LORD and LADY DE BOOTERSTOWN, and one of the most elegant young men of this or any age or country. His figure was tall and slim; his features beauteous: although not more than eighteen years of age, he could spell with surprising correctness, and had a sweet yellow tuft growing on his chin, *already!*

A pattern of every excellence, and brought up under a fond mother's eye, LIONEL had all the budding virtues, and none of the odious vices contracted by youth. He was not accustomed to take more than three glasses of wine; and though a perfect NIMROD in the chase, as I have heard his dear mamma remark, he never smoked those horrid cigars while going to hunt.

He received his Commission in the Royal Horse Guards Pink, (COLONEL GIZZARD), and was presented, on his appointment, on the birth-day of his Sovereign. His fond mamma clasped her *mailed warrior* to her bosom, and wept tears of maternal love upon his brilliant cuirass, which reflected her own lovely image.

But besides that of her Ladyship, there was another female heart which beat with affection's purest throb for the youthful LIONEL. The lovely FREDERICA DE TOFFY (whose appearance at Court this year created so thrilling a sensation) had long been designed by her eminent parents, the EARL and COUNTESS OF HARDYBAKE, to wed one day with the brilliant heir of the house of DE BOOTS.

FREDERICA nearly fainted with pleasure when her LIONEL presented himself at Alycampayne House in his charming new uniform. "My military duties now call me," said the gallant youth, with a manly sigh. "But 'twill not be long ere next we meet. Remember thou art my partner in LADY SMIGSMAG'S Quadrille at the Polish Ball. *Au revoir*—adieu!" Emotion choked further utterance, and, staggering from the presence of *Love*, LIONEL hastened to join his regiment at *Kn—ghtsbr—dge.*

That night, as the Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink sate in their tents, carousing to the health of their ladye-loves, news came from the Commander-in-chief that England had need of her warriors. The Chartists had risen! They were in arms in Clerkenwell and Pentonville. "Up, Cavaliers!" said the noble DE GIZZARD, quaffing a bumper of Ypocras "Gentlemen of the Horse Guards Pink, to arms!" Calling his battle-cry, LIONEL laced on his morion; his trusty valet-de-chambre placed it on the golden curls of his young master. To draw his sword, to recommend himself to Heaven and sweet ST. WILLIBALD, and to mount his plunging charger, was the work of a moment. The next—and the plumes of the Horse Guards Pink might be seen waving in the midnight down the avenues of the Park, while the clarions and violins of the band pealed forth the national anthem of Britons.

LIONEL'S mother had taken heed that the chamber which he was to occupy at the barracks was comfortably arranged for *her young soldier.* Every elegant simplicity of the toilet had been provided. "Take care that there be bran in his foot-bath," she said to his old servitor (pointing at the same time to a richly-chased silver-gilt *bain de pieds*, emblazoned with the crest of the DE BOOTSES.) And she had netted with her own hand a crimson silk night-cap with a gold tassel, which she entreated—nay, commanded him to wear. She imaged him asleep in his warchamber. "May my soldier sleep well," she exclaimed mentally, "till the ringing trump of morn wake up my gallant boy!"

FREDERICA, too, as far as modest maiden may, thought of her LIONEL. "*Ah*, CRINOLINETTE," she said to her maid, in the French language, of which she was a mistress, "*Ah, que ma galant Garde-de-vie puisse bien dormir ce nuit!*"

LIONEL slept not on that night—not one wink had the young soldier. In the moon, under the stars, in the cold, cold midnight, in the icy dawn, he and his gallant comrades patrolled the lanes of Clerkenwell. Now charging a pulk of Chartists—now coming to the aid of a squadron of beleagured Policemen—now interposing between the infuriate mob and the astonished Specials—everywhere LIONEL'S sword gleamed in the thick of the *mêlée;* his voice was heard encouraging the troops and filling the Chartists with terror. "Oh," thought he, "that I could measure steel with FUSSELL, or could stand for five minutes point to point with CUFFEY!" But no actual collision took place, and the Life Guards Pink returned to their barracks at dawn, when COLONEL GIZZARD sent off a most favourable report to the Commander-in-Chief of the gallantry of young DE BOOTS.

The warriors cared not for rest that day. A night in the saddle is no hardship to the soldier; though LIONEL, feeling the approaches of a cold and sore throat, only took a little water gruel and lay down for half-an-hour to recruit himself. But he could not sleep—he thought of FREDERICA! "To-night I shall see her," he said. 'Twas the night of the Polish Ball, and he bade his valet procure from Hammersmith the loveliest bouquet for FREDERICA, consisting of the rosy Magnolia, the delicate Polyanthus, and the drooping and modest Sunflower.

The banquet of the Horse Guards Pink was served at eight o'clock, and LIONEL, to be ready for the ball, dressed himself in pumps and pantaloons, with an embroidered gauze chemise, and a mere riband of lace round his neck. He looked a young APOLLO as he sat down to dine!

But scarce had he put the first spoonful of *potage à la reine* to his ruby lips, when the clarion again sounded to arms. "Confusion!" said the gallant GIZZARD, "the Chartists are again in arms, and we must forth." The banquet was left untasted, and the warriors mounted their steeds.

So great was the hurry, that LIONEL only put on his helmet and cuirass, and rode forth in his evening dress. 'Twas a pitiless night; the rain descended; the winds blew icy cold; the young soldier was wet to the skin ere the Guards debouched on Clerkenwell Green.

And at that hour FREDERICA was looking out of the left window at ALMACK'S, waiting for LIONEL.

Hours and hours he sat on his war-steed through that long night—the rain descended, the wind was more chilly, the dastard Chartists would not face the steel of the Loyal Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink, but fled at the sight of our warriors. Ah! 'twas a piteous night!

FREDERICA was carried at daybreak to Alycampayne House from the ball. She had not danced all that night: she refused the most eligible partners, for she could only think of *her* Cavalier! her LIONEL, who never came! Her mamma marked her child's frenzied eye and hectic cheek, and shuddered as she put her daughter to bed, and 'wrote a hurried note to DR. L—C—CK.

At that hour, too, the Horse Guards Pink returned to their barracks. The veterans were unmoved: but, ah me! for the recruits! LIONEL was in a high fever—two nights' exposure had struck down the gallant boy—he was delirious two hours after he was placed in bed! "Mamma! FREDERICA!" he shouted * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

Last Saturday two hearses—the one bearing the helm and arms of a young warrior, and the escutcheon of the DE BOOTSES, the other the lozenge of the Alicampaynes, wound their way slowly to Highgate Cemetery. LIONEL and FREDERICA were laid in the same grave! But how much of this agony might have have been spared if the odious Chartists would but have staid at home, or if that young couple had taken from twelve to fourteen of MORISON'S UNIVERSAL PILLS, instead of the vile medicine with which "the Faculty" killed them?

Moves in the Right Direction.

WE have long inveighed against the nuisance of the passport system, and the expense of it. Great alterations, however, have lately taken place. Governments seem inclined to provide Foreign Ministers with passports on the easiest terms, and to facilitate their travelling in every way, so that they may experience no delay on their route. In this manner have two Sardinian Ministers at foreign Courts been furnished with passports, and they have even been assisted in their departure. Our own Ambassador at Madrid has also been helped in the same way. Every facility was afforded to him to leave the place with all possible speed; and it is believed that the journey from England and Spain never was so accomplished in so short a time, though the distance between the two countries never was greater than at the present moment.

The Crops.

THE London Hay season is progressing favourably. We have looked through the railings into the interior of Leicester Square, and can assure the cab-horses of the metropolis that there will be this year a good average crop. We have also seen two blades of grass, of the very greenest description, sprouting up vigorously in the Exeter Change Arcade. The Beadle waters them regularly twice a day with his tears, as the scene, he says, reminds him of the joyful hay-day of his youth. An opulent farmer from Essex is in treaty with him for the crop.

A SCHOOL FOR PRINCES.

THE air of England has an extraordinary beneficial effect upon foreign Princes. When they leave their own country at the point of the bayonet, and, without a change of linen, land at Dover, they generally bring with them a very bad reputation. They have been driven away because of their political and (sometimes) social vices; they arrive in London; they are called upon by the nobility; they dine with JERSEY and LONDONDERRY; they visit a Chiswick Flower-show; they never miss an Opera-night with JENNY LIND; and all the while they are so constantly improving, that, at the end of two or three months, their dearest countrymen would scarcely know them. The last striking instance of this amendment is in the person of the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA. He came direct here from Berlin, smelling woundily of gunpowder and the blood of the Berliners. He was in very bad odour, indeed, for a few weeks. Since then he has performed quarantine from home at the London West-end, and, within these few days, has quitted England, the sweetest of Princes. What says the *Times* of his amended Royal Highness?

"Every one who has had an opportunity of observing the demeanour of the illustrious Prince, and the attention *which he has paid to the constitutional developement* of our institutions during his stay in England, must feel convinced that he departs sincerely disposed to accept and serve the new constitutional monarchy *with the same zeal and self-devotion* which characterised his adherence to *the old order of things* in Prussia."

This is liberalism made very easy. Certainly, no sick baby—no mother's hope, or father's pride—sent from the bad air of a city to inhale the balmy breeze, drink new milk and smell cows' breath in some suburban Arcady—no pale, ricketty babe ever became so glowing and so lusty, as the hope and pride of Prussia upon a few weeks' London air. And yet foreigners will abuse our fogs! How ungrateful, when indirectly they so serve their infant Constitutions. Still, we do not think that advantages sufficient are derived from our political and geographical atmosphere; and therefore propose that a Political Preparatory School should be opened, at which foreign heirs, apparent and presumptive, should be properly educated for future thrones. We wish we could induce LORD BROUGHAM to superintend an establishment of this sort. His world-wide fame would bring him scholars from all quarters. We should see on his forms pupils of all colours, from the coast of Guinea to the coast of France. In the lively hope that his Lordship may be induced to think of this, we venture to submit to him—of course, subject to his own amendment—the subjoined skeleton Prospectus:—

"*Woolsack House,*

"LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX begs to inform all foreign Thrones, Dominations, Powers,—that having some leisure upon his hands he has opened an Academy for Princes.

"The Pupils will be particularly well instructed in the Use of the Globes, or rather Globe. Every care will be taken to impress upon the mind of the scholar contentment with his own patch of the Globe aforesaid, and with corresponding respect for the patches of his neighbours.

"The British Constitution will be taught to pupils in a manner that shall render the lesson at once instructive and agreeable; namely, by means of a toy-puzzle—to be broken to bits and put together at the will and intelligence of the student. In order to illustrate the peculiar elasticity of the Constitution aforesaid, the puzzle is composed of prepared India-rubber.

"The Jurisprudence of England will be taught to pupils by means of the pea-and-thimble; in order that the scholar may be emphatically impressed with the beautiful uncertainty of British Law.

"LORD BROUGHAM is happy in his assistants. The intellect of England is to be found among his lecturers and ushers. He will merely observe that the BISHOP OF OXFORD examines the pupils upon the Vanity of Courts; and the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH upon Indian Antiquities and the true Aristocracy of Christianity.

"That the pupils may have the advantage of listening to the very noblest specimens of eloquence, they will be accommodated (free of extra charge) with tickets for the House of Peers—every night that LORD BROUGHAM addresses Parliament."

"The pupils will be under the immediate control of his Lordship: therefore it would be a matter of supererogation—indeed it would be crass ignorance, further to remark, that they will always have before them the noblest example of meekness, forbearance, and all the higher qualities of the gentleman.

"Parents of pupils must give references; and, considering the hazard attending such tuition—a half-year in advance (pocket-money for pupils included.)

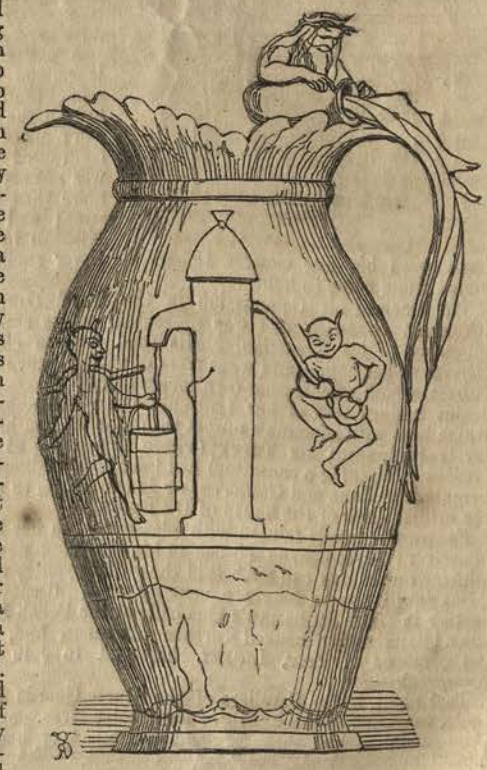
"As in many cases it would be peculiarly inconvenient for pupils to return home during vacations, there are no holidays.

"Every pupil is expected to bring his own plate (no German silver allowed) and an ample wardrobe. Should, however, the pupils' departure from home be unexpectedly precipitate, LORD BROUGHAM (who is rather an authority on dress) will charge himself with an outfit; the money being placed at a banker's.

"*N. B.—No family connexion of* PIO NONO *need apply; and no Provisional Government treated with.*"

PUNCH'S MILK JUG.

THE Temperance Movement generally makes a step forward in the march of public events once a year. May is generally the favoured month for advancing, and Exeter Hall generally the place where the step is taken. We have often been accused of giving our countenance exclusively to conviviality. Now we have often an eye to temperance, and if we do turn up our nose at it occasionally, it is only done to enable us afterwards to take a deeper draught of the jug that is filled at the spring. We are really as fond of water as a long life of Caudleism will enable us to be, and if we do colour the liquid now and then with a golden or purple hue, which slightly improves its flavour, it is done merely to draw the Curtain over a Lecture which we cannot darken in our thoughts by any other means less potent. Wives should bear this in mind: We can always tell the disposition of a wife towards her husband, by the quantity of milk that is drunk in the household. If we see lemons and nutmegs also, or worse than all, a cigar-box in a house, we know at once the worst. MRS. scolds and MR. drinks. If Madame is very hard, then Monsieur drinks, and smokes, also. Now, to prove we often open our lips to temperance, we present the Teetotal Societies with the pattern of a beautiful Milk Jug we have had in our family for the last fourteen—we were going to write years, but we mean days. The reader will be pleased to observe that in our Milk Jug the water is all on the outside. When we drink water we don't take it in our *milk*, but have it direct from the pump.



MR. FELIX SUMMERLY is welcome to our design, providing he charges something less than £10 for any earthenware specimen he may make out of it.

REVOLUTION IN THE DRAMA.

IT is reported that among the performances at the Théâtre Historique (formerly the Temple of the British Drama, Drury Lane) we are to have *Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge*. This is a piece which will create a true revolution in the Drama, if not elsewhere, by exhibiting one with all its attendant atrocities, in progress upon the stage. As such a spectacle is not likely to be particularly edifying, and as it is necessary to adapt most French theatrical productions to the English taste, we recommend that the *Chevalier de la Maison Rouge* should be Anglicised under the title of *The Gent of the Red House*, and that the scene should be laid at Battersea instead of amongst bloodshed and barricades. There would be no harm in the lessons of a play which would be suggestive merely of popping at pigeons; but there certainly is a slight objection to one calculated to teach the Young English idea how to shoot—on revolutionary principles.

"WE 'RE ALL A-NODDING," &c.

AMONGST the many presents that are almost daily sent in to the QUEEN we notice a wonderful Quilt, made of the most curious patch-work. We cannot tell what HER MAJESTY does with all her presents. The Pantechnicon would scarcely contain the produce of one year. Probably Buckingham Palace is being enlarged to contain a choice collection of them. It will form a most curious museum, strangly stocked with curiosities, alive and stuffed, and to classify it will require a CUVIER who understands alike the structure of a toy, the anatomy of an Alderney cow, and the fossilisation of a seed-cake. We cannot help wondering at the very strange purpose of some of the presents. What does HER MAJESTY want with a Quilt? It might not fit her bed either. Properly speaking, a four-poster ought to have been sent with it.

Now we can imagine the sense of the gift, if a Quilt had been sent to LORD JOHN RUSSELL. He has been sleeping so much recently, that it might add to the comfort of his slumbers. It might be made, also, of the most curious patchwork, that is to say, portraits of the different Members of his Cabinet, all doze-a-dozing. We are so much in love with the notion, that we give a design gratis, for any intense admirer of the Premier's powers of somnolence, to copy it. As his Lordship is a member of the BEDFORD family, a great compliment might be wrapped up in this Quilt by presenting him at the same time with the freedom of Beds.

PADDY REDIVIVUS.

WHATEVER may have been formerly the quality of Irish humour, the only humour which Ireland has evinced of late has been dreadfully sour. It is pleasant, therefore, to find a few stray sons of Erin emitting even the faintest flashes of that drollery which was wont to set us in a roar. The three following instances of Hibernian pleasantry are quite refreshing, and remind us agreeably of other and better times.

On Tuesday night, at the Chartist meeting at Clerkenwell Green, MR. DALY, of the Irish Confederation, declared that—

"He came there as one of the Irish Confederation, for the purpose of asking his fellow-countrymen to form an *offensive* alliance with the Chartists of England."

Admirable! What alliance could be more thoroughly offensive than the combination proposed by MR. DALY?

MR. GRATTAN, on the same evening, complaining of having been misrepresented in the *Morning Post*, asserted that our peculiarly fashionable contemporary

"Was *mischievous*, but perfectly *harmless*."

Imagine the effect of this proposition on the Collective Wisdom. We understand that many Members have not recovered from it yet, and that several of them—not, however, including MR. JOHN O'CONNELL—were in real danger of dying on the floor of the House—*with* laughter.

Lastly, MR. DOHENY, at a public dinner at Dunboyne, in allusion to the present condition of Ireland, said—

"And if we do not better that condition, and prepare, we should only insult the memory of those patriots who *sleep* in their glorious graves, and who *watch* for the dawn of Ireland's independence."

Sure Ireland, then, is the land of patriotism. In what other country upon earth are there patriots who sleep and watch at the same time, and that in their graves—patriots dead and buried, and alive and kicking, and asleep and wide awake? By the Powers, we should like to be acquainted with these patriots, and go with MR. DOHENY and plant laurels on their graves, and shake hands with the gentlemen under the roots of the daisies!

"See Naples, and then Die."

THIS proverb has been cruelly verified by the recent massacres. Strangers who went to see the beautiful city were so struck with the above proverb, that they have not survived it. The inhabitants, too, have fallen martyrs to it. Thus FERDINAND's cruelty promises to become quite proverbial. If a nation be really judged, as is said, by its proverbs, then Naples will be judged rather harshly by the one above. The sooner it is thrown into Vesuvius the better; the fire, combined with the sulphur, might purify it.

SONG OF THE SEDITIONIST.

THE MOB LEAVING THE ORATORY TO RUN AFTER THE FIRE!

COME, all lovers of Sedition for its own delightful sake;
Come, all disaffected rascals, a disturbance let us make;
Come, at midnight let us meet, ye revolutionary crew,
With no purpose in particular but rioting in view.

Whilst in almost every capital of Europe there 's a row,
Brother vagabonds, shall we alone continue quiet now?
What! of rapine, pillage, massacre, and all that sort of thing,
Fellow villains, is it only we that shall not have our swing?

No! my housebreakers and pickpockets, my thieves and cut-throats, no;
In our nightly mob assembled, what we 're made of let us show:
Let us bellow forth our rancour, let us howl and yell our hate
'Gainst all rule, and law, and order whatsoever in the state.

Let us shout, "Assassination!" whilst our FUSSELL recommends
Our approval of the sentiment—and take the hint, my friends;
Let us shriek aloud for pikes, and with the Patriot sympathise,
Who suggested flinging vitriol into British soldiers' eyes.

Should the Guards appear, however, at that moment in our sight,
We must set to work and cheer them, you observe, with all our might;
For, you know, they 're awkward customers, and 'tis our wisest plan,
With ourselves to make them fraternise, if anyhow we can.

Then, in long procession forming, all the thoroughfares we 'll thread,
To create intimidation and excite alarm and dread;
Whooping treason as we march at night's unseasonable hour,
Breaking windows, lads, and doing all the mischief in our power.

Should the Specials or Policemen interfere to stop our course,
Knock them down, brave comrades—if of very much inferior force:
If it happens that our numbers should be only ten to one,
Let them catch us if they 're able, whilst we nimbly run, boys, run.

Shan't we have our insurrections—shan't we have our barricades?
Shan't we sing our *Marseillaises?* Yes, we will, my jolly blades.
Down with all our institutions—let them crumble in the dust.
Shan't we have a revolution? Yes, we shall, we will, we must.

What with Trade though Wages perish? Plunder still we shall not lack;
Let Old England's power and greatness go to ruin and to wrack!
In our infamy we'll revel, we will glory in our shame;
Ape the foreigners, my hearties, and renounce the English name!

A FAMILY MAN.

PROFESSOR FUSSSSSSELL AND HIS TALENTED FAMILY ABOUT TO ASSASSINATE A "MINION."

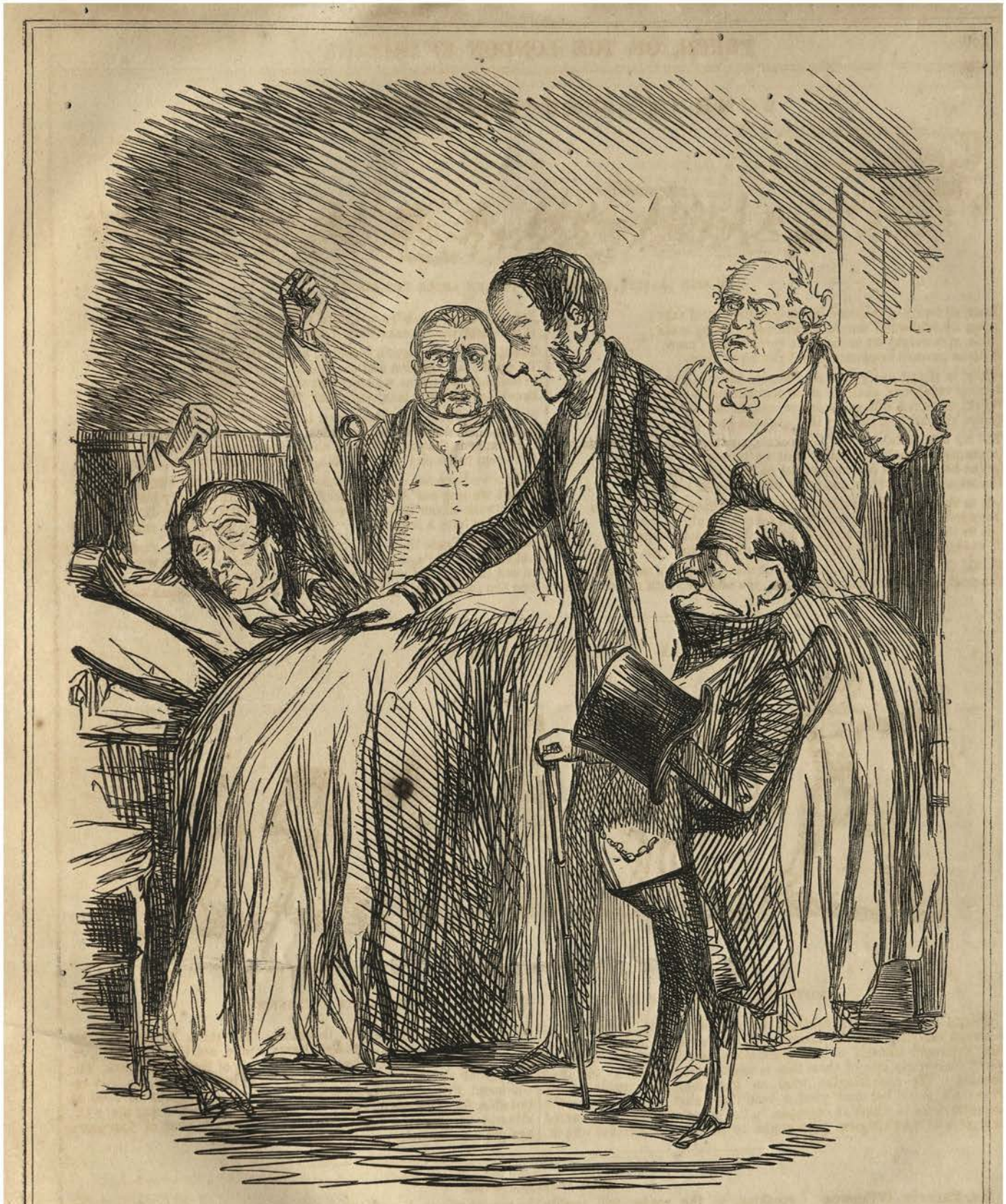
AT one of the Chartist Meetings the other day, a MR. FUSSELL, who is always carrying out the meaning of his name by making a fearful fuss, delivered himself of the declaration that he had five sons, and would disown any one of them that refused to assassinate an enemy of freedom. We can imagine what an exceedingly agreeable family FUSSELL'S must be, and what a beautiful spirit must animate the domestic circle in which an objection to the crime of murder is regarded as a piece of mawkishness that ought to banish the member who indulges in it from the parental threshold. We think FUSSELL and his five sons might go about like the DISTIN family, not to blow their own trumpets, but to exhibit themselves as a party of British Savages. The novelty of the thing would alone be sufficient to attract, and we recommend FUSSELL to get a caravan for himself and cubs as soon as possible, for the game of Chartist agitation has ceased to pay since the attempt to get up a *Liberty Fund* ended in a balance of fourpence against the Chartists.

THE DOWNY ONE.

MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR is speaking, as the reader will readily imagine, after he has read the following bit of bombast, which is taken from the *Northern Star* of May 20th, 1848:—

"MITCHEL, if you are convicted by the Whig Treason Act, my *head shall feel no pillow* until your manacles are struck off."

May we ask how the Member for all the Chartists has slept since MR. MITCHEL has been convicted? Has he not been to bed for the last two weeks? Or has he got over his dreadful threat by sleeping *without a pillow?* For, in that case, he would certainly feel none, having none; or does he hang his head in a sling dangling from the top of his room; or rest his head on a carpet-bag, for that is not, strickly speaking, a pillow, as any one must have experienced who has slept in the cabin of a steamer, the floor his only bed, the rug his only counterpane. We long to hear what MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR has done with his pillow. Doubtlessly, he uses it to smother his laughter when he thinks of the foolish threats he makes to deceive his dupes. A collection of his vows, taken from his paper, would not make a bad pillow for him, if he likes to have something soft to lie upon.



"THE SLUGGARD."

"'Tis the Voice of the Sluggard; I hear him complain,
'You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again.'"

A PROSPECT OF YE VISCOVNTE PALMERSTONE PVTTYNGE HYS FVTE IN IT.

THE MODEL BACHELOR.

He lives in Chambers. He is waited upon by an old laundress, who lives he scarcely knows where. He sees her once a week to pay her wages; but hears her every morning putting his room to rights. He rises late. He is skilful in lighting a fire—his practice generally of a morning. He understands the principle of boiling a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee-shop, if he is "out of tea." He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trowsers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. His tea-caddy is, also, open from morning to night, the lock being, like his means, dreadfully hampered. He is uncertain about the number of his shirts. He has not seen a button for years. He cannot tell who drinks the grog, or what becomes of all the empty bottles. He wonders who has taken his Waverly Novels, excepting the second volume of the *Pirate*. He is allowed only one pair of boots *per diem*. If he wants a clean pair, he must clean them himself, or wait till the following morning. His washerwoman mends his linen—at least she charges for it. He takes everything good-humouredly, but is a little put out if he finds he has left his latch-key in his other coat, and that he cannot get in. He is a little ruffled, also, when he discovers the laundress has not made his bed—on Christmas day, for instance. He plays only two instruments—the flute and the cornet-à-piston. He is much sought after in society, and is a great diner-out. He can tie his handkerchief in a hundred different ways, and cuts an orange into the most impossible patterns. He is a good hand at carving, and rarely sends a goose into the opposite lady's lap. He makes excellent rabbits on the wall to amuse the children, and allows them to climb up his knees, reckless of his trowsers, and hang on his neck without a groan. He shines most at a supper party. He brews a bowl of punch, and mixes a lobster salad better than any man—so he says at least. He sings a good song with a noisy chorus, and makes a speech without being "unaccustomed to public speaking." He runs through a person's Health neater than anybody else, and serves up a Toast in the most glowing style; but does not stuff a society with nothing else all the evening. He is amiable to the fair, sex, and hands cups of tea and glasses of negus, without spilling them. He is in great demand as a godfather, and keeps a silver mug on hand, ready for the occasion. He enjoys his comforts, but doesn't dine at home, for he has no cook. He studies his ease, but jumps up readily on a cold morning to answer the door, if the knock is repeated more than three times. He knows where the best dinners are to be had about town, and is intimate with the shops for the best meat, the best fish, the best game, the best cigars, the best everything. He walks up the stairs of his Chambers in the dark, without falling, or trying at the wrong door. He prides himself on knowing a good glass of port. He is the favourite stalking-horse of the husbands, who are never out late but they are sure to have been with him. Every "glass too much" is put down to him; every visit to the Docks; all the half-prices at the theatre; all the dinners and suppers, no matter where, are at his persuasion. The wives consequently bear him no great affection, and generally convey their opinion by coupling his name with the prefix "*That*," very strongly italicised. His good humour, however, conquers them, and he is welcome at every family table. He sees everything, is seen everywhere, and scarcely cares anything for anybody—excepting himself. His great object of life is enjoyment, and he succeeds to his heart's content.

Suddenly he is missed. He is not seen for weeks. He is entombed alive in his dreary Chambers with the gout, and only his laundress to tend him at distant intervals. The long days, the never-ending nights, the racking pain, the cross old woman, who makes a favour of everything and is grateful for nothing, the want of comforts, the utter homelessness of the place, strike a chill into his heart, and he would willingly give all his past enjoyments for one kind voice to cheer him, for one person whom he loved to be near him. He rises from his bed an altered man. He finds out a young niece whom he has never seen. He buys a house and gives it to her, to allow him to live in it. She nurses him in all his sicknesses, and bears all his ill-humour. He leaves her his little property, is as kind to her as the gout will allow him to be, and is lamented at his death by one person, at least.—Thus lives and dies the Model Bachelor.

THE MUSIC OF THE MOB.

We wish that Hullah, or Russell, or Dr. Mainzer, or anybody would take in hand the voices of the Mob, and make them sing in something like time or tune, if they must shout out the *Marseillaise* and *Moorear por lar patree* in the public thoroughfares. The discordant shrieks of the juveniles, with the hoarse and beer-stricken bleatings of the men, form a far greater disturbance of the public harmony than the mere speeches of these lovers of mischief and idleness, who have no right to pretend to a voice in the country as long as their musical efforts are so contemptible as they appear when roaring out the revolutionary burdens of the songs imported from Paris.

We met a crowd of these London *gamins* the other night in Fleet Street, and we never heard anything in our lives so unmusical, though most melancholy, as their attempt to sing some French air, in accordance with the wretchedly slavish habit of imitation that the would-be sons of Freedom have lately fallen into. Can nobody teach singing in six lessons, and preserve the drum of our ear from being as constantly aroused as the drums on which the *rappel* is all day beaten in Paris?

CALAMITOUS VISITATION!

It is our agonising duty to inform a heart-rent public that the gout has, according to the *Morning Post*, favoured the Jews, by confining to the bowers of Blenheim the ducal Christian, Marlborough. We had an ignorant notion that such peers were permitted, even from the antipodes, to vote by proxy. It appears, however, to be otherwise. Or perhaps Blenheim and the gout make especial exceptions. Having, we hope, duly prepared the reader to exercise his fortitude, and read a bit of sorrow like a man, we give the subjoined:—

"His Grace the Duke of Marlborough was prevented voting *against* the Jews Disabilities Bill on Thursday last, by a severe and tedious fit of gout, which has hitherto been the cause of His Grace not having yet taken his seat in the new Parliament."

Now, when we know, according to a recent calculation made by an arithmetical man, Mr. R. Y. Yates, of Liverpool, that the House of Marlborough has only cost us £12,000,000 sterling, it must be confessed that the least movement of the present Duke must be very dear to us. Therefore, we dwell upon this fit of gout as being—like the Duke's pension—one of national interest.

It is said, however, that the Duke has a peculiar dislike to Jews, and for this reason. There was, on one occasion, a bad half-crown taken at the gate of Blenheim—(it is two-and-sixpence a head to see the place)—and no argument has hitherto convinced the Duke that that copper half-crown was not put off by a guileful man of the Hebrew persuasion. His Grace, to keep his anger warm, has had that bad half-crown nailed to his dressing-table; and every morning shaves with one eye upon his wrongs.

AWFUL SUFFERINGS OF A BRITISH HUSBAND.

Being the Journal of an English Citizen, resident in Paris during the late occurrences in that Capital.

THE following papers were picked up in a bottle off Havre by the Steward of *The Emerald*, who, on finding that the bottle did not contain brandy, or anything that could be drunk, obligingly transmitted it with its contents to our office. The MS. was written in a regular, though tremulous, commercial hand, and here and there effaced by the water, which had penetrated:—

"*May* 1*st*.—I, JOHN TODDLES, late of 5, Little Crane Alley, Cornhill London, Drysalter, but now of 4, Rue d'Enfer (*au cinquième*), Paris, (if of anywhere when this comes to hand,) do solemnly commit this my last journal to this bottle, with the design of throwing same (if I can do it unperceived) into the Seine, in the hope that it may reach England some day; for I cannot trust the Post, and I am determined to speak the truth. Any person picking up this bottle is earnestly requested to forward same, at convenience, to my . . (*Here MS. effaced.*) . . as I do not expect ever to rea . . . . and am anxious that . . unhapp . . . as witness my han . . .

"*Feb.* 26*th*.—Up to present date matters continue tolerably quiet. Pillaging not begun yet. MRS. T. declares she admires attitude of people, and has been to leave card on one GEORGE SAND. On telling her I did not like her calling on gentlemen known to self, but not partner, was told that GEORGE SAND was a lady. Remarked on impropriety of name, and was snubbed. MRS. T. says this G. S. is emancipator of sex from husbands and petticoats. There is a tone in MRS. T.'s remarks, since the awful 24th, which alarms me.

"*Feb.* 28*th*.—Caught MRS. T. again with new female newspaper, *La Voix des Femmes*. Met the porter, with black eye, this morning, given

him by his wife, who also reads the above incendiary publication. Gave him 5f. to destroy all copies found left at lodge. Wrote this day to our House, requesting leave to return to town, as business at a stand-still, best paper not to be discounted, and consignees ruined.

"*Feb.* 29*th*.—Windows broke last night for not illuminating. Heard cry of '*lampions!*' which did not understand, but thought much the same as '*à la lanterne!*' which horrid expression had read in *History of Revolution* (1793), consequently did not get up. MRS. T. harangued mob from window, and was applauded. How she could go out on balcony in *such* a state, cannot understand. She seems to be losing her sense of propriety. No letter from our House, which of course I expected per return. Can post be tampered with?

"*March* 10*th*.—Mrs. T. *will* wear that red cap. Porter has just informed me pair of boots left at his lodge, directed to *Citoyenne* TODDLES, with parcel, which he says feels like a pair of trowsers (*he is a tailor to his trade, and ought to know.*) Compelled this morning to plant another Tree of Liberty. They regularly call at our house now, and have me out at every d—— poplar that is planted in *quartier*. I told Mrs. T. what it would be, when she insisted on joining first set that came to call out *curé* (who is our next-door neighbour) to bless their abominable work, which he did, though I heard him praying audibly while dressing to go out; and if that man was not in stew, I never saw one, and I ought to know, having had barricade under window on 24th.

"*March* 11*th*.—It *was* a pair of trowsers. She is trying them on at this moment. What would her family in England think of this? I daren't say anything. Venturing yesterday to hint I wished she'd give up calling on her GEORGE SAND, she threatened to denounce me! She is capable of it.

"*March* 12*th*.—Mrs. T. went out early this morning, thinking me asleep.

"*March* 13*th*.—As per last entry.

"*March* 14*th*.—As per last entry.

"*March* 15*th*.—Followed Mrs. T. this morning. (*Here the writing is so tremulous, that it can hardly be deciphered*). She has enlisted in regiment of female soldiers! They call them *Les Vésuviennes*. They all wear trowsers very tight in waist, and boots. They have guns, apparently genuine. Mrs. T. appears to be a sergeant or something of that kind. I saw them exercise, remaining at a distance in great-coat of porter's. It is very dreadful! What am I to do?

"She has come home. I can hear her repeating words of command in bedroom, where no doubt she is taking off those abominable—— There! 'Stand at ease!' 'Attention!' 'Shoulder—Hup!' I must be firm, and put stop to this. . . . . .

"*April* 1*st*.—I resume journal after fortnight's close confinement in cellar, where put, thanks to Mrs. T., as follows:—I locked bedroom door on morning after last entry. She must have told her infernal female commanding officer. Next morning company of Vesuvians marched into court, and ordered porter (whose wife, it appears, is drum-major), to lead them up to our apartment in name of Republic. They put me in cellar for tyranny (they called it) and mutiny. I am certain Mrs. T. stood sentry over me for some time.

"*April* 4*th*.—I don't care what consequences may be. One of us must and shall give way. I may perish in the attempt, but MRS. T.'s family will be grateful to me in the long-run. She shall not smoke pipes after we have retired for the night. She has long forgotten all sense

of propriety; but now she introduces positive discomforts into house. I hate smell of tobacco. It is all those Vesuvians. She is on guard three nights a week, and declares they all smoke in guard-room. She has also acquired habit of playing at cards and swearing, the former constantly, the latter, as yet, only occasionally.

"*April* 10*th*.—MRS. T. still smokes. What can I do?

"*April* 15*th*.—Another Revolution (almost) yesterday. MRS. T. (I believe) concerned in it. Am not at all sure that she was not in attack on Assembly. After utterly subverting order of connubial chamber, why should females have any respect for legislative ditto?

"*April* 17*th*.—Have taken bold step; I hope decisive one: denounced the Vesuvians as Communists. Perhaps, as Government is moderate, they may be broken up, and MRS. T. be brought back to sense of duties.

"*April* 19*th*.—Gracious 'evens! what have I done! Self and partner both arrested yesterday. I released this morning. Mrs. T. still in confinement. Poor dear woman! Bears it like an angel, being allowed tobacco. I have spent a heart-broken night. To think it is all my doing!

"*April* 22*nd*.—They will release poor Mrs. T. if I will become answerable for her future good behaviour. I don't know whether I am justified in doing anything of the kind, after the way she has treated me.

"*April* 23*rd*.—I have given security for Mrs. T., having previously burnt boots and uniform, and hidden musket and bayonet.

"*April* 24*th*.—Mrs. T. continues to behave peaceably; but her habits give me much trouble. Smoking, I fear, has become inveterate. It used to be *cigarettes*. Now it is *caporal*: disgustingly strong and full-flavoured.

"*May* 4*th*.—The treatment I have experienced from our House is atrocious. Letter to-day to wind up French branch of concern and come back. As if I had any ready-money!

"*May* 5*th*.—Mrs. T., I hope, improving in sense of propriety.

"All up with Mrs. T. again. *Club des Femmes* opened last night. She got out. Passing by accident saw her on table, addressing meeting. Caught words "*à bas les maris*." I am desperate.

"*May* 10*th*.—I was desperate per last. I have no word for what I am now.

"Mrs. T., Mary Jane T., the woman I have known as a rather particular, and particularly well-conducted wife for fourteen years, has proposed herself at Hotel de Ville for one of the nymphs who are to precede Car of Liberty in National Fête of 21st instant. They are to wear no . . . ."

[Here the MS. becomes utterly illegible, either from tears or salt-water. It must have been this shock which drove Mr. T. to the bottle.]

"The Women the Best Judges."

So says *Sir Fretful Plagiary;* and the exhortation of Marianne Marren to the mob, a few days ago, is a lively evidence of *Sir Fretful's* truth. For Marianne, very drunk—and sometimes people bring up, without knowing it, pearls of wisdom from the Red Sea of wine—Marianne, it was given in evidence before the Lord Mayor, called upon her sex "to follow her example, and turn out the Whigs!" And for this noble spirit-rousing address, the heroine was locked up. The Maid of Sarragossa will go down to posterity—Marianne Marren went to the station-house. An unjust world, my masters!

Innocence in Parliament.

Mr. Drummond—pure Arcadian!—speaking against the alteration of the Navigation Laws, said—"You may be rich, but you will be contemptible." For our own part, we should like to see the rich man who, in England, could be contemptible. Madame Tussaud would make any amount of money by showing him.

DRURY LANE SPECTRAL FUND.

The Annual Dinner of the Ghost of Drury Lane Theatrical Fund took place last week at the Freemasons' Tavern. The shadow of a distinguished Duke presided on the melancholy occasion. There was a tolerable show of misty visitors; and the dinner was eaten seriously and noiselessly.

"Not a knife was heard, not a three-pronged fork,
As the victuals were silently buried;
With never a fizz flew the Champagne cork,
Nor steward, nor waiter was hurried."

When the dinner was over, and the waiters had melted from the room, the distinguished noble Ghost in the Chair rose, and speaking thin—as ghosts are wont—and with a pallid smile upon its face, and never blushing a bit at the sarcasm, begged to propose the "Prosperity of the British Drama."

Hereupon the "Dead March in Saul" was played from an inner apartment, and had a remarkably impressive effect. Several Ghosts of actors took out their pocket-handkerchiefs, and wept. After a pause, for the spectres a little to recover themselves, the toast was again given, which all the Shadows present drank in solemn silence out of empty glasses.

After this, the ghost of Mr. Harley—spectral Master of the Fund—rose to make its annual speech. Immediately behind the ghost was exhibited a transparency, containing faithful portraits of several of the horses, late actors at Drury-Lane Theatre. These faded away, and then appeared the portrait of Alexandre Dumas. Alexandre also faded; and then dawned in the transparency, in very bold letters—the work of some evil genius—this brief, but malevolent counsel:—"*Gentlemen, take care of your pockets!*"

This occasioned a slight movement among the Ghosts. The company stirred as stir the leaves when autumn sighs among them. When perfect silence was restored, the spectral Master proceeded to make its speech:—

"May it please you, my Ghost Duke, my Shadow Lords and Gentlemen," said the spectre, in a high, cutting voice, vibrating with fun like an east-wind through a key-hole, "it is again my delicious privilege to address you: it is, also, my delicious delight—whilst revolutions are shaking the world, as though the uneasy earth were stretching herself, and now tossing upon one side and now upon the other (*Spasms of laughter*)—it is my especial bliss to see, firm as rocks, the distinguished patrons of what was once Drury Lane Theatrical Fund. As for the real Drury Lane actors, one company has just departed for their foreign stables; and, at the present moment—M. Dumas being manager of the boards where Garrick trod—(*General flutter of Shadows*)—an artist is about to write beneath the statue of Shakspeare, in golden words, '*Ici on parle Français!*' Nevertheless, when I reflect upon the brilliant arena of the actors' professional triumphs, and also remember that Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom, Isle of Man and Dogs, and Berwick-upon-Tweed, guards in her spotless diadem the Fund of Drury Lane as the brightest jewel of her triple crown—when I remember, that Her Majesty has this day sent us £50, when, until very lately, the royal donation was wont to be £100—how can I, even as the Spectral Master of a Fund for actors *in nubibus*, how can I do otherwise than feel; I ask it fearlessly of the Noble Shadows, how is it possible for me to do otherwise than feel?" (Here the Ghost struck itself upon the breast, making such a hole in itself, that the daylight shone through it. However, after a few moments, the Ghost closed up again like smoke, and continued). "It has been said by the malevolent, that this dinner in aid of actors of a theatre that no longer exists, is mere moonshine. I mourn, most Noble Shadow, for what were once my species, to say that I have known the word 'Gammon' flung at the object of this dinner. Saving your noble presence, I hurl back the epithet. (*Whistling cheers*)—and with that confidence which is far above blushing, I ask you all to open your heart-strings—I mean your purse-strings—to remember the poor player that may in the next century, perhaps, be at Drury Lane—to think of the sere and yellow leaf—the intellectual Drama—the imperishable renown of the Crown of England—O. P., and the British Sceptre—David Garrick—*habeas corpus*—the Drury Lane Fund, that was, and the British Drama."

A beautiful shade, named Miran, here warbled *The Light of other Days.*

As the plate went round for the subscriptions, a ghost called Sims Reeves sang very finely, and with touching significance, *Let us take the Road.*

Every Ghost remained till cock-crow; and then, with spectral Harley, "vanished like a guilty thing away."

THE REPEAL "HANDS."

Mitchel boldly said—for we must praise the boldness of the man—that he left behind him—"three hundred hands ready to follow his course." Three hundred "hands," no doubt, and not a *trump* among 'em.

THE CLERKENWELL POETS.

In the recent processions, or rather prowls, which have taken place in London, a poet has been the most distinguished actor, and indeed the only one who has evinced any desire to stick to his post—a lamp-post—when the rumour of the arrival of the police has been prevalent. We have had an opportunity of seeing some of the poet's productions, and we beg to add a specimen. It is somewhat on the model of a song, in a little book called *Voices from the Crowd*, entitled

"WAIT A LITTLE LONGER."

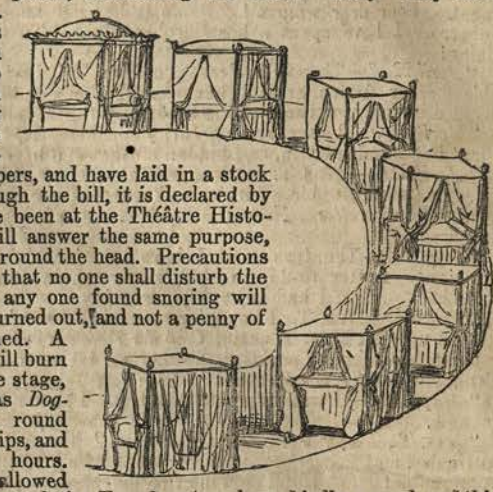
There 's A. 1 coming, boys, there 's A. 1 coming,
But at his staff we 'll only laugh,
Though A. 1 's coming.
What care we if we go to bed,
Having received a broken head,
From A. 1—coming?
Let us disdain the crack or kick,
If the Police prove stronger;
There 'll be some pockets yet to pick,
Don't hurry, then, to cut your stick—
Wait a little longer.

There 's a Special now coming, boys, a Special now coming;
Let 's knock the hat extremely flat
Of the Special now coming!
We 'll teach him how
To stop our row,
The Special now coming.
His interference has been rash,
'Gainst us, who are the stronger;
There 'll be some windows yet to smash,
And p'rhaps some tills to ease of cash—
Wait a little longer!

SHAKSPEARE AN ALIEN.

Alexandre Dumas has obligingly consented to leave his hundred *feuilletons*, his *Monte Christo*, his *Liberté*, his *Mois*, his politics made romantic, his duels, his *belle France*, his everything, to come to London and teach us French Dramas. We are to be instructed in French history in the course of two weeks. Dramas, too, are to last for two nights. You enter at the reign of Clovis, and come out at the Taking of the Bastille. You travel through history at the rate of a hundred years an act, and do not feel in the least giddy, only a little confused, when you arrive at the end of your historical journey.

To make the arrangements as convenient as possible, the stalls will be fitted up as French beds, and persons have been engaged to go round and collect the boots, so that they may be cleaned by the following morning. The English actors, it is said, have been engaged for this particular line; and some of them, the tragedians especially, get up a very respectable polish, considering the short "study" they have necessarily had.



The poor fellows are glad to turn their hands to anything. Several of the "Walking Gentlemen" have entered themselves as box-keepers, and have laid in a stock of nightcaps, though the bill, it is declared by persons who have been at the Théâtre Historique at Paris, will answer the same purpose, if carefully wrapt round the head. Precautions have been taken that no one shall disturb the public rest, and any one found snoring will be immediately turned out, and not a penny of his money returned. A big night-shade will burn all night upon the stage, and Compton, as *Dogberry*, will walk round the gallery and slips, and announce the hours. Shaving will be allowed at eight o'clock, and the French actors have kindly agreed, on this occasion only, to shave the English ones. Breakfast-stalls, with real French rolls, not from M. Dumas's *repertoire*, but made as light as possible, will be opened in the lobbies. The newspapers will be supplied as soon as published, and every convenience given to persons who wish during the day to follow their business. Everything promises a happy two nights' amusement; and one arrangement we are sure will give universal satisfaction—"Forty winks will be allowed between the fortieth and forty-first acts."

One great difficulty has been experienced in finding check-takers who would give sureties not to go to sleep during the forty-eight hours; but this has been surmounted at last, and persons have been found who, it can be proved, are perfectly wide awake at all times. One is an old clerk of the House of Commons, another a manager, of the Mosaic persuasion, another the waterman of the Haymarket cabstand, another the porter at Evans's, whilst the remainder have been made up of old lawyers and bill-discounters, who go in "just for the fun of the thing." A prosperous sleepy season is expected, and thirty beds have already been taken for the first two nights' performances. There was an evening rehearsal yesterday of box-keepers and orange-women, and the latter are now perfect in calling out "Apples, oranges, ginger-beer, a pillow, or a cotton nightcap."

The Golden-Mouthed Mullen.

At Conciliation Hall, a few days ago—some eight-and-forty hours after the *Shearwater* had departed for Spike Island with John Mitchel—the Rev. Father Mullen rose, and yelled:—

"We will take a vow to dig a gulf deep as hell between the Whigs and the Irish people (*groans*). The name "Whig" should be as a scarecrow in Ireland—it should be used by mothers to frighten troublesome children. A Galway jury declared that Lord John Russell was guilty of murder. He (Mr. Mullen) now charged him with millions of murders (*yells*)."

Are there no strait-jackets to be had in Ireland? No men bold enough to catch madmen like Mullen, cram them into worsted confines, carry them off to an asylum—and when their heads are shaved, and they are properly cooled and lowered by medicine, is there no oakum for them to pick, no stones to break? Yet, we would be tender to the lunatics; and when they became harmless—their sanity is not to be hoped for—we would, for a holiday, give each a wisp or so of straw, wherewith to plait a crown for the imaginary King of Ireland after *Repale*.

THE IRISH SCÆVOLA.

Mr. Mitchel, on his trial, compared himself to Mutius Scævola. There is indeed this resemblance between Scævola and Mitchel. Scævola certainly burnt his whole hand; Mitchel as certainly has burnt his fingers.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 89, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, June 10th, 1848.

A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS'S.

THE next persons whom little MRS. TIMMINS was bent upon asking, were MR. and MRS. JOHN ROWDY, of the firm of STUMPY, ROWDY, AND CO., of Brobdingnag Gardens, of the Prairie, Putney, and of Lombard Street, City.

MRS. TIMMINS and MRS. ROWDY had been brought up at the same school together, and there was always a little rivalry between them, from the day when they contended for the French prize at school, to last week, when each had a stall at the Fancy Fair for the benefit of the Daughters of Decayed Muffin-men; and when MRS. TIMMINS danced against MRS. ROWDY in the Scythe Mazurka at the Polish Ball, headed by MRS. HUGH SLASHER. ROWDY took twenty-three pounds more than TIMMINS in the Muffin transaction (for she had possession of a kettle-holder worked by the hands of R—y—lty, which brought crowds to her stall); but in the Mazourk ROSA conquered; she has the prettiest little foot possible (which in a red boot and silver heel looked so lovely that even the Chinese Ambassador remarked it), whereas MRS. ROWDY'S foot is no trifle, as LORD CORNBURY acknowledged when it came down on his Lordship's boot tip as they danced together amongst the Scythes.

"Those people are ruining themselves," said MRS. JOHN ROWDY to her husband, on receiving the pink note. It was carried round by that rogue of a buttony page in the evening, and he walked to Brobdingnag Gardens and in the Park afterwards, with a young lady who is kitchen-maid at 27, and who is not more than fourteen years older than little Buttons.

"Those people are ruining themselves," said MRS. JOHN to her husband. "ROSA says she has asked the BUNGAYS."

"BUNGAYS, indeed! TIMMINS was always a tuft-hunter," said ROWDY, who had been at College with the barrister, and who, for his own part, has no more objection to a Lord than you or I have; and adding, "Hang him, what business has *he* to be giving parties?" allowed MRS. ROWDY, nevertheless, to accept ROSA'S invitation.

"When I go to business to-morrow, I will just have a look at MR. FITZ'S account," MR. ROWDY thought, "and if it is overdrawn, as it usually is, why" . . . The announcement of MRS. ROWDY'S brougham here put an end to this agreeable train of thought, and the banker and his lady stepped into it to join a snug little family party of two-and-twenty, given by MR. and MRS. SECONDCHOP, at their great house on the other side of the Park.

"ROWDYS 2, BUNGAYS 3, ourselves and mamma 3, 2 SAWYERS," calculated little ROSA.

"GENERAL GULPIN," ROSA continued, "eats a great deal, and is very stupid, but he looks well at a table, with his star and ribbon; let us put *him* down!" and she noted down "SIR THOMAS and LADY GULPIN, 2. LORD CASTLENOODLE, 1."

"You will make your party abominably genteel and stupid," groaned TIMMINS. "Why don't you ask some of our old friends? Old MRS. PORTMAN has asked us twenty times, I am sure, within the last two years."

"And the last time we went there, there was pea-soup for dinner!" MRS. TIMMINS said, with a look of ineffable scorn.

"Nobody can have been kinder than the HODGES have always been to us; and some sort of return we might make, I think."

"Return, indeed! A pretty sound it is on the staircase to hear MR. and MRS. ODGE and the MISS ODGES, pronounced by BILLITER, who always leaves his h's out. No, no; see attornies at your Chambers, my dear—but what could the poor creatures do in *our* society?" And so, one by one, TIMMINS'S old friends were tried and eliminated by MRS. TIMMINS, just as if she had been an Irish Attorney-General, and they so many Catholics on MR. MITCHEL'S Jury.

MRS. FITZROY insisted that the party should be of her very best company. FUNNYMAN, the Great Wit, was asked, because of his jokes; and MRS. BUTT, on whom he practises; and POTTER, who is asked because everybody else asks him; and MR. RANVILLE RANVILLE of the Foreign Office, who might give some news of the Spanish squabble; and BOTHERBY, who has suddenly sprung up into note because he is intimate with the French Revolution, and visits LEDRU-ROLLIN and LAMARTINE. And these, with a couple more who are *amis de la maison*, made up the twenty, whom MRS. TIMMINS thought she might safely invite to her little dinner.

But the deuce of it was, that when the answers to the invitations came back, everybody accepted! Here was a pretty quandary. How they were to get twenty into their dining-room, was a calculation which poor TIMMINS could not solve at all; and he paced up and down the little room in dismay.

"Pooh!" said ROSA with a laugh; "your sister BLANCHE looked very well in one of my dresses, last year; and you know how stout she is. We will find some means to accommodate them all, depend upon it."

MRS. JOHN ROWDY'S note to dear ROSA, accepting the latter's invitation, was a very gracious and kind one: and MRS. FITZ showed it to her husband when he came back from Chambers. But there was another note which had arrived for him by this time from MR. ROWDY—or rather from the firm: and to the effect that MR. F. TIMMINS had overdrawn his account £62 18*s.* 6*d.*, and was requested to pay that sum to his obedient servants, STUMPY, ROWDY, and Co.

And TIMMINS did not like to tell his wife that the contending parties in the Lough Neagh and Lough Corrib Railroad had come to a settlement, and that the fifteen guineas a day had consequently determined. "I have had seven days of it, though," he thought; "and that will be enough to pay for the desk, the dinner, and the glasses, and make all right with STUMPY AND ROWDY."

THE PORCUPINE WITH MANY FRIENDS.

THE *Herald*, with its accustomed sagacity, has discovered the cause of SIR HENRY BULWER'S triumph in the Commons. He belongs to literature! (How low is this in the serene eyes of a newspaper magnifico!) The ex-ambassador is the porcupine with many friends. No sooner is he threatened to be carried away by a stream of eloquence; by

"A river that hath burst its BANKES,"

than all his porcupine friends rally to his aid. All sorts of kindred quills rustle to help him. The *Herald* proceeds to number them:—

"Then again there is MR. SHIEL. The hon. and learned Master of the Mint is not merely a personal friend of SIR H. BULWER, *but a brother author*; and if the Right Hon. MR. LEFEVRE, the Speaker, had eyes and ears for all desirous to be heard, there were MILNESES and others to rush *to the rescue of a suffering scribe*, [poor goosequill wretch] in the enforced absences of the eloquent and learned MACAULAY, and the late Member for Canterbury, the accomplished MR. SYDNEY SMYTHE."

With so many literary men in Parliament—and with other probable Members, is it to be wondered at that the Commons do not, and will not, represent the people of England? There ought to be an express law prohibiting all men from seats in Parliament who can write, allowing eligibility only to those persons who can make their mark.

It was urged in the *Post* as a complaint against the Literary Fund, that at the last dinner no notice whatever was taken of the newspaper press. Let such omission be henceforth remedied. At the next festival let the great man of the *Herald* be stood during dinner upon the table, with his own paper fashioned into a coronet, and his sceptre quill—wherewith he rules the world—stuck in his button-hole. So distinguished a member of the newspaper press ought not to be neglected at a banquet of letters.

The Approach of Summer. A Rhapsody.

EVERYTHING betokens Summer! The fly with fatal curiosity skimming the surface of the milk; the blouse of brown holland—with the inviting words "Look here!"—floating in the breeze; the five million straw bonnets labelled "Now's your time! all at 3*s.* and 9*d.*" thrown carelessly into the window; the dust rushing up to make itself the "apple of your eye;" and indeed everything betokens the approach of the saucy Summer. The London fountains begin to run with ginger-beer, and Rome rises on the ruins of Pompeii in the Gardens of the Surrey Zoological. Activity reigns in the Thames Navy, and promotions are numerous from the cab-stand to the paddle-box, on the top of which the cab-driver of to-day will become the captain of to-morrow.

THE RAPPEL.

When we first heard of the *Rappel*, we thought it was only a new Frenchified method of pronouncing the Hibernian word "Repale." However, it is a cry, apparently, that is making just as much noise in Paris as the one in Dublin, and is every bit as hollow and as foolish. The French beat it at all hours, and it is thought to have superseded all the bells and door-knockers in France. If you want any one to come to you, you beat the *rappel*, and they run out in hundreds; though, with the more timid portion of society, such as the *portiers*, and the old *rentiers* of the Marais, it has rather a repelling effect. By the bye, it has been suspected that at the very early hour the *rappel* sometimes is beaten, that it must be done in bed. This is very likely; for, as no Frenchman thinks of going to bed without his drum at his side, it may be sounded as a signal of distress that he wants his shaving water, or that he is waiting for his boots.

All this is very alarming, and is doubtlessly very trying to the nerves of persons who have been accustomed to the quiet of London, where not a "Sweep" is heard, without breaking an Act of Parliament. It is true we have the dustman's bell and the muffin bell; but what are these tinkling sounds, which are but pleasantly suggestive of the sheep browsing on Primrose Hill, to the deafening ran-tan-plan-ran-tan-tan-plan, which does not allow you to sit on your chair for two minutes together, without giving you such a shock that electricity would be pleasant to it? For ourselves, if we were made, as a punishment, to go to Paris, we would rush to Mr. Burford's Panorama, and lodge there till the term of our durance had expired. We should have all the beautiful scenery of Paris, should witness the planting of a Tree of Liberty, without being subject to that confounded *rappel* all day, to give us a headache all night. We enjoy a fine view all the more without noise, and we advise all travellers intending to visit Paris this year, to take the *route* of Leicester Square. It is the cheapest trip we know, and there is not a single drum on the premises.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A 'SQUIRE.

There is at least one fine old English gentleman, who, albeit one of the olden time, possesses a seat in the modern House of Commons, and who, on the debate on the Game Certificates for Killing Hares Bill, delivered himself of a remarkably fine old English speech. Mr. Buck

"Was convinced that many of the sons of small farmers in the county he represented, were already demoralised by running about the country after hares and woodcocks."

If the pursuit of hares and woodcocks is demoralising, what demoralisation must exist in the House of Commons, so many of whose Members are addicted to it! How demoralised those same gentlemen will become two months hence, in consequence of running about the moors after grouse! How obvious is the conclusion, that we ought to destroy all the hares and woodcocks, and also the grouse, for the interests of morality! This inference is rational, but it is not Mr. Buck's.

"He believed that this Bill was intended as the first step to the annihilation of the Game Laws. This Bill permitted free trade in hares; and next year, they would have the hon. Member for Manchester coming forward, and proposing free trade in pheasants and partridges. The next thing would be to put down foxes, and so destroy one of our greatest national sports."

Mr. Buck of course includes hare and pheasant and partridge-shooting among those national sports of which he describes fox-hunting as the greatest. But hare-shooting, according to him, is no sport for the sons of small farmers: small farmers' sons, then, in his opinion, form no part of the nation. Moreover, fox-hunting is one of the greatest of our national sports; consequently it is one of the chief amusements of the English people. It follows that fox-hunters and the English people are convertible terms; and also, that Mr. Buck and his brother sportsmen may be compared to the celebrated three tailors of Tooley Street.

Oh, Mr. Buck! Are these the times for upholding the Game Laws—for taking serious political account of hares, pheasants, partridges, and foxes? You are indeed a rare old Buck: it is only a pity that such Bucks are not rarer.

DREADFUL DESTITUTION.

As Emigration is being publicly talked about, we think there is an English colony that deserves a prior right to all others. It is close at hand, the expense of transportation is very moderate, and it has numerous claims upon English sympathies. We mean Boulogne-sur-Mer. The inhabitants have always behaved in the most liberal spirit to Englishmen; they have never overcharged them; in fact they have treated them more like fellow-countrymen than foreigners. They have always done everything to make them comfortable, and have yielded to their wishes in the same generous way that they have invariably conformed to their wants. Late accounts bring us sad intelligence of the distress of this once-flourishing town. The lodgings are to let; the hotels have scarcely a bed filled; the table-d'hôtes are deserted, and the custom-house officers, whose courtesy must be remembered by every traveller, have nothing to do but to search their own pockets; and the pursuit is not of the most pleasant, as, search as they will, they can find nothing in them. The town is just as empty. There is not an Englishman in the place! This is very melancholy, and we hope Government will take speedy measures to avert the dreadful consequences that must otherwise result to the inhabitants. They should give every inducement to emigrants to flock there; and probably if excursions were got up which carried passengers free of expense, it might pour into the town a sufficient number of tourists to keep the hotels open and the waiters alive for a few weeks longer.

We should recollect how dear Boulogne has always been to the British traveller, and should rush over to repay a few of the obligations we owe the hospitable *ville, haute* as well as *basse*. We hope all those who make a business of pleasure will recollect that if there is one place more in want of their presence, and where the inhabitants will receive them with greater pleasure than another, it is their old summer friend, Boulogne. They need not be reminded to take plenty of money with them, as it follows that the more they take, the more they will be welcome. They will have the satisfaction of spending it in the noble cause of Charity.

After Events.

Metternich's flight has been followed by that of Ferdinand. The Minister's old saying, of "After me, the Deluge," should be altered now into "After me, the Emperor." Who will go next, it is impossible to be, as an Irishman would say, "after knowing." By the bye, we much prefer Dunup's saying to Metternich's. The poor fellow, when he heard of "the Deluge," exclaimed quite indignantly, "Pooh! What's that! After me, the Sheriff's officer."

PANIC IN THE JOKE MARKET.

We understand that there are no less than five hundred punsters out of employ in London alone at the present time, to say nothing of the vast amount of jokers out of work in the provinces. In Manchester there are no less than fifty first-rate wags, working half-price, and several of the old hands who have been constantly employed in spinning yarns, are literally without employment.

The Picture of an Advertised Gentleman.

His form was enveloped in a "Registered Paletot," with a "Paragon Vest" and "Victoria Trowsers." His neck was encircled by a "Revolving Cravat," his bosom displayed a "Corazza Shirt," whereon glittered a splendid pin of the "Richest Mosaic." His hands were encased, in snowy Berlin; his *chaussure* consisted of "Pannuscorium;" he wore the Superior "*Chapeau Français*" at nine-and-six, surmounting the "Gentleman's own Head of Hair, or Invisible Peruke;" and his parted lips disclosed an "Entirely New Description of Teeth."

THE WOMEN'S CHARTER.

We believe in the speedy freedom of the female sex. That beautiful half of the creation—and, like the rosy side of a peach, the much better half—has too long been in bonds. The cunning, the selfishness, and the cowardice of man have, apart and together, operated for many thousand years to crush the lovely flower, or at best that he might wear it—as one may say, in his button-hole as little more than a fragrant, blooming ornament for a brief holiday. These days are fast going—dying upon the save-all of Time. At length women are beginning to know their own strength, at length the hour of equality is about to strike; and when it *has* struck, the world will really for the first time know what 's o'clock.

The women, be it known then, have resolved upon a Charter; a triple Charter, for Maid—Wife—and Widow. Each condition of life is to rest upon its seven points. At present, we are only enabled to give them: but we are happy to inform our readers (Women, of course) that a magnificent meeting has been determined upon; it will take place in Kensington Gardens, under the very eye of the military—within the very smell of gunpowder—to show the world that Women, at least, are not afraid of soldiers.

We have, as the earnest and uncompromising advocate both of the Rights of Woman, and of setting Woman to Rights, been favoured with a placard, printed in gold letters upon white satin (which placard it is our intention to have worked up into a waistcoat); and of which the subjoined is an ink-and-paper copy:—

"WOMEN OF THE UNIVERSE!

"Since the first pippin was bitten, it has been the cunning of Man to talk to us of our duties. The time has now arrived that we should speak of our rights!

"Why should the feast of the good things of this world be given to men—and why should we, like children after dinner, be only brought in with the dessert?

"The hour is arrived when we should throw back the pippin in man's face; when we should repudiate the dominion exercised so many thousand years to our subjection,—when women should have their Charter, full of points, like a pincushion.

"Therefore, every woman—who is henceforth to be considered every woman's sister—is invited to hold herself in readiness to meet in Kensington Gardens on a day to be hereafter privately appointed.

"As the enemy [it is needless further to particularize] may muster in great force, every sister is entreated to come armed; yes, armed—to the teeth. She will therefore see it expedient to wear new bonnet strings, (if possible, a new bonnet). She must further not fail to dress in her best gown; and further, to bring with her any bonnet or shawl that she may consider to have the most fatal effect upon the enemy!

"Every woman will also provide herself with a serviceable parasol: which—for sharpshooting—is occasionally found of the most efficient use.

"It is moreover expressly required of every single woman, and of every widow, that she do not appear upon the ground without bringing with her a stout substantial wedding-ring (with unmistakeable Hall-mark), to the effect that, should the enemy attack us—the single captives may instantly be tried by martial law, and with the speediest benefit of clergy be condemned to a settlement for life. (A parson will be in attendance.)

"Women,—Be ready to appear in full dress (if possible) at six hours' notice!

"P. S. No curl-papers can be admitted to sororize."

"THE MAID'S CHARTER.

"I. That unlimited pocket-money should begin at sixteen.

"II. That when, by the selfish neglect of the worst part of the species—whom to name is often to blush—the question is not put, it shall be onerous upon the spinster to put the said question herself.

"III. That she shall be permitted to break off a match either at the beginning, the middle, or just at the end, with no liability for an Action for Breach.

"IV. That no such indulgence be granted to the other party; and that transportation be added to damages.

"V. That neither father nor mother be asked for consent,—except by way of compliment, when it is known they have no objection to the gentleman.

"VI. That when the marriage is solemnized, the Duke of Wellington shall give away the bride."

"THE WIFE'S CHARTER.

"I. That the Honeymoon shall last six months.

"II. That the amount of household expenses be fixed by her; with an unlimited allowance for extras.

"III. That she chooses the watering-place for the season.

"IV. That she be never called upon to sit up; and further, that she be never solicited for a latch-key.

"V. That the husband invariably smoke in the garden, (if no garden, no smoke.)

"VI. That the Duke of Wellington be godfather to the first child."

"THE WIDOW'S CHARTER.

"I. That weeds—with the earliest despatch—be turned into orange-flowers."

The Widow's Charter, it will be perceived, is only one point; but as that one is to possess all the points of the wife, her Charter may be said to aim at seven.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the authorities are fully alive to the objects of the very dangerous individuals about to collect their forces in Kensington Gardens. The Life Guards and Blues will be called out; and it is further said that the "Duke"—in his own quiet, energetic way—has ordered the Bands to keep the ground.

A NEW RUNNYMEDE.

JOBSON IN THE SUBURBS.

Our old friend Jobson, of Ramsgate, who dresses up like the Admiral in *Black-Eyed Susan*, and declares himself commissioned by the Government to sell penny Pickwicks at threepence each, and regular book-muslin, under the pretext that the former have been smuggled from the Havannahs, and the latter from India—our old friend Jobson, we repeat, has set an example that has lately been followed at Kensington and Hammersmith. Some individuals have taken the Assembly-rooms at each town for three days, to give the nobility of those places an opportunity of purchasing the manufactures of their native land at the prices of foreign rarities. Worsted comforters have been disguised as Turkish turban-pieces, direct from the backs of the Llama; and several muffs, raw from the hide of the Leicester Square Cat, have been offered to human muffs as rare specimens stripped from the downy chests of the Cassowaries on the banks of the Ganges.

We believe that the Kensington nobility and the Hammersmith Aristocracy have not embraced very eagerly the liberal offer that has been made to them, nor do we hear that a collateral appeal to the Fulham Oligarchy has been much more successful. We can only say that, if the goods represented as smuggled were really found in the hands of smugglers, the contrabandists of this country give themselves extraordinary pains to introduce, in an indirect manner, those very articles that might have free admission to England, inasmuch as they happen to have been there before, and are entitled to the privilege of visiting their own country. There must be a great deal of ridiculous smuggling going on for mere smuggling's sake, if the collections of seized goods offered to the public by the self-styled Government Contractors may be relied on as genuine seizures.

IRISH SYMPATHISERS.

We imagine that Mr. John O'Connell will soon be in a position to sympathise with Irish landlords. As Conciliation Hall seems likely to be broken up, it is probable that he will know what it is not to get his rent.

Magistrate. "NOW SIR, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Nervous Gent. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR; BUT I WISH TO BE SWORN IN AS A CH—CH CHARTIST. I MEAN AS—A—SP—SP—SPECIAL C—CONSTABLE."

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

A Fairy Tale for the Times.

Prologue.

OH, Whigs and Whiglings, let me speak:
Chance after chance has passed away,
And we've been waiting many a week,
For all you said you'd do some day.
And much amaze hath crossed my mind
To see you in your pleasant doze
On Treasury Benches, and behind,
A country full of wants and woes.
And so I watched you, till at last,
Marking your coolness, I grew warm,
And an old fairy-legend cast,
For your sakes, in a novel form.

The Sleeping House.

New worlds grow old, old worlds grow new,
Kings, firms, and people rise and fall;
The House is still the House you knew—
In act or speech no change at all!
Rumours come now and then, 'tis said,
Whispers what's passing out of doors,
Like hints and shakings of the maid,
To one who 'neath the blanket snores.

Here soft repose, in what concerns
The public, reigneth night and day;
There's no one reads the long returns
Which some one's moving for, alway;
Here, not of this age, but the last,
In a somnambulistic strain
Protection twaddles of the past,
And dreams the Corn Law's come again.

Like parent hen upon her eggs,
Each Member o'er his crotchet broods,
And whether on (or off) his legs,
Bores drearily; no stir intrudes,
Scarce e'en when goes a batch of kings;
And much more stagnant seemeth all,
Than would seem possible, with things
In any but this Sleeping Hall.

All round, ideas shoot and grow
Like ivy's close and clinging wood;
Fearless o'er Church and State they go,
O'er true and false, o'er bad and good;
And thick abuses—growth unclean—
Close-matted round the doorways climb,
And through them, here and there, just seen,
The glories of the better Time!

When will this reign of Nod expire,
And Act and Work be born again?
When will the sleeping House require
New measures, fitting for new men?
Here all is sleepy, stale, and flat;
"What has been, must be," still the plan:
Hence, Whig and Tory, Rad and Rat,
And make way for "the Coming Man!"

The Sleeping Beauty.

Session on Session, in his seat
He sitting, since a date unknown,
From feet to head, from head to feet,
Obstructions of all sorts have grown.

'Gainst the red box his back reclined,
On Treasury cushions snugly curled,
The sleeping Premier's eyes are blind,
And ope not on the stirring world.

He sleeps! men's comments are not heard
In Whitehall Chambers far apart:
Nor seats nor salaries are stirred—
Things closest to each Whigling's heart.
He sleeps! on every side up-swell
Griefs, groans, and grumblings ill supprest;
He sleeps, nor dreams but all is well—
A perfect Whig, in perfect rest.

The Arrival.

In Politics 'tis well to know,
Those who would win must learn to wait;
Trains Parliamentary are slow,
And precious things come precious late.
He travels by a faster coach,
A novel flag he hath unfurled!
The Coming Man! of whose approach
DISRAELI hath warned the world.

He gazes on the gallant dead,
Their epitaph in HANSARD reads,
This notion flashes through his head—
"They tried with words, I'll try with deeds."
Strange things out of strange places hie;
From all sorts of snug nests about,
The oddest sorts of creatures fly,
But he bears on, nor fears their rout.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

(Freely Translated from Maclise.)

Onward, still onward, till he draws
Within St. Stephen's sleeping Hall;
He passes through, without a pause,
To him that soundest sleeps of all.
To wake him were a famous lark!—
What if to pinch him he make free?
"My Lord, if *you* are in the dark,
Don't think that other folks must be!"

The Revival.

A touch—a pinch! The charm was snapt.
There rose a buzz of tongues and clocks,
And cheers, and "Hears!" and doors that clapp'd,
And boxes thumped with sudden knocks.
A turn for business seized the Hall,
New brooms with sudden fierceness swept,
And, what's most singular of all,
Three several Whigs their places kept.

Old rites broke down, old forms slipt through,
Ministers even oped their eyes,
DISRAELI good-humoured grew,
HUME eloquent, and SIBTHORPE wise.
A whipper-in was seen to blush
(This actually is a fact),
And MORPETH, in the unwonted rush,
Carried a Sanitary Act.

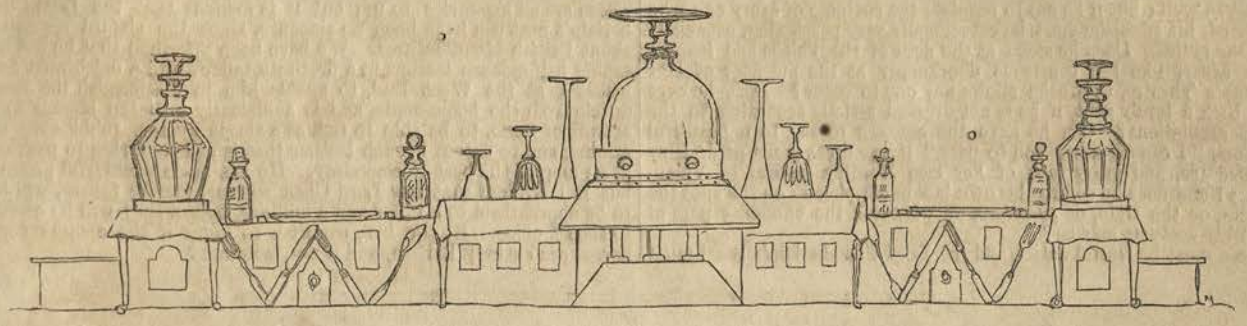
And, last of all, the Premier woke,
From his long snooze himself upreared,
And yawned, and rubbed his eyes, and spoke—
"Arrears of business must be cleared!
What's this? You're all asleep, my Lords;
To work 'tis time that we should clap"—
The Cabinet, with candid words,
Confessed they *might* have ta'en a nap.

The Departure.

And on "the Coming Man" he leant,
And his support straight made him bold,
And past Finality they went,
Along new paths, yet following old.
Across the hills and far away,
Till old Reforms loomed small and dim,
On—on—into the brighter day,
The Happy Premier followed him!

"I'd sleep another hundred year,
O Coming Man, for chance like this!"
"Don't go to sleep again, my dear,
Or all were soon, once more, amiss."
And o'er them, an unwaning star,
Shone England's glory and renown;
And Stocks were constantly at par,
And joy—from Wide-awake to Crown!

THE VERNON GALLERY.



(A DESIGN TO BE STUDIOUSLY AVOIDED FOR THE PROPOSED GALLERY.)

THE way an English Government patronises the Fine Arts is by accepting pictures and then building ugly mews, which it calls a Gallery, to shut them up in. If it does purchase a picture itself, it is either a friendly job, to put a few thousands into the pocket of some Lord who is rather distressed for a little loose cash; or else it buys a bad "copy" at the price of a good "original." Now we think the very least a Government can do, after receiving a magnificent gift, is to show a grateful sense of its value by giving it handsome warehouse-room. We hope, above all things, that the cruet example of the National Gallery will be carefully avoided; or else, following out the same style of architecture, we may have a building composed of a complete dinner service, so that if at any time the English Masters should feel themselves rather "dry," they would only have to go above head and help themselves to a friendly glass. We have mustard and pepper-pots at one Gallery; we trust the architect (whoever he may be) of the other will not fall head over ears into a set of tumblers and decanters, for if he does, the result must inevitably be a tremendous "smash." We wonder when we are to have a Gallery or a Statue that shall not be a disgrace to the nation, and a source of ridicule to foreigners? Where is the "Coming Man" of the Fine Arts?

OMNIBUS INGENUITY.

MUCH confusion has arisen since the reduction of Omnibus fares. It was for a long time a matter of dispute which was the precise spot of Trafalgar Square, and it almost required an Act of Parliament to determine the exact boundary line of Charing Cross. These difficulties, however, have been got over, and, we are glad to say, without bloodshed; but another obstacle has lately occupied their disputatious place. The ingenuity to extort an additional threepence out of a passenger is something wonderful, and proves the extraordinary bent of the omnibus mind. The trick is as follows. On a bit of pasteboard is printed a monster **3d.**, occupying the centre of the card, and running from top to bottom. On one side of this Brobdignagian figure is printed, in respectable-sized letters, "ALL THE WAY;" and on the other side are enumerated, in the most Lilliputian type, the different distances that make up a threepenny ride. Sometimes the distance consists of two or three streets; sometimes only the length of one street; in some cases it is from one turnpike to another; and in others it is very little more than going across the road. In this way the passenger cannot escape without paying his full fare; for, as he gets out, the threepences are cast up, and he is lucky indeed if he gets off with merely paying two distances—that is to say, his sixpence. The scheme is very clever, only it requires one or two journeys before it can be properly understood, and considerable experience in omnibus statistics before it can be fully appreciated. Strangers are rather puzzled at first to understand the difference between "All the way," and having it chopped up into a half-dozen distances, cash payable threepence; but before they have been in town a week they get used to it, and pay the fare without feeling in the least astonished. Habit is everything. It is curious how soon we get used to extortion—in London especially!

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

M. LEDRU-ROLLIN will become a Moderate—when it shall answer his purpose better than being a Revolutionist.

The Bank of France will resume cash payments—when it can convert its fifty millions of protested bills into bullion.

France will be tranquil—when the playing at Revolution ceases to be a novelty to a Frenchman.

The Ouvriers will not object to the presence of foreign workmen—when they have driven every one of them out of France.

A loan of four hundred millions will be negociated—when any one can be found to subscribe for it.

Confidence will be restored—when the rest of the Bankers and Merchants are ruined.

The most perfect tranquillity prevails in the National Assembly—when all the Representatives have quitted it.

The rules for the observance of order are strictly enforced by the President—when he can.

FEARFUL STATE OF SWITZERLAND.

WE are sorry to learn that the nation of Switzerland is at present under subjection to a Reign of Terror. We perceive by the newspapers that the Swiss Diet has assembled actually under the presidency of FUNX!

THE CHAMBERLAIN ON A DRAWING-ROOM DAY.

We are not wise enough to know what may be the duties of the Lord Chamberlain, if he has any beyond writing out the advertisements of the Board of Green Cloth, and acting as master of the ceremonies at a Drawing-Room, which it strikes us Baron Nathan would do just as well; but if he has to regulate the costume of every one who is invited, his situation must be occasionally very perplexing, especially with the ladies. Does he stand at the door of the Palace and inspect every dress, like the courteous doorkeeper at the pit door of Her Majesty's Theatre, before he allows any one to enter? Does he ever send back a lordly gent, if he is not dressed strictly according to the Court regulations? Can he have the courage to say to a beautiful Duchess, "I cannot allow you to pass," if her dress is not of Paisley manufacture, and every inch of her lace Honiton instead of Valenciennes? and does he enforce his own law by clipping off on the spot the feathers, or the train, or *garniture*, or whatever the offending part of the lovely costume may be?

These must be fearful duties, and the Lord Chamberlain's heart must bleed every time he is called upon to exercise the judicial scissors. Probably his feelings are spared by every dress being sent to him for his sanction before they are worn, in the same way that theatrical pieces are submitted to him for his license before they are represented. These are all mysteries to us; but it is evident that the Lord Chamberlain's post can have been no sinecure, since the absurd regulations about British Manufactures. We have been informed that he has been taking half-a-dozen lessons in a first-rate tailor's and a celebrated dressmaker's, at the West End, to enable him to distinguish the foreign article from the home-made, and is sufficiently initiated already in the secrets of trade, to be able to tell, at a single glance, rabbit-skin from ermine, and to detect French leather that is endeavouring to pass itself as a pump of the best Bermondsey. He has made wonderful progress; but it is evident that our Lord Chamberlains, for the future, will have to be apprenticed to a tailor and a milliner, before they will be qualified to accept office. By the bye, we wish to know if the cream-coloured horses are entirely British, and if not, why not?

SONG OF THE PROPAGANDIST.

(Air.—"*Du, du, du, du.*"—*German Ariette.*)

Do, do, do be seditious;
Do, do, rise in revolt;
Don't, don't, don't be judicious,
Now all the world is a-jolt.
John Bull, John Bull, why won't you too be a dolt?

Do, do, paving-stones tear up!
Do, do, raise barricades;
Do, do, do have a flare up,
Sport your tri-coloured cockades.
Get, get, up, up, scenes, demonstrations, parades.

Slaves, slaves, cast off your fetters,
Though, though unfelt they may be;
Cry, cry, death to your betters!
Swear you're resolv'd to be free,
All, all, all, all, only by way of a spree.

Let, let, let Revolution
Cast all Government down,
Swamp, swamp, swamp Constitution,
Peerage, and Commons, and Crown.
Do, do, do, do—do yourselves thoroughly brown.

Each, each opulent neighbour
Rob, rob, rob of his wealth;
Live, live, live without labour—
Hey for subsistence by stealth!
Rare, rare, rare, rare state of political health!

See, see Commerce suspended,
See, see Credit destroyed,
See, see Confidence ended,
See, see hands unemployed;
See, see, see, see all Britain's foes overjoyed!

Whelm'd, whelm'd, whelm'd in commotion,
Plot, plot, plot and conspire;
Whilst we, sons of the ocean,
Trample your flag in the mire:
Thus, thus, thus, thus, thus shall we have our desire!

TWO FRENCH LABOURERS.

First. I say, Titi, what are you doing at present?

Second. Why, François, I'm doing nothing. I'm at the *Atélier National*.

A LAST EFFORT.

We know a sad case of a high-mettled punster, who, like the high-mettled racer, if not exactly sold for the hounds, has gone to the dogs. This veteran joker is reduced to a condition that may be guessed, but cannot be described; though the following last dying pun will give some idea of the old joker's abject condition. On seeing some pens for cattle, and no pound, in a country town, he exclaimed with a melancholy chuckle, "Ha! ha! I see! The inhabitants are pen-y wise and pound foolish!!"

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

SARAH-JANE.
MATILDA.

Scene.—*Camblin Town.*

Sarah-Jane. "Oh, you orrid dreadful story! I didn't."

Matilda. "You did now, for I see him. I see him kiss yer. And here have I bin engaged to Tommy Price for years, and never so much as walked arm-in-arm with him!"

The Play's the Thing.—We hope the French actors will leave us one theatre open, for "all work, and no *play*," will, indeed, make Jack (Bull) a dull boy.

Wanted, an oculist, who will open the eyes of a Prime Minister nearly blind, so as to enable him to see things as they exist in their true and proper light. Apply to Downing Street, or to Parliament, any night the House is sitting, on or before the 26th of June.

N.B. The earliest application is requested, as the case is very urgent, and almost hopeless.

THE EXCHEQUER IN A FIX.

Premier. "WELL, HOSKINS, WE MUST RETRENCH; ONE OF US MUST GO ON SHORT TIME, AND I THINK IT HAD BETTER BE YOU."

OUR facetious and useful contemporary, the *Builder*, informs us that the works at Buckingham Palace are suspended on account of the shortness of money. Everything is consequently slack, except the lime, which remains as before, for want of the necessary funds to pay for the slacking. It is said that the labourers are to be put upon short time; but we have heard that this principle is to be tried first upon Field Marshals and others, who are to be put upon short time, and its usual concomitant—half wages. We think this will be the better plan of making the experiment, than playing it off, in the first instance, on the labourers.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

The Earl of Ellenborough, Sinecurist and Pensioner, unbosometh himself.

"*Mr. Punch,*

"I BELIEVE it is by no means enough to say that all Christendom has vibrated with my speech upon 'broad Christianity' against the Jews—vibrated, like any steeple with triple-bob major. Well, Sir, I wish to be worthy of my increased reputation. I want to grow up to my own ideality. I desire to be known throughout the world as *the* Christian Earl; as, emphatically, the British nobleman without guile. I desire henceforth to be measured by the simple rule of Christianity; to be, in a word, a shining light of the House of Lords.

"The saving salt of Christianity is self-devotion. Now, I propose from this moment to give myself up to my country. It is my serious intention to shame the Jews by the lively force of contrast. I purpose to set-off their avarice by my own generosity; to put to the blush their money-bags (if, Sir, money-bags *can* blush, of which many excellent persons are prone to venture a doubt) by my own empty pocket. I purpose to make a clean purse of it; and so to prove that my oration touching the loveliness and duty of Christianity was not, merely like so many stones in a tin-pot, rattled to tickle the long-eared ones of the world without. No, Sir; on the memorable night of that speech, I felt myself a new-born Christian. I refused to ride home in my carriage; and the very next morning gave orders for a horse-hair corazza. Not that I think sourness and penance part of Christianity; certainly not; but in my own case, I beg to be allowed a little wholesome mortification.

"It is well known, Sir, that my father (who tried HONE, and after much trying, found nothing in him) was Chief Justice of England. Now, Sir, in *his* days to be Chief Justice was to make the very largest penny by the commodity that was nominally sold at his Court. In *his* time, the scales of Justice were as the scales of a money-changer. LORD ELLENBOROUGH, as the solemn depositary of Justice, held in his gift certain offices for which—it is upon record—he refused eighty thousand guineas. For his Lordship had the feelings of a father, and provided for his son out of the pocket of the public. His Lordship blessed me with the place, which turned into a pension—as the grub changeth into a golden butterfly—the place of Clerk of the Court of King's Bench; for the which I—a sinner and a Christian—have hitherto received £7700 per annum. Furthermore, the same paternal love made me Custos Brevium, at the lesser pay of £2338 19*s.* 8*d.* per year. So my simple account, as a Christian tax-eater, stands with the people thus:—

Pension as Clerk	£7700	0	0
Custos Brevium	2338	19	8
	£10,038	19	8

"Let us take this for some thirty years, with compound interest. And afterwards let us suppose the goods and chattels of a weaver or stocking-maker to be worth £2 18*s.* Such weaver or stocking-maker is seized upon for taxes. How many weavers or stocking-makers must be sold up to pay *thirty* years' pension and sinecure of Clerk and Custos?

"In this manner, Sir, after my memorable speech against the Jews, in this downright literal fashion has my thin-skinned conscience presented the sum to me.

"Ever since that speech, I have been followed, haunted by the spirit of Christianity. You recollect my beautiful—(I must use the epithet)—beautiful peroration to the Peers:—'My Lords, let us not legislate for private purposes or private expediency; let us not, above all, deprive ourselves, in a crisis like the present, *of all right to heavenly aid* by sanctioning such a desecration of faith as that involved in this Bill!' My good spirit has again and again repeated these melodious words: they have been singing in my world-cleansed ears, singing like the voice of cherubim. And then the spirit would thus wholesomely rate me:—'Come, ELLENBOROUGH, be to thy heart's content a Christian. Show thy hatred of the Jew and Christian, by making common fellowship with thy poorer brethren. Take no money that thou dost not earn. Refuse to eat and drink and wear the poor man's sweat, changed as it is into cakes, and wines, and rich apparel: proclaim thyself, by thy deeds, the Christian that thou art; and let thy words, so full of balm and honey, be the small preface to thy bigger actions. Thou hast eaten taxes for many years, therefore disgorge, good EDWARD, disgorge. Otherwise, when men think of the Christian orator, and the Christian no-doer—some may crook the finger as thou passest by; some, haply, hold the nose.'

"Now, Sir, to a man—as my friend BROUGHAM would observe—much pondering on these things, such exhortations must bring forth their fruits. I have considered of what this sham Clerk of the Bench is made of—I have thought of the composition of this impostor Custos: and—summing up judgment in my own clear breast; judging them from the sanctuary of my own conscience—they are the eaters of men's fees, who, to buy justice, pay the wages of the lacqueys of Justice who, but that she is beneficently made blind, would blush her robes to tinder to see their doings.

"In conclusion, *Mr. Punch*, I beg to show myself—socially and politically—a practical Christian. It is my intention (may the good example be followed in a hundred places) to defeat physical force Chartism by justice. I, for one, will stop the mouth of discontent, by leaving it no abuse to shout against.

"Therefore, herewith I beg to resign my sham Clerkship—my shadowy Custos. I refuse from this time to be a pensioner on the working poor; I will not eat the roast and boiled which—but for such as me—might more frequently appear upon the labourer's table.

"In conclusion, from the present half-year (I wish I could make the further sacrifice of all moneys hitherto received, but that is impossible), I beg to resign my pension as Clerk—my sinecure as Custos—and thus, as I have remarked in my speech, assure to myself the enjoyment of that 'heavenly aid' which is the reward of the earnestness and simplicity of the true Christian.

"Your constant (and improved) reader,

"ELLENBOROUGH."

"P.S. Detesting more than ever all ostentation, I shall quit town for a few weeks, to avoid any expression of gratitude for this trifling, too-long-delayed sacrifice."

A POTATO CONSPIRACY.

WE extract the following important intelligence from the *Ballinasloe Star*:—

"The dearly-loved potato of the Irish peasant is springing up with seeming health, and greater luxuriance, and in greater abundance, at this early period of the year, than we recollect on former occasions."

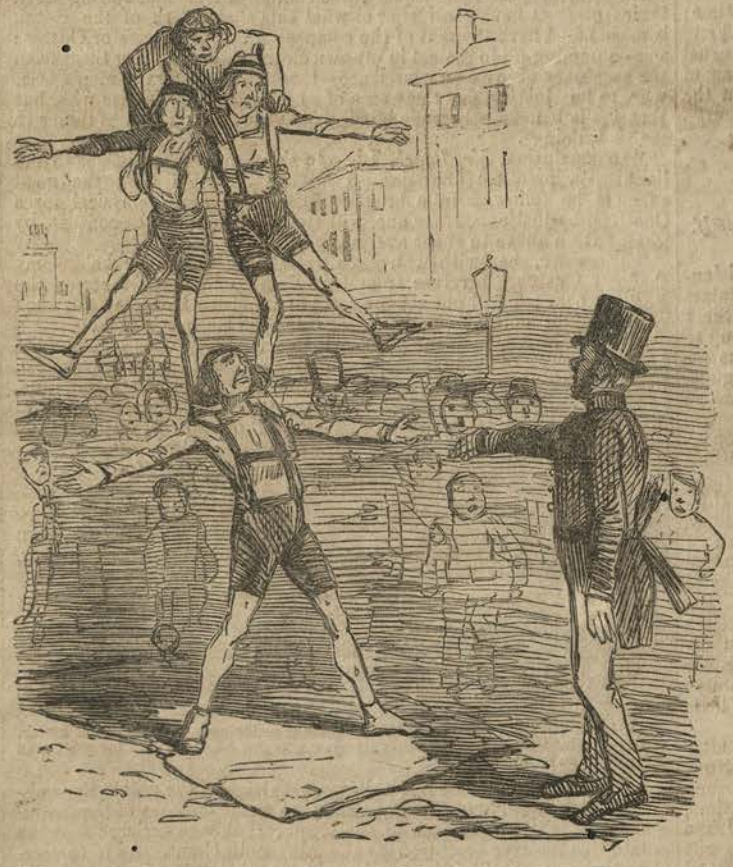
There can be no doubt that this general rising of the potato throughout Ireland, is solely to bring contempt upon the opinions of the distinguished prophets of Parliament and Exeter Hall, who declared that the potato was for ever destroyed by the Maynooth Grant. As if to complete the case, the *Star* further informs us, that "Turnips are slowly making head." Hence, the heads of the aforesaid prophets are further threatened with dangerous rivals.

THE MODEL POLICEMAN.

He walks upright, as flexible as a kitchen poker, his thoughts and hands quite full—like the King of Prussia—of his "beloved Berlins." He keeps his eyes straight before him, even if there is a leg of mutton from the baker's running the opposite way. He rarely looks lower than the parlour windows, when the servants are on board wages. His heart—unlike himself—is constantly "on the beat." His taste for beauty is only equalled by his appetite for cold beef. He shows the weakness of his body by calling Daniel Harvey "Wittles."

The Model Policeman moves only in the most fashionable areas. He is rather particular in seeing if the coal cellar is fast, about supper time. He is never inside a kitchen, unless "the street door has been left open." He is affable to the footman, and smiles to the page, but suspects the butler, and calls the French maid "proud." His appearance and spirits are greatly regulated by the neighbourhood. In Belgravia he wears straps, plays with a pink, and buzzes to himself some popular tune. In St. Giles's his cheeks get hollow, his buttons grow rusty, his belt is put on anyhow, and his highlows are polished only with blacklead!!

The Model Policeman arrives at a row before it is quite over, and sometimes gets at a fire a minute or two before the fire-escape. He knows every pickpocket in the world, and has seen everybody who is taken up two or three times before. He has a vivid recollection of what another Policeman remembers, and if the testimony of an Inspector is impugned, he shows a great love for his cloth by swearing (as the saying is) "till all is blue." He objects to "plain



clothes;" he thinks them not uniform, and "unperfessional." He never smiles when inside a theatre, nor sleeps at a sermon, nor takes an opera-glass to look at the ballet when stationed in the gallery of Her Majesty's. He rarely releases the wrong person he has taken into custody for disturbing the performances. He has a virtuous horror of Punch and Judy, and insists upon the Indiarubber Brothers "moving on," in the midst even of the Human Pyramid. He never stops at a print-shop, nor loiters before a cook-shop, nor hangs about a pastrycook's, excepting to drive away the little boys who choke up the door where the stale pastry is exhibited.

He is not proud, but will hold a gentleman's horse at an emergency, and take sixpence for it. He rings bells the first thing in the morning, runs to fetch the doctor, helps an early coffee-stall to unpack her cups and saucers, pulls down shutters, gives "lights" to young gentlemen staggering home, directs them to the nearest "public," and does not even mind going in with them, "just to have a little drop of something to keep himself warm." In fact the Model Policeman does anything for the smallest trifle, to make himself useful as well as ornamental. Above all, he never laughs. He is the terror of publicans on Saturday nights, but is easily melted with "a drop"—on the sly.

He is courageous, also, and will take up an applewoman, or a "lone woman" with babies, without a moment's hesitation. He is not irritable, but knows his dignity. Do not speak to him much, unless you have a very good coat. Especially do not joke with him when on duty. You are sure to know it by his collar being up. Do not put a finger upon him, for he construes it into an assault. Of the two Forces, he certainly belongs to the Physical, rather than to the Moral Force. He is tremendous in a row, and cares no more for a "brush" than his oilskin hat. He hates the name of Chartist, and cannot "abide" a Frenchman in any shape, any more than a beggar, especially if he has moustaches. He has a secret contempt for the "Specials," whom he calls "amateurs." He rarely fraternises with a Beadle, excepting when there is an insurrection of boys, and it comes to open snowballing, or splashing with the fire-plug. He prohibits all sliding, puts down vaulting over posts, leapfrog, grottos, chuckfarthing, and is terribly upset with a piece of orange-peel, or the cry of "Peeler." He avoids a lobster-shop, for fear of vulgar comparisons, and hates the military—"the whole biling of 'em"—for some raw reason; but he touches his hat to "the Duke." He rarely sleeps inside a cab of a cold night. He never lights a cigar till the theatres are over. He is a long time in hearing the cry of "Stop thief!" and is particularly averse to running; his greatest pace is a hackney-coach gallop, even after a Sweep, who is following, too literally, his calling. He is meek to lost children, and takes them to the station-house in the most fatherly manner.

He is polite to elderly ladies who have lost a cat or a parrot, and gives directions to a porter in search of a particular street, without losing his temper. He is fond of a silver watch, and he reaches the summit of a policeman's pride and happiness if he gets a silver chain with it. Next to himself, however, there is nothing he loves half so closely as his whiskers. He would sooner throw up staff, station, and be numbered amongst the dead letters of the Post Office, or the rural police, than part with a single hair of them; for the Model Policeman feels that without his whiskers he should cut but a contemptible figure in the eyes of those he loves, even though he exhibited on his collar the proud label of A 1! Beyond his whiskers, his enjoyments are but few. He watches the beer as it is delivered at each door, he follows the silvery sound of "muffins!" through streets and squares, he loves to speculate upon the destination of the fleeting butcher's tray, and on Saturday night he threads the mazy stalls of the nearest market, his love growing at the sight of the savoury things it is wont to feed on.

His principal amusement is to peep through the keyhole of a street-door at night with his bull's eye—especially if any one is looking at him. This is the great difficulty, however, for the policeman's clothes are of that deep, 'Invisible Blue" that persons have lived for years in London without seeing one. This is the reason, probably, when he is seen, that he throws so much light upon himself, as if the creature wished to engrave the fact of his curiosity strongly upon the recollection of the startled beholder by means of the most powerful illumination. Without some such proof, the incredulous world would never believe in the existence of a Model Policeman.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precint of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, June 17th, 1848.

A ROMANCE OF ROAST DUCKS.

"My darling, will you take a little of the—a—the stuffing?"
"I will, dear, if you do; but if you don't, I won't."

JENKINS AT DRURY LANE.

The spirit of Jenkins is not extinguished. Certainly not. It always wakes and shakes itself with the occasion. For instance, Jenkins visited Drury Lane last week, and having chronicled the "desecration of the classic temple where Garrick, Kemble, Siddons, Kean, and Grimaldi trod and tumbled," again faded in moonshine. Here, however, is the old accustomed Jenkinsonian touch. Jenkins speaks of the most earnest rioters. (For further particulars of some of them see the Old Bailey).

"Some of the most earnest shouted 'Britons, be *bricks!*' and 'Britons, support the British Drama!' and various *other* patriotic cries. Then came the National Anthem, sang capitally by a majority of the audience."

Nothing could be more apposite, more significant, than the frequent execution of "God save the Queen" during the *Monte Cristo* riot. Her Majesty, always having set the royal countenance against the undue encouragement of the foreign Drama, to the neglect of the English Stage, had the noblest right to the frequent bellowing of the National Anthem. It served as at once a compliment to the Queen and as a warning to the brick-like Britons.

However, let Jenkins proceed with his history:—

"All then was hushed in grim silence; but the lull was threatening in its aspect, and foretold the coming storm; and no sooner did the curtain rise, than one burst of indignation was yelled forth, sufficient to fright the Isle from its propriety. Up stood the Gallic Cocks, and crowed with might and main, and shook their *dingy wings*; but the roaring *of the British Lion*, and his determined front, were not thus to be put down."

We have been kindly favoured by Jenkins himself with a portrait of Cock and of Lion too; and it must be acknowledged that they are wonderfully faithful—crowing and roaring likenesses!

Flight of Genius.—Two or three of the Demosthenes' of the mob have been proving that they are far beyond the Specials in some respects; for there is no shutting one's eyes to the cleverness they have recently shown in *outrunning the constable.*

THEY SHOULD REFLECT, BUT THEY WON'T.

We quote the following, for the benefit of gentlemen at the Bar. It is Mr. Baron Parke who is speaking, in the Court of Exchequer.

"It was a great injustice to suitors that learned *gentlemen* should be absent when their services were required. They *should reflect* when they accepted briefs, whether they would be able to discharge the duties they owed their clients."

If a person obtains money under false pretences, he is indicted, but a barrister may take as many fees as he likes under the falsest pretences, and not be accountable for a single one! Worse than this, the suitor may be ruined by the non-attendance of his counsel, and the only remedy the poor man has, is the consolation of knowing that the barrister was defending a case in some other Court! A similar fraud would take a tradesman to the Old Bailey; but a barrister apparently has a license to steal to any amount he pleases. The days of highwaymen are not quite over. We could point to many a Dick Turpin in our law Courts, who, holding a brief, instead of a pistol, to a person's head, rifles him with all the gentility in the world, of his money. The wonder is, that the cry is not raised of "Stop thief!" And yet the Bar is called one of the *liberal* professions. We are afraid that the liberality is "all for themselves," and that the ruined client gets none of it. We recommend counsel to put at the bottom of their briefs, as is done with the playbills, the truthful announcement, "No money returned." It will save a deal of disappointment, which must be very annoying to the profession.

THE STEPS OF THE SEDITIONISTS.

One of our contemporaries, in speaking of the gatherings of the Bonner's Fields Ragamuffins, describes them as "bootless and irregular." We can answer for them being not only "bootless," but to a certain extent "shoeless;" and under these circumstances we are not surprised that they cannot place themselves upon a respectable footing. A report that one of the orators came to a recent meeting in a Clarence, would seem to indicate that he drove up in his private carriage; but on further inquiry, we ascertained that the individual in question did not ride to the ground in *a* Clarence, but walked thither in a pair of Clarences. These articles had been purchased by him as "warranted men's stout," and he had had extra nails driven into the soles, to make them more effective in trampling under foot the crown, the cabinet, the sceptre, the throne, the ministry, the middle classes, and everything else that our native rivals of the Indians at the Egyptian Hall are disposed to dance upon.

A Dilemma.

In consequence of the ill-treatment which Sir H. Bulwer experienced from the Spanish Government, ours retaliates upon that of Madrid by depriving it of a resident English Minister.

Will Mr. Hume, or some other gentleman, have the kindness to tell *Mr. Punch* which is supposed to be the country that, in this case, is made to suffer? Is it Spain, or is it this country?

If none but a first-class ambassador can transact our affairs in Spain, why send a second chop representative? It is injuring ourselves to spite our neighbours. If, on the contrary, a second-class man will do the work just as well as the greatest and best paid grandee that ever wore stars and garters, why not always employ second-class men, and save the money?

An answer, post paid, will oblige.

THE SCHOOL FOR SPOUTERS.

MR. ERNEST JONES, the eminent barrister, confessed at Bow Street that he was not well versed in the criminal part of his profession. HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, taking his ignorance into kind consideration, have allowed him to take a few lessons of the Attorney-General—only it is feared that the first sentence in his new studies will be of such a nature that he will not be able to get over it for several years to come. There are several other pupils in the same class, all equally uninformed; but it is to be hoped that when they see the bad example of MR. JONES, and what it has led him to, they will soon learn what is right, and not have occasion to take any lessons of the Attorney-General.

A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS'S.

THE cards for dinner having been issued, it became the duty of MRS. TIMMINS to make further arrangements respecting the invitations to the tea-party which was to follow the more substantial meal.

These arrangements are difficult, as any lady knows who is in the habit of entertaining her friends. There are—

People who are offended if you ask them to tea whilst others have been asked to dinner—

People who are offended if you ask them to tea at all; and cry out furiously, "Good Heavens! JANE, my love, why do these TIMMINSES suppose that I am to leave my dinner-table to attend their —— *soirée?*" (the dear reader may fill up the —— to any strength, according to his liking)—or, "Upon my word, WILLIAM, my dear, it is too much to ask us to pay twelve shillings for a Brougham, and to spend I don't know how much in gloves, just to make our curtsies in MRS. TIMMINS'S little drawing-room." MRS. MOSER made the latter remark about the TIMMINS affair, while the former was uttered by MR. GRUMPLEY, Barrister-at-Law, to his lady, in Gloucester Place.

That there are people who are offended if you don't ask them at all, is a point which I suppose nobody will question. TIMMINS'S earliest friend in life was SIMMINS, whose wife and family have taken a cottage at Mortlake for the season.

"We can't ask them to come out of the country," ROSA said to her FITZROY—(between ourselves, she was delighted that MRS. SIMMINS was out of the way, and was as jealous of her as every well-regulated woman should be of her husband's female friends)—we can't ask them to come so far for the evening."

"Why no, certainly," said FITZROY, who has himself no very great opinion of a tea-party; and so the SIMMINSES were cut out of the list.

And what was the consequence? The consequence was, that SIMMINS and TIMMINS cut when they meet at Westminster; that MRS. SIMMINS sent back all the books which she had borrowed from ROSA, with a withering note of thanks; that ROSA goes about saying that MRS. SIMMINS squints; that MRS. S., on her side, declares that ROSA is crooked, and behaved shamefully to CAPTAIN HICKS, in marrying FITZROY over him, though she was forced to do it by her mother, and prefers the Captain to her husband to this day. If, in a word, these two men could be made to fight, I believe their wives would not be displeased; and the reason of all this misery, rage, and dissension, lies in a poor little twopenny dinner-party in Lilliput Street.

Well, the guests, both for before and after meat, having been asked—old MRS. GASHLEIGH, ROSA'S mother—(and, by consequence, FITZROY'S *dear* mother-in-law, though I promise you that "dear" is particularly sarcastic)—MRS. GASHLEIGH of course was sent for, and came with MISS ELIZA GASHLEIGH, who plays on the guitar, and EMILY, who limps a little, but plays sweetly on the concertina. They live close by—trust them for that. Your mother-in-law is always within hearing, thank our stars for the attentions of the dear woman. The GASHLEIGHS, I say, live close by, and came early on the morning after ROSA'S notes had been issued for the dinner.

When FITZROY, who was in his little study, which opens into the little dining-room—one of those absurd little rooms that ought to be called a Gentleman's Pantry, and is scarcely bigger than a shower-bath, or a state cabin in a ship—when FITZROY heard his mother-in-law's knock, and her well-known scuffling and chattering in the passage, in which she squeezed up young BUTTONS, the page, while she put questions to him regarding baby, and the cook's health, and whether she had taken what MRS. GASHLEIGH had sent over night, and the housemaid's health, and whether MR. TIMMINS had gone to Chambers or not? and when, after this preliminary chatter, BUTTONS flung open the door, announcing—"MRS. GASHLEIGH and the young ladies," FITZROY laid down his *Times* newspaper with an expression that had best not be printed in a Journal which young people read, and took his hat and walked away.

MRS. GASHLEIGH has never liked him since he left off calling her Mamma, and kissing her. But he said he could not stand it any longer—he was hanged if he would. So he went away to Chambers, leaving the field clear to ROSA, Mamma, and the two dear girls.

—Or to one of them, rather; for before leaving the house, he thought he would have a look at little FITZROY up-stairs in the Nursery, and he found the child in the hands of his maternal aunt ELIZA, who was holding him and pinching him as if he had been her guitar, I suppose; so that the little fellow bawled pitifully—and his father finally quitted the premises.

No sooner was he gone, and although the party was still a fortnight off, yet the women pounced upon his little Study, and began to put it in order. Some of his papers they pushed up over the bookcase, some they put behind the Encyclopædia, some they crammed into the drawers, where MRS. GASHLEIGH found three cigars, which she pocketed, and some letters, over which she cast her eye; and by FITZ'S return they had the room as neat as possible, and the best glass and dessert-service mustered on the study-table.

It was a very neat and handsome service, as you may be sure MRS. GASHLEIGH thought, whose rich uncle had purchased it for the young couple, at SPODE AND COPELAND'S: but it was only for twelve persons.

It was agreed that it would be, in all respects, cheaper and better to purchase a dozen more dessert plates; and with "my silver basket in the centre," MRS. G. said (she is always bragging about that confounded bread-basket), "we need not have any extra china dishes, and the table will look very pretty."

On making a roll-call of the glass, it was calculated that at least a dozen or so tumblers, four or five dozen wines, eight water-bottles, and a proper quantity of ice-plates, were requisite; and that, as they would always be useful, it would be best to purchase the articles immediately. FITZ tumbled over the basket containing them, which stood in the hall, as he came in from Chambers, and over the boy who had brought them—and the little bill.

The women had had a long debate, and something like a quarrel, it must be owned, over the bill of fare. MRS. GASHLEIGH, who had lived a great part of her life in Devonshire, and kept house in great state there, was famous for making some dishes, without which, she thought, no dinner could be perfect. When she proposed her mock-turtle, and stewed pigeons, and gooseberry-cream, ROSA turned up her nose—a pretty little nose it was, by the way, and with a natural turn in that direction.

"Mock-turtle in June, mamma!" she said.

"It was good enough for your grandfather, ROSA," the mamma replied; "it was good enough for the Lord High Admiral, when he was at Plymouth; it was good enough for the first men in the county, and relished by LORD [illegible]TYSKEWER and LORD ROLLS; SIR LAWRENCE PORKER ate twice of it after Exeter Races; and I think it might be good enough for"——

"I will *not* have it, mamma!" said ROSA, with a stamp of her foot—and MRS. GASHLEIGH knew what resolution there was in that; once, when she had tried to physic the baby, there had been a similar fight between them.

So MRS. GASHLEIGH made out a *carte* in which the soup was left with a dash—a melancholy vacuum; and in which the pigeons were certainly thrust in amongst the *entrées;* but ROSA determined they never should make an *entrée* at all into *her* dinner-party, but that she would have the dinner her own way.

When FITZ returned, then, and after he had paid the little bill of £6 14*s.* 6*d.* for the glass, ROSA flew to him with her sweetest smiles, and the baby in her arms. And after she had made him remark how the child grew every day more and more like him, and after she had treated him to a number of compliments and caresses, which it were positively fulsome to exhibit in public, and after she had soothed him into good humour by her artless tenderness, she began to speak to him about some little points which she had at heart.

She pointed out with a sigh how shabby the old curtains looked since the dear new glasses which her darling FITZ had given her had been put up in the drawing-room. Muslin curtains cost nothing, and she must and would have them.

The muslin curtains were accorded. She and FITZ went and bought them at SHOOLBRED'S, when you may be sure she treated herself likewise to a neat, sweet, pretty half-mourning (for the Court, you know, is in mourning)—a neat sweet *barège*, or calimanco, or bombazine, or tiffany, or some such thing; but MADAME CAMILLE of Regent Street made it up, and ROSA looked like an angel in it on the night of her little dinner.

"And my sweet," she continued, after the curtains had been given in, "Mamma and I have been talking about the dinner. She wants to make it very expensive, which I cannot allow. I have been thinking of

a delightful and economical plan, and you, my sweetest FITZ, must put it into execution."

"I have cooked a mutton-chop, when I was in Chambers," FITZ said, with a laugh. "Am I to put on a cap and an apron?"

"No; but you are to go to the Megatherium Club (where, you wretch, you are always going without my leave), and you are to beg MONSIEUR MIROBOLANT, your famous cook, to send you one of his best aides-de-camp, as I know he will, and with his aid we can dress the dinner and the confectionery at home for *almost nothing*, and we can show those purse-proud TOPHAM SAWYERS and ROWDYS that the *humble cottage* can furnish forth an elegant entertainment as well as the gilded halls of wealth."

FITZ agreed to speak to MONSIEUR MIROBOLANT. If ROSA had had a fancy for the cook of the Prime Minister, I believe the deluded creature of a husband would have asked LORD JOHN for the loan of him.

THE COMING MAN.

WHO is the Coming Man?
Not RICHARD COBDEN: no, nor JOSEPH HUME,
Although a veteran
Reformer; nor our own illustrious BROUGHAM;
Nor of the Chartist crew
FEARGUS, the chief, nor MR. ERNEST JONES;
Nor MR. FUSSELL, who
Would of assassination make no bones;
Nor yet SIR ROBERT PEEL,—
Shuffling expediency too much his rule;
Nor can the Commonweal
Put faith in LORD GEORGE BENTINCK or his school;
Nor on Young English BEN,
Although the first the notion to suggest
Of wondrous Coming Men,
Can Britain's hopes of renovation rest.
The Coming Man is not
A Tory, a Conservative, or Whig,
Nor a Free Trader hot,
Nor staunch Protectionist.—A rush, a fig
For men of party sects,
Of narrow principles and views confined!
He whom JOHN BULL expects
Must be a man of independent mind.
No; *Punch*, long-headed *Punch*—
'Tis he who is the Man about to come,
Upon his stalwart hunch
The State to shoulder, and beneath his thumb
All factions to suppress,
All discord and disturbance to subdue,
To quell all strife.—Oh, yes!
Punch is the Coming Man—if not, then who?
Ah! Who? Why, there's the point—
Perhaps the Man of intellectual might,
The time that's out of joint
Predestined as a trivet to set right,
May be as yet unfrocked;
Is wrapp'd in swaddling-clothes, and wears a bib,
And now is crying—rock'd
To slumber in his cradle or his crib;
Perhaps he laughs and crows;
Perchance he is rejoicing in "Soojie,"
Or hush'd into repose
By DAFFY or by DALBY, it may be.
By teething's troubles rack'd,
Perhaps he tries the patience of his nurse;
Is being washed, or smack'd,
For conduct of correctness the reverse.
Yet, if he breathes—enough.
Rock'd, cradled, dress'd, or dandled—be it so;
Dredg'd with the powder-puff—
'Tis what we all have had to undergo—
Born to regenerate
His country, does it signify a jot
If one to be so great,
May now be covered up in a quart pot?

A Simple Answer to a Polite Question.

"CAN I show you anything more to-day, Sir?" asked the civil gentleman behind the counter, of his worthy customer.

"Yes," was the reply. "Will you be good enough to show me the silk umbrella I left here three weeks ago?"

THE MODEL LABOURER.

HE supports a large family upon the smallest wages. He works from twelve to fourteen hours a day. He rises early to dig in what he calls his garden. He prefers his fireside to the alehouse, and has only one pipe when he gets home, and then to bed. He attends church regularly, with a clean smockfrock and face on Sundays, and waits outside, when service is over, to pull his hair to his landlord, or, in his absence, pays the same reverence to the steward. Beer and he are perfect strangers, rarely meeting, except at Christmas or Harvest time; and as for spirits, he only knows them, like meat, by name. He does not care for skittles. He never loses a day's work by attending political meetings. Newspapers do not make him discontented, for the simple reason that he cannot read. He believes strongly in the fact of his belonging to the "Finest Peasantry." He sends his children to school somehow, and gives them the best boots and education he can. He attributes all blights, bad seasons, failures, losses, accidents, to the repeal of the Corn Laws. He won't look at a hare, and imagines, in his respect for rabbits, that JACK SHEPPARD was a poacher. He whitewashes his cottage once a year. He is punctual with his rent, and somehow, by some rare secret best known by his wages, he is never ill. He knows absolutely nothing beyond the affairs of his parish, and does not trouble himself greatly about them. If he has a vote, it is his landlord's, of course. He joins in the cry of "Protection," wondering what it means, and puts his X most innocently to any farmer's petition. He subscribes a penny a week to a Burial Society. He erects triumphal arches, fills up a group of happy tenants, shouts, sings, dances—any mockery or absurdity, to please his measter. He has an incurable horror of the Union, and his greatest pride is to starve sooner than to solicit parish relief. His children are taught the same creed. He prefers living with his wife to being separated from her. His only amusement is the Annual Agricultural Fat-and-Tallow Show; his greatest happiness, if his master's pig, which he has fattened, gets the prize. He struggles on, existing rather than living, infinitely worse fed than the beasts he gets up for the Exhibitions—much less cared about than the soil he cultivates, toiling, without hope, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, his wages never higher—frequently less—and perhaps after thirty years' unceasing labour, if he has been all that time with the same landlord, he gets the munificent reward of six-and-twopence, accompanied, it is true, with a warm eulogium on his virtues by the President (a real Lord), for having brought up ten children and several pigs upon five shillings a-week. This is the MODEL LABOURER, whose end of life is honourably fulfilled if he is able, after a whole life's sowing for another, to reap a coffin for himself to be buried in!

Two Mare's Nests.

AN old lady writing to her bosom friend in the country, and wishing to frighten her as much as possible about the "agitated state of the metropolis," wrote as follows:—"Will you believe it, my dear, that for days past they have been busy erecting a scaffolding at the top of St. Paul's, on which cannon are to be planted to fire down upon the Chartists if they attempt to rise! The same precaution is being taken at Westminster Abbey." The poor innocent creature had mistaken the engineering galleries put up for the survey of the metropolis, for military outworks!

A Hint to Artists.

THE present age is not very rich in subjects for grand historical paintings; but we think we have one to suggest, which is at the service of any artist who will send us fifty pounds for the idea—the money to be expended in cutting the hair and shaving off the moustachios of five thousand poor Frenchmen. The subject we have to propose is the Grand Allegory of the Catspaw, in which LORD PALMERSTON should represent the Monkey, using the hand, or rather the paw, of SIR HARRY BULWER, who should be made to appear as the Cat, engaged in the awkward operation of burning his fingers by meddling with the Spanish chesnuts.

HOW TO ESTABLISH A NEW PAPER.—Circulate a report that ROTHSCHILD is connected with it.

A DISHONOURED BILL.

We are surprised the French Company at Drury Lane Theatre did not alter its bills, and announce what the performance was really likely to be, instead of inviting the public to go and witness the play of *Monte Cristo*, when not a single word of it was audible. If the bill had furnished a faithful announcement of what would take place, it should have been headed—

"Great Attraction! A Real Charivari!"

and it should have gone on to state that—

"The performances will commence with the celebrated *Whistling Overture*, to be followed by *God Save the Queen*, played by the band and sung by the audience. In the course of the evening, the grand chorus of *Off, off, and Away!* will be sung by several hundred voices; and in order to give as much variety as possible to the evening's amusement, the noble art of self-defence will be illustrated by a rapid succession of pugilistic encounters in the dress boxes and in other parts of the theatre. The whole will be accompanied by an uninterrupted exhibition of dumb show by the members of the French Company, who will form themselves into a constantly changing series of *tableaux vivans*, from half-past seven until half-past eleven. "Several English actors from the Theatres Royal, Surrey, Victoria, Olympic, Grecian Saloon, Bower, &c. &c., will have the honour of appearing in the dress-circle, for the purpose of going through their recitations with appropriate action, after the manner of the Gutta Percha Indefatigables, the Kamschatka Cousins, and other popular parties of Unbendables, Unbelieveables and Unbearables."

This would have been the proper programme of the performances of the French Company at Drury Lane. As it is, the actors of the Théâtre Historique, having advertised one thing and done another, the members of the Company have rendered themselves liable to a Bill in Chancery to compel specific performance.

Shakspeare. "Oh, my dear *Punch*, save me from such friends!"

WHO IS DAT KNOCKING AT DE DOOR?

A Nigger Melody, to be Sung by Lord John Russell *in the character of an Ethiopian Serenader.*

I had just been having a little bit of spree,
And saying, "For Reform no demand there can be;"
I'd come from the House and had just gone to bed,
When from Downing Street window I pok'd out my head:
Dere was some one knocking at de door.
"Who is dat knocking at de door?
"Am dat you, Bob?"—"No, it am Joe."
"Well: you ain't good looking, and you'd better go;
And dere's no use knocking at de door any more,
Dere's no use knocking at de door."

"Who is dat knocking at de door,
Making such a noise with his lib'ral jaw?
I'll call at de House, and tell 'em as how
You only want to kick up a row.
Am dat you, Joe?"—"No, it am Dick."

Spoken. "What! Dick Cobden?"—"Yes, Dick Cobden, who gave you such a lift with the corn, that might have been too much for you."

"Well! he arn't good looking, and he can't come in."

Den dey knock at de door with a precious din,
And at last they completely force it in.
In came Reformers, one, two, three,
Saying, "Come, Nigger Russell, you must wid me."
"Who is dat knocking at de door?
Who is dat knocking at de door?
Am dat you, Joe?"—"No, it am Bob;
He's the only fellow that can do the job."

They took me to de Commons, and I stay all night;
I neber sleep a wink, though in sleep I delight;
My trance they break, and my rivals grow
To see my slumbers broken by poor old Joe.
'Twas he came knocking at de door;
He keeps on knocking at de door.
"Is dat you, Ben?"—"No, it am Joe."
"Well, you can't come in; so away you'd better go."

A GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

Mob-Orator. "TELL ME, MINION! IS IT THE INTENTION OF YOUR PROUD MASTERS AT ALL HAZARDS TO PREVENT OUR DEMONSTRATION?"

Magistrate (*blandly*). "YES, SIR."

Mob-Orator. "THEN KNOW, OH MYRMIDON OF THE BRUTAL WHIGS, THAT I SHALL GO HOME TO MY TEA, AND ADVISE MY COMRADES TO DO THE SAME!"

LE THÉÂTRE HISTORIQUE AT DRURY LANE.

UNNING over with cosmopolitan benevolence, *Punch* visited Drury Lane on the occasion of that theatre commencing its fourth season within eight months, under MONS. JULLIEN'S management. It began as a Turkish Tent in October, it became a grand Opera House before Christmas, and ere March had found its ides, it had lost its identity by conversion into an arena for horsemanship. FRANCONI strutted where KEAN had trod, and AURIOL shrieked *La, la!* on the very spot once devoted to the *La, la, la!* of our PATONS, our STEPHENSES, our TREES, and our BRAHAMS. Horses pranced where VEDY had capered, and grooms occupied the ground once filled with a happy dramatic peasantry at eighteen-pence per night, or a stalwart band of chorus-singing carousers, culled from the very flower of British basses and baritones.

Every sort of desecration and degradation had been visited on poor Drury Lane, and it had even been made an accessory before the fact in the circulation of the engravings of the Art-Union; but even this humiliation had been permitted. It had been suffered to lend its agency in sending home the murderous steel to the public, in the shape of wretched prints that carried with them their own proofs of worthlessness. Having seen all this, we fancied that such a minor offence as bringing the Company of one of the lesser Parisian theatres to Drury Lane would have been passed over as a comparatively trifling delinquency.

After various announcements and postponements, *Monte Cristo* was positively advertised as "A Grand Drama in Ten Acts, occupying two evenings in its performance." There had been a difficulty about the licence, for the Lord Chamberlain had been compelled to get one of our British dramatists, on whom a portion of the paletot of PLANCHÉ is supposed to have fallen, to translate the Drama, for the purpose of having all the blasphemy and sedition taken out of it. This operation was a good deal like gutting a house; extracting the jam from a jam tart; separating the meat from the sandwich; depriving the Surrey seaman of his hornpipe and his ducks; or leaving out all the venom from a speech of MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. *Monte Cristo* was accordingly reduced to such a mere skeleton, that the licenser could not find a single bone to pick with it.

We began to wonder how two nights could possibly be occupied with such an attenuated affair; and we thought that even if there were too much for one night, there would never be enough for two, in the paltry trash that was about to be presented to the British public as a dramatic repast for a couple of evenings. We had heard there was to be an opposition from the British dramatists; but, as we knew that compact little body could not by possibility spread itself into anything beyond a single private box, we did not apprehend much disturbance from that quarter. We knew, moreover, that even if the playwrights were to congregate, though they might be numerous enough, they would never be so ungrateful as to go and quarrel with their bread-and-butter, by evincing hostility towards a French melodrama.

It would be something like suicide on the part of these gentlemen, to hiss a production of the Parisian stage, and we knew they would go and see a French play with all the veneration and respect that a child would feel for the author of its existence.

No sooner had the doors opened, and the French musicians taken their places in the orchestra, than those great engines of public opinion, the catcall and the whistle, began to exert their influence. That astounding reasoner, the street-door key, acted upon as it was by all the force of fervid flatulence, silenced everything in the shape of argument on the other side; and, if ÆOLUS had taken the first row of the pit for himself and friends, he could not have dealt out heavier blows than were puffed forth from the lungs of a generous British audience. In vain did the band attempt to abate the storm by throwing the oil of *God Save the Queen* on the troubled waters.

At length, after a dumb overture, of which "not a drum was heard," the curtain rose upon the deck of the *Pharaoh*, and the vessel encountered such a storm as its crew had not looked for. There was pantomime on the stage met by opposition pantomime among the audience; fists were shaken from box to box; hands were laid upon hearts; umbrellas were hoisted; handkerchiefs and shawls were waved; orange-peel was hurled upon the stage; and amidst all this din, the actors were going through their parts as if they had been playing before a perfectly attentive audience. At one time an old man came tottering on to the stage, when he was pounced upon by one of the other actors, and affectionately mauled, after the usual French fashion—an incident which, on reference to the printed Programme, we found to be "the tender and affecting meeting of *Edmond* and his father." In another scene, a member of the *corps dramatique* began to skip about with frantic energy, which at first we thought betokened the sudden loss of the actor's senses at the uncourteousness of his reception; but the Argument informed us that it was merely *Mercedes* rendered "wild with joy" at the arrival of *Edmond*.

In a subsequent scene two of the principal characters were crawling about a dungeon, and occasionally getting under an old bedstead, upon which they ultimately sat down in apparently very earnest conversation, in the course of which we are told "*Dantes* learns from *Faria*, who has a profound knowledge of the human heart, the probable motives of his incarceration." We must have had a very profound knowledge of the human countenance if we could have gathered this fact from the looks of the two individuals sitting *tête-à-tête* at the back of the stage, and "looking unutterable things," or uttering inaudible things while perched on a practicable bedstead. When it came to a discussion of "probable motives," we thought it high time to retire, and accordingly, giving the thing up as a hopeless affair, we left the theatre.

In the course of the evening, JULLIEN came forward and went through a series of contortions of the most extraordinary character. He pulled half-a-crown out of his pocket, rammed his finger down his throat, pointed up to the chandelier, cast his eyes down the hole through which the foot-lights are drawn up, and set his lips in motion at a fearful rate for five minutes together. What he meant by all these displays of physical force, it is impossible to tell; but we could see that emotion shook his whiskers to their very roots, and that passion gave fearful activity to his eye-balls. His nose quivered to its very centre, and the colour turned to ashes on his lip; but not a single syllable was heard, nor would there have been had he possessed the power of one of his own monster ophycleides. *Monte Cristo* may well take two evenings in the representation, when so little progress is made in the course of one performance. Those who may have gone this week to see the second part, will know quite as much of the matter as those who witnessed the first, and the interest will be equal for all, whether they did or did not form part of the first audience.

A Matter of Course.

AT a Meeting at the Literary Institution, Leicester Square, on the Health of Towns Measure, DOCTOR GAVIN said—

"TO DOCTOR SOUTHWOOD SMITH was due the merit of having originated the present sanitary movement."

This fact is made emphatically evident by the neglectful manner in which DOCTOR SMITH has been treated by the Government. The "originator" of a great public benefit is of course the one especial person to be overlooked, when through his energy—and DOCTOR SMITH has devoted means, time, and the greater treasure, health—the benefit is accomplished. All the appointments are made; yet do we in vain seek among them for the name of DOCTOR SOUTHWOOD SMITH. This is a most disgraceful *erratum* to the Whig Cabinet.

THE CHISWICK FLOWER SHOW.

THE Horticultural Fête of the 10th of June was one continual shower-bath, to which the elements, with their accustomed liberality, afforded their gratuitous contributions. Having heard, probably, of cheap baths and washhouses for the poor, the reigning Powers thought that the rich might have no objection to the same luxury. The band played several quadrilles, as usual, but *La Poule*, in consequence of the puddles, was the only figure that seemed appropriate. One of our contemporaries says that the showers gave a refreshing greenness to the aspect of the plants; but the greenness of the sprigs of fashion, who had come out upon the occasion, was, we should think, more striking than the viridity of the foliage.

Special Dramatic Constables.

THE feeling of indignation at the late invasion of the French actors is very strong indeed among the English translators. Many of the Members of the Dramatic Authors' Society have sworn themselves in as Special Constables, to take up every French subject directly the said subject shall appear.

GUIDE TO THE INSOLVENT DEBTORS' COURT.—The surest way, lately, of getting there has been to turn Mob Orator.

THE PRESERVER OF THE PUBLIC PEACE.

CERTAINLY Old AQUARIUS is the most loyal subject in HER MAJESTY'S dominions. We imagine he keeps a shower-bath ready for every disorderly meeting, and directly he sees the pickpockets assemble, flop! he pulls the string, and down falls the jolly rain, carrying desolation, colds, and rheumatism everywhere.

The Seditionists, too, should like old AQUARIUS. He cools their ardour, and keeps them out of rows, in which the only glory to be gained is a broken head. He has always a "drop" at their disposal, and sprinkles discretion on their turbulent heat. Lately, he has been the Mob's Best Friend, and has snatched many a red-hot FUSSELL out of the fire, which the military have orders always to keep ready for those who are determined to stir up the embers of sedition.

The Propagandists, also, should be thankful to MONSIEUR AQUARIUS; for, has he not supplied the water in Trafalgar Square, which has given them a gratuitous washing, when they stood on the brink of a harsher treatment? A little water did them all the good in the world, especially with the towelling they afterwards received, and has prevented them getting out of their depth by dabbling in the troubled waters of anarchy and French revolution.

The Government should be grateful as well to our peace-loving AQUARIUS; for he is without doubt the most faithful Special Constable that can be found in England. He has only to raise his bucket, and hundreds disperse. His staff must be a barometer that always points to wet. Might we ask him, as an additional favour, to get the public meetings always appointed in Vauxhall Gardens—his hereditary property—for then we should care no more for a public demonstration than we do for a Grand Gala night, or 40,000 additional lamps. The result must inevitably end in rain, and lots of it!

We vote that a public testimonial be got up to AQUARIUS. The best form for it to take would be a tremendous Pump, the spouts to consist of portraits of the most distinguished orators: the longest spouter to be, of course, MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

A Difficult Move.

THE *Suffolk Chronicle* gives us the particulars of how a house was moved seventy feet, quite entire and uninjured, at Ipswich. It seems it was done by mechanical means, and greased timber. The same parties should be invited to come up to London to move the House of Commons; though, probably, it would defy the best machinery in the country, as long as LORD JOHN is inside it, and opposes every popular movement. We warn him to give way, or else the House, when it is moved, will be brought about his ears in such a manner that he will regret not having one of the above greased timbers to enable him (as JENKINS, in his rose-water diction would say), to "cut his stick upon."

ERNEST JONES'S LOCKER.—Newgate.

THE AQUATIC FÊTE AT CHISWICK.

MOST of the Plants were not enumerated at the last Horticultural Show. We suppose the heaviness of the rain blinded the eyes of the reporters. We repair the showery omission. Amongst those which excited the most attention were—

THE DROOPING LILY—a beautiful specimen, carried off by MISS MONTAGUE, of Tavistock Square.

THE AQUATIC ROSE.—The colours at first were very vivid, but towards noon they faded terribly, owing, it is supposed, to too much water. The head was surmounted by lovely flowers of a beautiful feathery texture, of several colours; but they drooped too much, and ultimately broke, though a parasol was carefully held over them all the day. Awarded to MISS EMILY SMITH, of London.

THE WATERY BLUE-BELLE.—Cultivated by MISS WATERS, of Peckham. A very slender plant, almost too delicate for the open air. The hues, which were of a delicious cerulean sickly *nuance*, soon went, though they were wrapt up in a thick mackintosh covering, which an officer had kindly thrown over the beautiful flower to protect it from the pelting shower.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.—Carried off by MRS. A'WHOPPER, of Buttercup Lodge, Fulham: the exterior very exceedingly showy, and the proportions very large. The upper part was white, slightly touched with streaks of red, of a bright *rouge* complexion; but the beauty of this soon disappeared, for after the first shower there was scarcely a trace of it left. This plant was very heavy, and required the assistance of two strong footmen to lift it out of the carriage. Towards the afternoon it was observed to sink very much, and was only kept up by a few drops of cherry-brandy, after which it revived a little, and kept up its head with refreshed vigour.

There were some most curious parasite plants, such as the OLD MAN, brought from the Oriental Club, who in the rain looked greener than ever, and would cling to the ladies' dresses; and the SWEET WILLIAM, reared in the Albany—that rare outhouse for fast plants—and that kept annoying the ladies terribly, till it was obliged to be cut, and ultimately carried out on a wheelbarrow from the place.

The *fête* altogether gave the greatest satisfaction to those who are fond of the good old aquatic sports of England; and it is supposed that the Society cleared off their property the following day, no less than 253 buckets of rain-water. The Gardens had never before such a perfect bumper.

NO FOREIGN ARTISTS!

THE same spirit of hostility against foreigners burst out last Monday week, at Greenwich Fair as well as at Drury Lane. When the *Ghost* at RICHARDSON'S came on, as usual, in the fifth act, he was received with orange-peel and loud cries of "Off! Off!" It seems that the rumour had been industriously spread, by agents of SCOWTON, that the *Ghost* at RICHARDSON'S was a Frenchman! However, proof to the contrary was soon given, by his coming forward, and, in very good Irish, "intrating the indulgence of a British audience, which had never been denied to a British Ghost before." This quelled the rising storm, and he was allowed to point to *Don Ferdinando* as his murderer, and to descend with him quietly below, without any further interruption. The curtain fell amidst the most prodigal display of blue fire that has been known for years.

The Sapient Pig Toby would have fallen a martyr, likewise, to the same prejudice, only he had the presence of mind to hang outside his booth a certificate from his medical attendant (an eminent pork-butcher), testifying that he was "no *cochon*, or German, or Italian, or Chinese Pig, but a genuine native of Hampshire." In consequence of this precaution, the "spell" of his performance was not broken once, and he escaped being prematurely hurried into that land of black puddings, from which no pig was ever known to return.

THE FIVE SOUS BANQUET.

WE must beg leave to dispute with our Parisian neighbours the originality of the Republican idea of giving five sous banquets to the populace. The notion is evidently copied from the once popular CANN of St. Giles's, who obtained considerable renown a few years ago, by furnishing to the public what, in the emphatic language of his own placards, he designated "a devilish good dinner for twopence-halfpenny." This *repas diabolique* consisted—if our memory does not betray us—of a terrific mess, which CANN energetically termed "a jorum," of little bits of beef, saturated in a pint of water surrounding a large tract of potato, which swam about like a floating island in the middle. This was served out in a basin, and has evidently formed the basis of the five sous banquets. It is not improbable that LORD BROUGHAM, whose establishment in France goes by the name of CANNES, may have imported the idea into the country of his adoption.

Abd-el-kader at Toulon, 14
Adaptation from Shakspeare (An), 73
Advance of Russia, 74
Ærial Mail (The), 155
Æsop in London, 108
Affecting Incident, 61
After Dinner Conversation (An), 182
After Events, 247
Allegorical Gentleman in Difficulties (An), 159
Alsatia Restored, 49
American Parliamentary Summary, 146
Anglo-Dutch Village (An), 132
Anti-English Movement in France, 160
Approach of Summer, 247
Aquatic Fête at Chiswick (The), 264
Arithmetical Questions, 57
Arms of the See of Manchester, 57
Art amongst the Lamp-posts, 92
Art as Applied to Twelfth Cakes, 15
Art of Fighting a Duel (The), 181
Art of Fraternising (The), 186
Art of Making Yourself Unpopular (The), 108
Art of Receiving a Deputation (The), 96
Astral Literature, 269
Astronomical Amusements, 183
Asylum of Europe (The), 164
Atrocious Assault, 135
Autobiography of Mr. Briefless, 20, 44, &c.
Awful Position of Mr. Dunup at Boulogne, 96
Awful Sufferings of a British Husband, 244
Balfe and his Baton, 142
Bank of Character, 93
Bar—its Ragged School (The), 16
Battle of Limerick (The), 195
Beadle's Dream, 56
Bear Garden (A), 227
Begging at Epsom, 225
Bellow by John Bull (A), 41
Bit of True Philosophy, 153
Black Job (A), 71
Bo-peep of the Bourbons (The), 100
Bowbell Farces, 25
Breach of Privilege, 31
British Manufactures Triumphant, 213
British Tree of Liberty, 234
Brougham a Frenchman? 172
Brougham on Government, 174
Brougham on Law and Punch on Brougham, 208
Brummagem Byron (A), 146
Bumble Letters (The), 225, 236
Calamitous Visitation, 243
Canine or Canonical, 3
Case of Gammon, 63
Case of Real Distress (A), 92, 107
Catch them at it, 209
Catnach Collection, 43
Catnach Hebrew Melodies, 83
Change for the Better (A), 53
Charity and Pikes, 156
Chateau de Wig-box, Cannes, 196
Cheap Tax Gathering, 116
Chickens for the Million, 127
Chiswick Flower Show (The), 263
Chloroform at Billingsgate, 87
Christmas Bills for Parliament, 4
Christmas Boxes for Government, 5
City Tolls (The), 181
Claremont Court Circular, 161
Classics and the Commons, 13
Clearing up a Mistake, 160
Clerical Comedy, 2
Clerkenwell Poets (The), 246
"Club des Femmes" (The), 218
Cochrane Demonstration (The), 188
Cochrane's Monster Meeting, 192
Cock and Hen Colours, 135
Cockroach's Progress, 191
Cold Water Cure (The), 160
Colville's School for Poaching, 192
Comfort in Shaving, 44
Coming Comet (The), 56
Coming Man (The), 259
Compliment to our Neighbours (A), 93
Conflict of the Coats, 205
Conscience Money, 169, 227, 255
Contempt of the County Court, 162
Contrary Winds, 52
Counterfeit Coin, 100
Country Quarters, 41
Cromwell Letters (The), 2
Cry from the Casserole (A), 159
Curiosities of Echoes, 219
Curiosities of Leap Year, 67
Curious Patient, 161
Cutler's Lament, 51
Day Sleeper (The), 188
Dead Alive (The), 3
Dean and Dr. Hampden (The), 12
Decencies of Life (The), 47
Delectable Ballad of the Four Kings of Italy, 164
Detoxicant (The), 87
Difficult Move (A), 264
Dilemma (A), 257
Dishonoured Bill (A), 260
Doings at a "Certain Church," 74
Drawing-room for the Million, 213
Dreadful Destitution, 218
Dream of the Future (A), 107
Drury Lane Spectral Fund, 245
Duke's Grammar (The), 22
Dungeon Keep (A), 51
Effects of our own Revolution, 130
Elastic Baby Jumper, 57
Emblem for Ireland, 138
Emigration from France, 165
English Agitator (The), 116
English Definitions for an Irish Dictionary, 214
English Season, 132
Equal to the Emergency, 144
Euclid Outdone, 72
Exchequer in a Fix, 255
Excuses for not going to the Derby, 234
Exiled Londoner, 32
Exotics of Scotland, 44
Expected Downfall of the Stage, 3
Fallacies of the Faculty, 122
False Reports, 52
Family in Arches' Court (The), 5
Family Man (A), 240
Fantastic Exhibitions, 228
Fashionable Laboratories, 88
Fashions for 1848, 72
Fashions Foretold for the Fair, 91
Fast Clergymen, 217
Female Disabilities, 88
Few Pardonable Words about Ourselves, 194
Fine Arts, 13, 84
Fine Young Irish Gentleman (The), 152
Finery, Dirt, and Disease, 54
Finest Actor in Europe, 32
Firelocks and Free Trade, 14
First Sampler of the Invasion, 46
Fishing Extraordinary, 151
Five Minutes' Advice on Railway Royalty, 106
Five Sous Banquet (The), 264
Flutterings of the Feathered Tribe, 94
Fortifications for the Interior, 47
Free and Easy Felony, 230
French Ambassador, 140
French at Brighton, 13, 42
French Dictation, 47
French Editor (A), 227
French Princes (The), 139
French Sympathisers, 170
Gallipot Companions, 46
Game Fancy Fair (A), 75
Gentlemen in Difficulties, 30
Genuine Doo (A), 91
German Impressions, 9
Gin-and-water Cure for Low Spirits, 5
Gocarts for Adults, 24
Gold and Silver Washing, 25
Golden Gleanings, 45
Good Exchange, 155
Gotobed Letters (The), 163
Grand National Fancy Fair, 121
Grand Theatrical Effect, 24
Great Bargain, 174
Great Clock Movement, 52
Great Day for Scotland, 194
Great Meeting of Petticoat Favourites, 193
Great Unburdened (The), 117
Great Window Breaker (The), 111
Gutta Percha again, 186
Hamadryad of the Boulevards (The), 129
Handbill by the Hangman, 127
Hard Blow (A), 142
Hazard of the Die (The), 233
Hint for Exeter Hall, 156
Hint for the Court Newsman, 55
Hint to Artists (A), 259
Hints for Mr. Anstey's next Monster Motion, 94
Hints for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 98
History of the Income-Tax, 93
How to Ascertain the Depth of Snow, 45
How to dress a Revolution, 132
How to Dispose of your Sympathisers, 151
How to Tame Ireland, 166
How to Treat a Propagandist, 182
Hurry Skurry Taxation, 123
Illustrations of Low Art, 118
Imperial Rothschild, 145
Inglis—Church—Constitution, 56
International Tit for Tat, 120
Invasion Small Talk, 14
Ireland's Real Disorder, 57
Irish Dragon (The), 214
Irish Game Laws, 29
Irish Gems, 153
Irish Members and the Income-Tax, 128
Irish Price Current, 161
Irish Quarters, 29
Irish Ranters (The), 139
Irish Scævola, 246
"It is Our Opening Day," 185
Jenkins at Drury Lane, 257
Jobson in the Suburbs, 249
John Bull and Johnny Crapaud, 233
Joke from Chancery Lane, 170
Jokes Absolutely Thrown Away, 173
Kettle has Done it all (The), 23
King O'Phillips for Ireland, 103
Kings in their Cock-boats (The), 146
La Suite d'une Revolution, 120
Ladies' Art of Betting, 218
Last Days of London, 155
Last Moments of a Republican (The), 110
Led by the "Noes," 143
Legislative Candour, 76
Letter on our National Defences, 5
Liberality of Rumour, 78
Limerick Tragedy (The), 196
Little Dinner at Timmins's (A), 219, 247, 258
Little Lessons for Little Statesmen, 88
Livery of Seisin, 117
London Taken by the French, 10
Looking-glasses for Birds, 38
Loopholes of Bribery, 141
Lord Chamberlain (The), 254
Lord George's Lament, 65
Lord John Russell's Bowl of Bishop, 31
Lord Nelson to Punch, 123
Lost Game (The), 105
Louis-Philippe's Valentine to the Queen of Spain, 64
Magnificent Patriot (A), 145
Making Game, 142
Making the Most of Them, 229
Markets (The), 87
Martyrdom of the Dean of Hereford, 14
Matter of Course (A), 263
Mayday's Liberty Trees, 204
Mecca of England, 43
Medical Maiden (A), 117
Mercy for Annette Meyers, 107
Mercy with a Vengeance, 83
Memoir of Mr. Mitchel, 140
Mitchel "at Home," 110
Mivart's Hotel, 97
Model Agitator (The), 130
Model Bachelor (The), 243
Model Baby (The), 216
Model Daughter (The), 230
Model Gentleman (The), 226
Model Governess (A), 51
Model Husband (The), 179
Model Labourer (The), 259
Model Magistrate (The), 176
Model Maid-of-all-work, 32
Model M. P. (The), 118
Model Policeman (The), 256
Model Sponge (The), 56
Model Wife (The), 187
Monetary Country Dances, 10
Monster Motion, 82
Moon's Changes (The), 138
More Atrocity, 67
More Fallacies of the Irish, 5
Mottoes for the Taxes, 77
Moves in the Right Direction, 237
Mr. Chisholm Anstey, 66
Mr. Dunup's Failure, 15
Mr. Polk's Olive Branch, 2
Mr. Punch for Repeal, 81
Mr. Smith and Moses, 127
Mr. Snob's Remonstrance, 217
Mrs. Glass's History of France, 99
Music of the Mob, 243
Mysteries of the Initials, 86
Mystery Unravelled (The), 98

NARROW Escape (The), 191
National Conveyance, 7
Ne Puff Ultra (The), 220
Nelson Column Emeute (The), 110
New Maps for Old Ones, 138
New Menagerie (A), 205
Nobility at the Pyramids, 169
No Foreign Artists! 264
OLD and New Staff, 224
Old and New Toys, 76
Old Clo, 213
Old Heads on New Shoulders, 121
Old Israel to Young Israel, 68
Ominous, 105
Omnibus Ingenuity, 253
On the new Forward Movement, 207
Oracles, 233
Ornithological Reverse of Fortune, 191
Our Barry-eux Tapestry, 33, 34, 35, &c.
Our Extraordinary Expresses, 98
Our Foreign Correspondents, 145, 210
Our Foreign Expresses, 151
Our Irish Prize Bull, 51
Our Legal Heroes, 73
Our National Defences, 132
Our Native Language in Danger of Invasion, 48
Our Parisian Court Circular, 152
Our Plan for Fortifying London, 31
Our Prize Translation, 12
Oxford Doings and Oxford Duns, 21
PADDY Redivivus, 239
Paid Bill (The), 54
Pantomime Distress, 43
Panic in the Joke Market, 248
Panes and Penalties, 74
Parallel Points, 124
Paris, 166, 203, 253
Paris Deputations, 152
Paris in London, 223
Parliamentary Grammar, 84
Patentees of Government, 106
Patriotism at a Discount, 105
Paying the Piper, 67
Pearls from Punch's Album, 43
Perpetual Invasion, 106
Persecution of British Footmen, 131, 143
Persons Missing, 154
Petition from Peter Pindar the Third, 185
Philanthropist (A), 159
Philosophical Stanzas, 4
Picture of a Home, 78
Playwrights and Plagiarists, 3
Pleasant Country (The), 12
Please Observe the Address, 15
Police Intelligence, "Dropping a Bill," 105
Political Aphis (The), 155
Political Barometer, 96
Political Brothers, 108
Political Laughing Chorus (The), 111
Porcupine with many Friends, 247
Portfolio (The), 205
Portraits of the French Deputies, 203
"Post" Donkeys, 55
Post Office Labours, 91
Potato Conspiracy, 255
Preserver of the Public Peace (The), 261
Punch at the Cirque, 128
Punch on Street Fighting, 186
Punch Rifles, 85
Punch's Court Circular, 15
Punch's Maxims Moralized, 100, 118, &c.
Punch's Milk Jug, 239
Punch's New Battery, 2
Punch's Parliament, 215
Punch's Political Economy, 229
Punch's Poems of Parliament, 61
Punch's Police, 173
Punch's Testimonial to Himself, 1
Punning and Punchslaughter, 192
Pure Patriotism, 144
Purveyors to the Queen, 3
Pride of the City, 72
Prince Hal and Prince Al. 228
Prince Louis-Napoleon, 105
Prize Problems, 84
Professors' Professions, 25
Progress of Art (The), 142
Prophetic Speech for Lord John (A), 210
QUEER File (A), 52
Questions at the Examination of Attorneys, 76
Questions for Anybody who chooses to Answer them, 159
Questions for the Examination of Attorneys, 46, 71
RAGGED REVOLUTION, 176
Railway Architecture, 219
Railway Charges, 218
Railway Reports, 110
Rappell (The), 248
Rather Serious, 139
Rather Too Bad, 62
Real Fraternity, 149
Real Invasion (A), 67
Reform your Flags, 161
Reform your Premier's Bills, 77
Reform your Sentry-boxes, 66
Register! Register! 155
Rejected Jokes, 203
Republic of Letters (The), 136
Respectability in Ireland, 55
Respectability in Sausage-makers, 22
Return of the Absentees (The), 130
Reverse of Fortune, 71
Revolution in the Drama, 238
Reward of Merit, 135
Rival Monsters (The), 91
Robbery by a Gentleman of Fortune, 155
Romance of Advertising, 139
Romance of History, 99
Romance of Roast Ducks (A), 257
Royal Domestic Economy, 20
Royal Game of Goose, 140
Rules for Lord John, 98
SALT-PETRE Enthusiasm, 57
Satisfaction from Sir Robert Inglis, 111
School for Princes, 238
School for Spouters (The), 258
Secrets of Theatres, 54
Sentiments of a Squire (The), 248
Serious Lecture on Broad Grins (A), 165
Shade of Jenkins, 58
Shakspeare an Alien, 246
Short Cut to Posterity, 208
Should Old Acquaintance be Forgot? 229
Shower of Newspapers, 225
"Silence in the Gallery," 2
Sleeping Beauty (The), 250
Smoke, 236
Something New at Last, 159
Something of National Importance, 7
Something that beats Cock-Fighting, 22
Song for the Lumber-Troop, 25
Song of the Arrested One, 123
Song of the new Volume, 2
Song of the Sluggard, 240
Song of the Turkey (The), 9
Song of the Propagandist, 254
Songs of the Rail, 24
Spanish Achilles (A), 74
Special, 159
Special Engine (A), 111
Squeezeables (The), 209
St. Helena the Second, 106
St. James's Clock, 86
Steam Chickens, 82
Steps of the Seditionists (The), 257
Story without an End (The), 72
Strange Spell, 121
Strangest Metamorphosis (The), 127
Stupid Art of Prophesying, 154
Sudden Death of Mr. Whig, 86
Suggestive Titles, 119
Sunday Balls, 33
Sunday at Exeter Hall, 37
Sunlight and Gaslight, 25
"Superior" Pony (A), 83
Survey of London, 84
Swedish Nightingale (The), 197
Sweets of Sedition, 174
"TAKEN in, and Done for," 16
Talbot and Tuam, 67
Temple Earthquake (The), 12
Théâtre Historique at Drury Lane (Le), 263
They should Reflect, but they won't, 257
They won't be Quiet, 195
Thick and Thin Advocacy, 2
Thing to make Light of (A), 5
Three Births of France (The), 93
Time for Poaching (The), 36
To R. A.'s in General, 161
To Sovereigns in Difficulties, 129
To the Unemployed, 187
Trafalgar Square Revolution (The), 112
Transplanting French Theatres, 235
Travellers Tell Strange Tales, 129
Travels in London, 11, 19, 29, 35
Treasure Trove for Newspapers, 52
Tree of Liberty (The), 154
Tremendous Feat, 109
Tribune in Tribulation (The), 226
Trip to Paris in Search of Liberty (A), 184
Triumph at the Wrong End (A), 236
Trustee (The), 109
Two Mare's Nests, 259
USE of Chloroform (The), 48
VERNON Gallery (The), 253
Voice from the Weathercock (A), 54
Voice of Woman (The), 150
WANTED a President, 108
Wanted an Oculist, 254
War's Injudicious Alarms, 10
We beg to Apologise, 186
Weaker Sex in Alarming Strength, 26
Wear and Tear of Treaties (The), 55
Whack Row de Dow, 215
What can be Done with Ireland? 121
What do they mean by it? 204
What will the French do with Algeria, 41
What's the Matter with Him, 224
Where does it all come from, 66
Whig Cabinet Pictures, 84
Whipping Well Merited (A), 116
Who Harbours Another Man's Dog, 94
Who is dat Knocking at de Door? 260
Who Shall Escape Whipping, 24
Window Breaking in London, 83
Window Tax (The), 87
Women the Best Judges (The), 245
Women's Charter (The), 249
Word with Louis Blanc (A), 149
Workhouse Wine, 86
Worst Come at Last, 85
YESTERDAY; a Tale, 237

00126517

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JUNE 24th, 1848.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018